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DESERT SONG

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WHEN I came on from Santa Fé
By desert road through night and day,
The wilds of God ran far and free,
And sweet the wind of desert sea.
But, ah! my heart!—to know again
The scent of rain, the scent of rain!

And I'd in fancy scale the air
Beyond those yellow mountains bare,
And so with dizzy bird survey
A thousand miles of shining day.
But, oh! my heart!—to see again
The dark of rain, the dark of rain!

And I would glean the gold of sun,
And mark his curving glory run
Its fiery course, and eager turn
My cheek and pallid brow to burn.
But, oh! my heart!—to feel again
The kiss of rain, the kiss of rain!

And wakeful all the night I'd lie
And watch the dark infinity,
And count the stars that wheel and spin,
And drink the frosty ether in.
But, ah! my heart!—to taste again
The sweet of rain, the sweet of rain!

And I would hear the desert song
That silence sings the whole night long,
And day by day the whisper pass
Of golden heat through desert grass.
But, oh! my heart!—to hear again
The sound of rain, the sound of rain!

When I rode on from Santa Fé
That desert road by night and day,
There came at last a little sigh,
A puff of dark across the sky.
And, ah! my heart!—I knew again
The scent of rain, the scent of rain!

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A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

[SEVENTH ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE RIVER OF DOUBT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND GEORGE K. CHERRIE

ON February 27, 1914, shortly after midday, we started down the River of Doubt into the unknown. We were quite uncertain whether after a week we should find ourselves in the Gy-Paraná, or after six weeks in the Madeira, or after three months we knew not where. That was why the river was rightly christened the "Dúvida."

We had been camped close to the river, where the trail that follows the telegraph-line crosses it by a rough bridge. As our laden dugouts swung into the stream, Amilcar and Miller and all the others of the Gy-Paraná party were on the banks and the bridge to wave farewell and wish us good-by and good luck. It was the height of the rainy season, and the swollen torrent was swift and brown. Our camp was at about 12° 1′ latitude south and 60° 15′ longitude west of Greenwich. Our general course was to be northward toward the equator, by waterway through the vast forest.

We had seven canoes, all of them dugouts. One was small, one was cranky, and two were old, waterlogged, and leaky. The other three were good. The two old canoes were lashed together, and the cranky one was lashed to one of the others. Kermit with two paddlers went in the smallest of the good canoes; Colonel Rondon and Lyra with three other paddlers in the next largest; and the doctor, Cherrie, and I in the largest with three paddlers. The remaining eight camaradas—there were sixteen in all—were equally divided between our two pairs of lashed canoes. Although our personal baggage was cut down to the limit necessary for health and efficiency, yet on such a trip as ours, where scientific work has to be done and where food for twenty-two men for an unknown period of time has to be carried, it is impossible not to take a good deal of stuff; and the seven dugouts were too heavily laden.

The paddlers were a strapping set. They were expert river men and men of the forest, skilled veterans in wilderness work. They were lithe as panthers and brawny as bears. They swam like water-dogs. They were equally at home with pole and paddle, with axe and machete; and one was a good cook and others were good men around camp. They looked like pirates in the pictures of Howard Pyle or Maxfield Parrish; one or two of them were pirates, and one worse than a pirate; but most of them were hard-working, willing, and cheerful. They were white,—or, rather, the olive of southern Europe,—black, and copper-colored, and of all intermediate shades. In my canoe Luiz the steersman, the headman, was a Matto Grosso negro; Julio the bowsman was from Bahia and of pure Portuguese blood; and the third man, Antonio, was a Parecís Indian.

The actual surveying of the river was done by Colonel Rondon and Lyra, with Kermit as their assistant. Kermit went first in his little canoe with the sighting-rod, on which two disks, one red and one white, were placed a metre apart. He selected a place which commanded as long vistas as possible up-stream and down, and which therefore might be at the angle of a bend; landed, cut away the branches which obstructed the view, and set up the

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sighting-pole—incidentally encountering maribundi wasps and swarms of biting and stinging ants. Lyra, from his station up-stream, with his telemeter established the distance, while Colonel Rondon with the compass took the direction, and made the records. Then they moved on to the point Kermit had left, and Kermit established a new point within their sight. The first half-day's work was slow. The general course of the stream was a trifle east of north, but at short intervals it bent and curved literally toward every point of the compass. Kermit landed one hundred and fourteen times, and we made but nine and a third kilometres.

My canoe ran ahead of the surveying canoes. The height of the water made the going easy, for most of the snags and fallen trees were well beneath the surface. Now and then, however, the swift water hurried us toward ripples that marked ugly spikes of sunken timber, or toward uprooted trees that stretched almost across the stream. Then the muscles stood out on the backs and arms of the paddlers as stroke on stroke they urged us away from and past the obstacle. If the leaning or fallen trees were the thorny, slender-stemmed boritana palms, which love the wet, they were often, although plunged beneath the river, in full and vigorous growth, their stems curving upward, and their frond-crowned tops shaken by the rushing water. It was interesting work, for no civilized man, no white man, had ever gone down or up this river or seen the country through which we were passing. The lofty and matted forest rose like a green wall on either hand. The trees were stately and beautiful. The looped and twisted vines hung from them like great ropes. Masses of epiphytes grew both on the dead trees and the living; some had huge leaves like elephants' ears. Now and then fragrant scents were blown to us from flowers on the banks. There were not many birds, and for the most part the forest was silent; rarely we heard strange calls from the depths of the woods, or saw a cormorant or ibis.

My canoe ran only a couple of hours. Then we halted to wait for the others. After a couple of hours more, as the surveyors had not turned up, we landed and made camp at a spot where the bank rose sharply for a hundred yards to a level stretch of ground. Our canoes were moored to trees. The axemen cleared a space for the tents; they were pitched, the baggage was brought up, and fires were kindled. The woods were almost soundless. Through them ran old tapir trails, but there was no fresh sign. Before nightfall the surveyors arrived. There were a few piums and gnats, and a few mosquitoes after dark, but not enough to make us uncomfortable. The small stingless bees, of slightly aromatic odor, swarmed while daylight lasted and crawled over our faces and hands; they were such tame, harmless little things that when they tickled too much I always tried to brush them away without hurting them. But they became a great nuisance after a while. It had been raining at intervals, and the weather was overcast; but after the sun went down the sky cleared. The stars were brilliant overhead, and the new moon hung in the west. It was a pleasant night, the air almost cool, and we slept soundly.

Next morning the two surveying canoes left immediately after breakfast. An hour later the two pairs of lashed canoes pushed off. I kept our canoe to let Cherrie collect, for in the early hours we could hear a number of birds in the woods near by. The most interesting birds he shot were a cotinga, brilliant turquoise-blue with a magenta-purple throat, and a big woodpecker, black above and cinnamon below with an entirely red head and neck. It was almost noon before we started. We saw a few more birds; there were fresh tapir and paca tracks at one point where we landed; once we heard howler monkeys from the depth of the forest, and once we saw a big otter in midstream. As we drifted and paddled down the swirling brown current, through the vivid rain-drenched green of the tropic forest, the trees leaned over the river from both banks. When those that had fallen in the river at some narrow point were very tall, or where it happened that two fell opposite each other, they formed barriers which the men in the leading canoes cleared with their axes. There were many palms, both the burity with its stiff fronds like enormous fans, and a handsome species of bacaba, with very long, gracefully curving fronds. In places the

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palms stood close together, towering and slender, their stems a stately colonnade, their fronds an arched fretwork against the sky. Butterflies of many hues fluttered over the river. The day was overcast, with showers of rain. When the sun broke through rifts in the clouds, his shafts turned the forest to gold.

In mid-afternoon we came to the mouth of a big and swift affluent entering from the right. It was undoubtedly the Bandeira, which we had crossed well toward its head, some ten days before, on our road to Bonofacio. The Nhambiquaras had then told Colonel Rondon that it flowed into the Dúvida. After its junction, with the added volume of water, the river widened without losing its depth. It was so high that it had overflowed and stood among the trees on the lower levels. Only the higher stretches were dry. On the sheer banks where we landed we had to push the canoes for yards or rods through the branches of the submerged trees, hacking and hewing. There were occasional bays and oxbows from which the current had shifted. In these the coarse marsh grass grew tall.

This evening we made camp on a flat of dry ground, densely wooded, of course, directly on the edge of the river and five feet above it. It was fine to see the speed and sinewy ease with which the choppers cleared an open space for the tents. Next morning, when we bathed before sunrise, we dived into deep water right from the shore, and from the moored canoes. This second day we made sixteen and a half kilometres along the course of the river, and nine kilometres in a straight line almost due north.

The following day, March 1, there was much rain—sometimes showers, sometimes vertical sheets of water. Our course was somewhat west of north and we made twenty and a half kilometres. We passed signs of Indian habitation. There were abandoned palm-leaf shelters on both banks. On the left bank we came to two or three old Indian fields, grown up with coarse fern and studded with the burned skeletons of trees. At the mouth of a brook which entered from the right some sticks stood in the water, marking the site of an old fish-trap. At one point we found the tough vine hand-rail of an Indian bridge running right across the river, a couple of feet above it. Evidently the bridge had been built at low water. Three stout poles had been driven into the stream-bed in a line at right angles to the current. The bridge had consisted of poles fastened to these supports, leading between them and from the support at each end to the banks. The rope of tough vines had been stretched as a hand-rail, necessary with such precarious footing. The rise of the river had swept away the bridge, but the props and the rope hand-rail remained. In the afternoon, from the boat, Cherrie shot a large dark-gray monkey with a prehensile tail. It was very good eating.

We camped on a dry level space, but a few feet above, and close beside, the river—so that our swimming-bath was handy. The trees were cleared and camp was made with orderly hurry. One of the men almost stepped on a poisonous coral-snake, which would have been a serious thing, as his feet were bare. But I had on stout shoes, and the fangs of these serpents—unlike those of the pit-vipers—are too short to penetrate good leather. I promptly put my foot on him, and he bit my shoe with harmless venom. It has been said that the brilliant hues of the coral-snake when in its native haunts really confer on it a concealing coloration. In the dark and tangled woods, and to an only less extent in the ordinary varied landscape, anything motionless, especially if partially hidden, easily eludes the eye. But against the dark-brown mould of the forest floor on which we found this coral-snake its bright and varied coloration was distinctly revealing; infinitely more so than the duller mottling of the jararaca and other dangerous snakes of the genus lachesis. In the same place, however, we found a striking example of genuine protective or mimetic coloration and shape. A rather large insect larva—at least we judged it to be a larval form, but we were none of us entomologists—bore a resemblance to a partially curled dry leaf which was fairly startling. The tail exactly resembled the stem or continuation of the midrib of the dead leaf. The flattened body was curled up at the sides, and veined and colored precisely like the leaf. The head, colored like the leaf, projected in front.

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We were still in the Brazilian highlands. The forest did not teem with life. It was generally rather silent; we did not hear such a chorus of birds and mammals as we had occasionally heard even on our overland journey, when more than once we had been awakened at dawn by the howling, screaming, yelping, and chattering of monkeys, toucans, macaws, parrots, and parakeets. There were, however, from time to time, queer sounds from the forest, and after nightfall different kinds of frogs and insects uttered strange cries and calls. In volume and frequency these seemed to increase until midnight. Then they died away and before dawn everything was silent.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The Upper Dúvida.

At this camp the carregadores ants completely devoured the doctor's undershirt, and ate holes in his mosquito-net; and they also ate the strap of Lyra's gun-case. The little stingless bees, of many kinds, swarmed in such multitudes, and were so persevering, that we had to wear our headnets when we wrote or skinned specimens.

The following day was almost without rain. It was delightful to drift and paddle slowly down the beautiful tropical river. Until mid-afternoon the current was not very fast, and the broad, deep, placid stream bent and curved in every direction, although the general course was northwest. The country was flat, and more of the land was under than above water. Continually we found ourselves travelling between stretches of marshy forest where for miles the water stood or ran among the trees. Once we passed a hillock. We saw brilliantly colored parakeets and trogons. At last the slow current quickened. Faster it went, and faster, until it began to run like a millrace, and we heard the roar of rapids ahead. We pulled to the right bank, moored the canoes, and while most of the men pitched camp two or three of them accompanied us to examine the rapids. We had made twenty kilometres.

We soon found that the rapids were a serious obstacle. There were many curls, and one or two regular falls, perhaps six feet high. It would have been impossible to run them, and they stretched for nearly

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a mile. The carry, however, which led through woods and over rocks in a nearly straight line, was somewhat shorter. It was not an easy portage over which to carry heavy loads and drag heavy dugout canoes. At the point where the descent was steepest there were great naked flats of friable sandstone and conglomerate. Over parts of these, where there was a surface of fine sand, there was a growth of coarse grass. Other parts were bare, and had been worn by the weather into fantastic shapes—one projection looked like an old-fashioned beaver hat, upside down. In this place, where the naked flats of rock showed the projection of the ledge through which the river had cut its course, the channel through which the torrent rushed was deep, sheer-sided, and extremely narrow. At one point it was less than two yards across, and for quite a distance not more than five or six yards. Yet only a mile or two above the rapids the deep, placid river was at least a hundred yards wide. It seemed extraordinary, almost impossible, that so broad a river could in so short a space of time contract its dimensions to the width of the strangled channel through which it now poured its entire volume.

This had for long been a station where the Nhambiquaras at intervals built their ephemeral villages and tilled the soil with the rude and destructive cultivation of savages. There were several abandoned old fields, where the dense growth of rank fern hid the tangle of burnt and fallen logs. Nor had the Nhambiquaras been long absent. In one trail we found what gypsies would have called a "pateran," a couple of branches arranged crosswise, eight leaves to a branch; it had some special significance, belonging to that class of signals, each with some peculiar and often complicated meaning, which are commonly used by many wild peoples. The Indians had thrown a simple bridge, consisting of four long poles, without a handrail, across one of the narrowest parts of the rock gorge through which the river foamed in its rapid descent. This subtribe of Indians was called the Navaïté; we named the rapids after them, Navaïté Rapids. By observation Lyra found them to be (in close approximation to) latitude 11° 44′ south and longitude 60° 18′ west from Greenwich.

We spent March 3 and 4 and the morning of the 5th in portaging around the rapids. The first night we camped in the forest beside the spot where we had halted. Next morning we moved the baggage to the foot of the rapids, where we intended to launch the canoes, and pitched our tents on the open sandstone flat. It rained heavily. The little bees were in such swarms as to be a nuisance. Many small stinging bees were with them, which stung badly. We were bitten by huge horseflies, the size of bumblebees. More serious annoyance was caused by the pium and boroshuda flies during the hours of daylight, and by the polvera, the sandflies, after dark. There were a few mosquitoes. The boroshudas were the worst pests; they brought the blood at once, and left marks that lasted for weeks. I did my writing in headnet and gauntlets. Fortunately we had with us several bottles of "fly dope"—so named on the label—put up with the rest of our medicine by Doctor Alexander Lambert; he had tested it in the north woods and found it excellent. I had never before been forced to use such an ointment, and had been reluctant to take it with me; but now I was glad enough to have it, and we all of us found it exceedingly useful. I would never again go into mosquito or sand-fly country without it. The effect of an application wears off after half an hour or so, and under many conditions, as when one is perspiring freely, it is of no use; but there are times when minute mosquitoes and gnats get through headnets and under mosquito-bars, and when the ointment occasionally renewed may permit one to get sleep or rest which would otherwise be impossible of attainment. The termites got into our tent on the sand-flat, ate holes in Cherrie's mosquito-net and poncho, and were starting to work at our duffel-bags, when we discovered them.

Packing the loads across was simple. Dragging the heavy dugouts was labor. The biggest of the two waterlogged ones was the heaviest. Lyra and Kermit did the job. All the men were employed at it except the cook and one man who was down with fever. A road was chopped through the forest and a couple of hundred stout six-foot poles, or small logs, were cut as rollers and placed about two

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt's and Colonel Rondon's canoes at the mouth of the Bandeira.

In mid-afternoon we came to the mouth of a big and swift affluent. . . . It was undoubtedly the Bandeira.—Page 418

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yards apart. With block and tackle the seven dugouts were hoisted out of the river up the steep banks, and up the rise of ground until the level was reached. Then the men harnessed themselves two by two on the drag-rope, while one of their number pried behind with a lever, and the canoe, bumping and sliding, was twitched through the woods. Over the sandstone flats there were some ugly ledges, but on the whole the course was down-hill and relatively easy. Looking at the way the work was done, at the good will, the endurance, and the bull-like strength of the camaradas, and at the intelligence and the unwearied efforts of their commanders, one could but wonder at the ignorance of those who do not realize the energy and the power that are so often possessed by, and that may be so readily developed in, the men of the tropics. Another subject of perpetual wonder is the attitude of certain men who stay at home, and still more the attitude of certain men who travel under easy conditions, and who belittle the achievements of the real explorers of, the real adventurers in, the great wilderness. The impostors and romancers among explorers or would-be explorers and wilderness wanderers have been unusually prominent in connection with South America (although the conspicuous ones are not South Americans, by the way); and these are fit subjects for condemnation and derision. But the work of the genuine explorer and wilderness wanderer is fraught with fatigue, hardship, and danger. Many of the men of little knowledge talk glibly of portaging as if it were simple and easy. A portage over rough and unknown ground is always a work of difficulty and of some risk to the canoe; and in the untrodden, or even in the unfrequented, wilderness risk to the canoe is a serious matter. This particular portage at Navaïté Rapids was far from being unusually difficult; yet it not only cost two and a half days of severe and incessant labor, but it cost something in damage to the canoes. One in particular, the one in which I had been journeying, was split in a manner which caused us serious uneasiness as to how long, even after being patched, it would last. Where the canoes were launched, the bank was sheer, and one of the waterlogged canoes filled and went to the bottom; and there was more work in raising it.

We were still wholly unable to tell where we were going or what lay ahead of us. Round the camp-fire, after supper, we held endless discussions and hazarded all kinds of guesses on both subjects. The river might bend sharply to the west and enter the Gy-Paraná high up or low down; or go north to the Madeira; or bend eastward and enter the Tapajos. Lyra inclined to the first, and Colonel Rondon to the second, of these propositions. We did not know whether we had one hundred or eight hundred kilometres to go, whether the stream would be fairly smooth or whether we would encounter waterfalls, or rapids, or even some big marsh or lake. We could not tell whether or not we would meet hostile Indians, although no one of us ever went ten yards from camp without his rifle. We had no idea how much time the trip would take. We had entered a land of unknown possibilities.

We started down-stream again early in the afternoon of March 5. Our hands and faces were swollen from the bites and stings of the insect pests at the sand-flat camp, and it was a pleasure once more to be in the middle of the river, where they did not come, in any numbers, while we were in motion. The current was swift, but the river was so deep that there were no serious obstructions. Twice we went down over slight riffles which in the dry season were doubtless rapids; and once we struck a spot where many whirlpools marked the presence underneath of bowlders which would have been above water had not the river been so swollen by the rains. The distance we covered in a day going down-stream would have taken us a week if we had been going up. The course wound hither and thither, sometimes in sigmoid curves; but the general direction was east of north. As usual, it was very beautiful; and we never could tell what might appear around any curve. In the forest that rose on either hand were tall rubber-trees. The surveying canoes, as usual, went first, while I shepherded the two pairs of lashed cargo canoes. I kept them always between me and the surveying canoes; ahead of me until I passed the surveying canoes, then behind me until after an hour or so I had chosen a

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Colonel Roosevelt and Cherrie at Navaïté.

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place to camp. There was so much overflowed ground that it took us some little time this afternoon before we found a flat place high enough to be dry. Just before reaching camp Cherrie shot a jacu, a handsome bird somewhat akin to, but much smaller than, a turkey; after Cherrie had taken its skin, its body made an excellent *canja*. We saw parties of monkeys; and the false bell-birds uttered their ringing whistles in the dense timber around our tents. The giant ants, an inch and a quarter long, were rather too plentiful around this camp; one stung Kermit; it was almost like the sting of a small scorpion, and pained severely for a couple of hours. This half-day we made twelve kilometres.

On the following day we made nineteen kilometres, the river twisting in every direction, but in its general course running a little west of north. Once we stopped at a bee-tree, to get honey. The tree was a towering giant, of the kind called milk-tree, because a thick milky juice runs freely from any cut. Our camaradas eagerly drank the white fluid that flowed from the wounds made by their axes. I tried it. The taste was not unpleasant, but it left a sticky feeling in the mouth. The helmsman of my boat, Luiz, a powerful negro, chopped into the tree, balancing himself with springy ease on a slight scaffolding. The honey was in a hollow, and had been made by medium-sized stingless bees. At the mouth of the hollow they had built a curious entrance of their own, in the shape of a spout of wax about a foot long. At the opening the walls of the spout showed the wax formation, but elsewhere it had become in color and texture indistinguishable from the bark of the tree. The honey was delicious, sweet and yet with a tart flavor. The comb differed much from that of our honey-bees. The honey-cells were very large; and the brood-cells, which were small, were in a single instead of a double row. By this tree I came across an example of genuine concealing coloration. A huge tree-toad, the size of a bullfrog, was seated upright—not squatted flat—on a big rotten limb. It was absolutely motionless; the yellow brown of its back, and its dark sides, exactly harmonized in color with the light and dark patches on the log; the color was as concealing, here in its natural surroundings, as is the color of our common wood-frog among the dead leaves of our woods. When I stirred it up it jumped to a small twig, catching hold with the disks of its finger-tips, and balancing itself with unexpected ease for so big a creature; and then hopped to the ground and again stood motionless. Evidently it trusted for safety to escaping observation. We saw some monkeys, and fresh tapir sign; and Kermit shot a jacu for the pot.

At about three o'clock I was in the lead, when the current began to run more quickly. We passed over one or two decided ripples, and then heard the roar of rapids ahead, while the stream began to race. We drove the canoe into the bank, and then went down a tapir trail, which led alongside the river, to reconnoitre. A quarter of a mile's walk showed us that there were big rapids down which the canoes could not go; and we returned to the landing. All the canoes had gathered there, and Rondon, Lyra, and Kermit started down-stream to explore. They returned in an hour, with the information that the rapids continued for a long distance, with falls and steep pitches of broken water; and that the portage would take several days. We made camp just above the rapids. Ants swarmed and some of them bit savagely. Our men, in clearing away the forest for our tents, left several very tall and slender accashy palms; the bole of this palm is as straight as an arrow and is crowned with delicate gracefully curved fronds. We had come along the course of the river almost exactly a hundred kilometres; it had twisted so that we were only about fifty-five kilometres north of our starting-point. The rock was porphyritic.

The 7th, 8th, and 9th we spent in carrying the loads and dragging and floating the dugouts past the series of rapids at whose head we had stopped.

The first day we shifted camp a kilometre and a half to the foot of this series of rapids. This was a charming and picturesque camp. It was at the edge of the river, where there was a little shallow bay with a beach of firm sand. In the water, at the middle point of the beach, stood a group of three burity palms, their great

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Cherrie holding a rifle to show the width of the rapids at Navaïté.

At one point it was less than two yards across.—Page 420.

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trunks rising like columns. Round the clearing in which our tents stood were several very big trees; two of them were rubber-trees. Kermit went down-stream five or six kilometres, and returned, having shot a jacu and found that at the point which he had reached there was another rapid, almost a fall, which would necessitate our again dragging the canoes over a portage. Antonio the Parecís shot a big monkey; of this I was glad because portaging is hard work, and the men appreciated the meat. So far Cherrie had collected sixty birds on the Dúvida, all of them new to the collection, and some probably new to science. We saw the fresh sign of paca, agouti, and the small peccary, and Kermit with the dogs roused a tapir, which crossed the river right through the rapids; but no one got a shot at it.

Except at one or perhaps two points a very big canoe, lightly loaded, could probably run all these rapids. But even in such a canoe it would be silly to make the attempt on an exploring expedition where the loss of a canoe or of its contents means disaster; and moreover such a canoe could not be taken, for it would be impossible to drag it over the portages on the occasions when the portages became inevitable. Our canoes would not have lived half a minute in the wild water.

On the second day the canoes and loads were brought down to the foot of the first rapids. Lyra cleared the path and laid the logs for rollers, while Kermit dragged the dugouts up the bank from the water with block and tackle, with strain of rope and muscle. Then they joined forces, as over the uneven ground it needed the united strength of all their men to get the heavy dugouts along. Meanwhile the colonel with one attendant measured the distance, and then went on a long hunt, but saw no game. I strolled down beside the river for a couple of miles, but also saw nothing. In the dense tropical forest of the Amazonian basin hunting is very difficult, especially for men who are trying to pass through the country as rapidly as possible. On such a trip as ours getting game is largely a matter of chance.

On the following day Lyra and Kermit brought down the canoes and loads, with hard labor, to the little beach by the three palms where our tents were pitched. Many pacovas grew round about. The men used their immense leaves, some of which were twelve feet long and two and a half feet broad, to roof the flimsy shelters under which they hung their hammocks.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Camp at Navaïté.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Portaging around the Navaïté Rapids.

We spent March 3 and 4 and the morning of the 5th in portaging around the rapids.—Page 420.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

I did my writing in headnet and gauntlets.—Page 420.

I went into the woods, but in the tangle of vegetation it would have been a mere hazard had I seen any big animal. Generally the woods were silent and empty. Now and then little troops of birds of many kinds passed—woodhewers, antthrushes, tanagers, flycatchers—as in the spring and fall similar troops of warblers, chickadees, and nuthatches pass through our northern woods. On the rocks and on the great trees by the river grew beautiful white and lilac orchids—the sobralia, of sweet and delicate fragrance. For the moment my own books seemed a trifle heavy, and perhaps I would have found the day tedious if Kermit had not lent me the Oxford Book of French Verse. Eustache Deschamps, Joachim du Bellay, Ronsard, the delightful La Fontaine, the delightful but appalling Villon, Victor Hugo's "Guitare," Madame Desbordes-Valmore's lines on the little girl and her pillow, as dear little verses about a child as ever were written—these and many others comforted me much, as I read them in headnet and gauntlets, sitting on a log by an unknown river in the Amazonian forest.

On the 10th we again embarked and made a kilometre and a half, spending most of the time in getting past two more rapids. Near the first of these we saw a small cayman, a jacaré-tinga. At each set of rapids the canoes were unloaded and the loads borne past on the shoulders of the camaradas; three of the canoes were paddled down by a couple of naked paddlers apiece; and the two sets of double canoes were let down by ropes, one of one couple being swamped but rescued and

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brought safely to shore on each occasion. One of the men was upset while working in the swift water, and his face was cut against the stones. Lyra and Kermit did the actual work with the camaradas. Kermit, dressed substantially like the camaradas themselves, worked in the water, and, as the overhanging branches were thronged with crowds of biting and stinging ants, he was marked and blistered over his whole body. Indeed, we all suffered more or less from these ants; while the swarms of biting flies grew constantly more numerous. The termites ate holes in my helmet and also in the cover of my cot. Every one else had a hammock. At this camp we had come down the river 102 kilometres, according to the surveying records, and in height had descended nearly 100 metres, as shown by the aneroid—although an aneroid cannot be depended on for absolute accuracy of results.

Next morning we found that during the night we had met with a serious misfortune. We had halted at the foot of the rapids. The canoes were moored to trees on the bank, at the tail of the broken water. The two old canoes, although one of them was our biggest cargo-carrier, were waterlogged and heavy, and one of them was leaking. In the night the river

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Lieutenant Lyra with the canoes.

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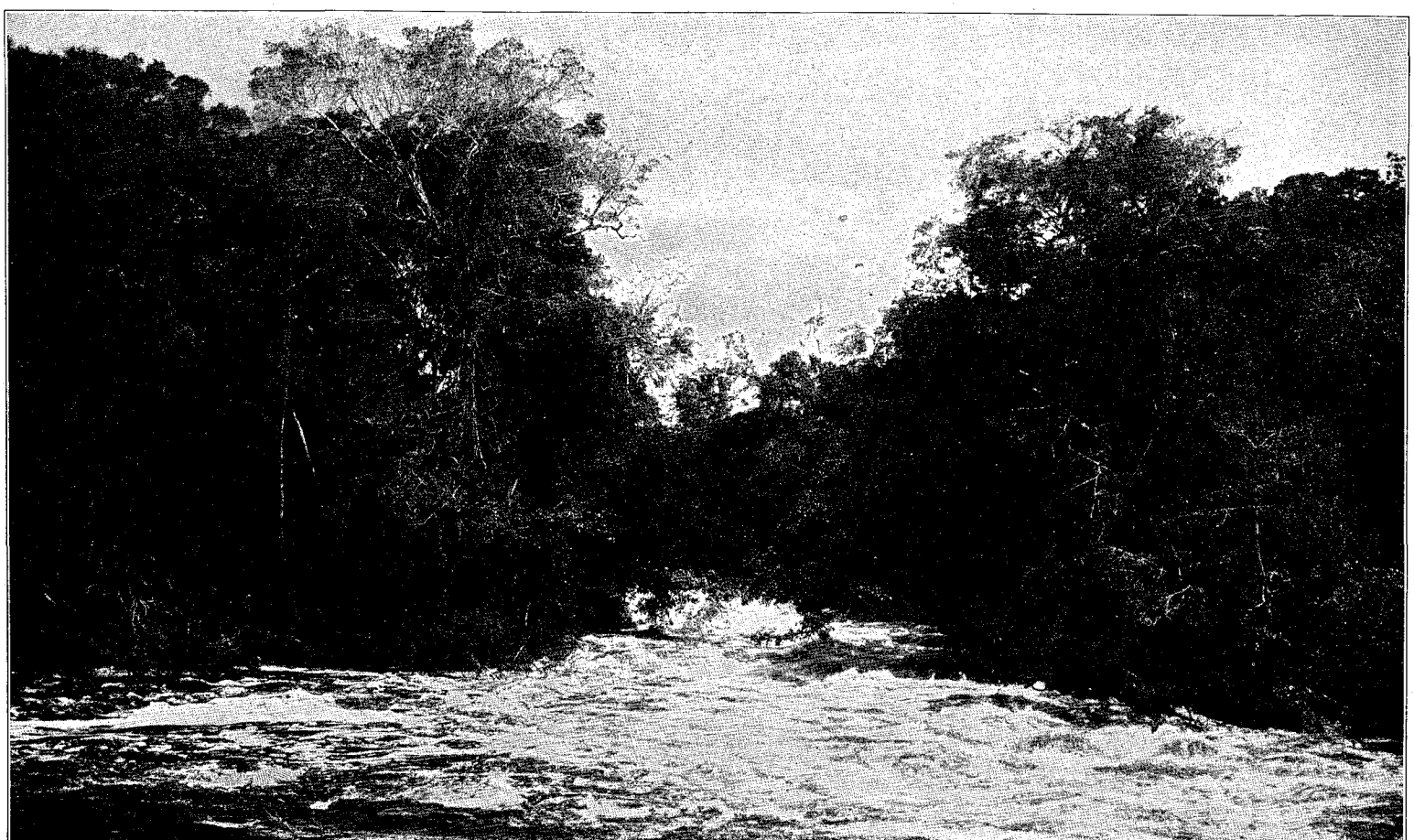

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Rapids of the Dúvida.

The picture on the opposite page shows the manner of portaging around these rapids.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Portaging around the rapids.

The second camarada from the left is Simplicio, who lost his life by drowning in one of the rapids.—See description on page 438.

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From a photograph by Cherrie.

Ferns, lilies, and palms.

Character of vegetation along the bank of the Dúvida.

rose. The leaky canoe, which at best was too low in the water, must have gradually filled from the wash of the waves. It sank, dragging down the other; they began to roll, bursting their moorings; and in the morning they had disappeared. A canoe was launched to look for them; but, rolling over the bowlders on the rocky bottom, they had at once been riven asunder, and the big fragments that were soon found, floating in eddies, or along the shore, showed that it was useless to look farther. We called these rapids Broken Canoe Rapids.

It was not pleasant to have to stop for some days; thanks to the rapids we had made slow progress, and with our necessarily limited supply of food, and no knowledge whatever of what was ahead of us, it was important to make good time. But there was no alternative. We had to build either one big canoe or two small ones. It was raining heavily as the men started to explore in different directions for good canoe trees. Three—which ultimately proved not very good for the purpose—were found close to camp: splendid-looking trees, one of them five feet in diameter three feet from the ground. The axemen immediately attacked this one under the superintendence of Colonel Rondon. Lyra and Kermit started in opposite directions to hunt. Lyra killed a jacu for us, and Kermit killed two monkeys for the men. Toward nightfall it cleared. The moon was nearly full, and the foaming river gleamed like silver.

Our men were "regional volunteers," that is, they had enlisted in the service of the Telegraphic Commission especially to do this wilderness work, and were highly paid, as was fitting in view of the toil, hardship, and hazard to life and health. Two of them had been with Colonel Rondon during his eight months' exploration in 1909, at which time his men were regulars, from his own battalion of engineers. His four aides during the closing months of this trip were Lieutenants Lyra, Amarante, Alencarliense, and Pyrineu. The naturalist Miranda Ribeiro also accompanied him. This was the year when, marching on foot through an absolutely unknown wilderness, the colonel and his party finally reached the Gy-Paraná, which on the maps was then (and on most maps is now) placed in an utterly wrong course, and over a degree out of its real position. When they reached the affluents of the Gy-Paraná a third of the members of the

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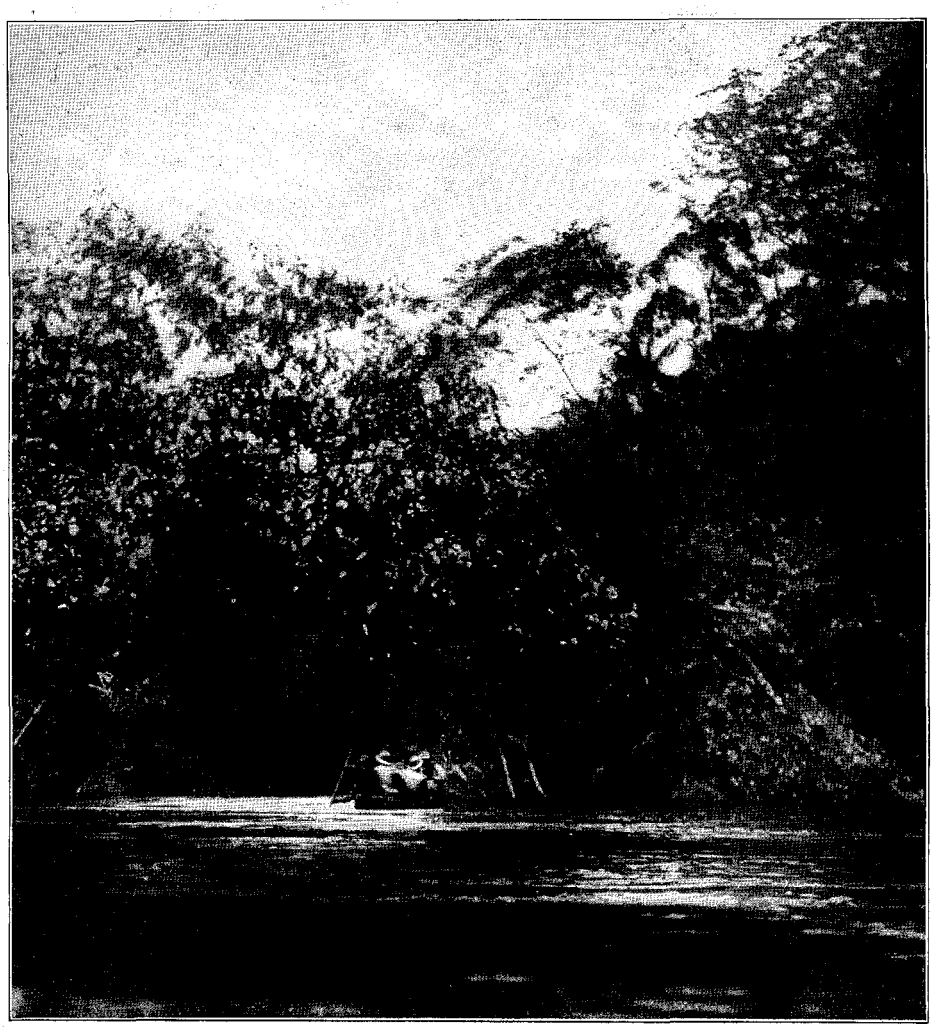
party were so weak with fever that they could hardly crawl. They had no baggage. Their clothes were in tatters, and some of the men were almost naked. For months they had had no food except what little game they shot, and especially the wild fruits and nuts; if it had not been for the great abundance of the Brazil-nuts they would all have died. At the first big stream they encountered they built a canoe, and Alencarliense took command of it and descended to map the course of the river. With him went Ribeiro, the doctor Tanageira, who could no longer walk on account of the ulceration of one foot, three men whom the fever had rendered unable longer to walk, and six men who were as yet well enough to handle the canoe. By the time the remainder of the party came to the next navigable river eleven more fever-stricken men had nearly reached the end of their tether. Here they ran across a poor devil who had for four months been lost in the forest and was dying of slow starvation. He had eaten nothing but Brazil-nuts and the grubs of insects. He could no longer walk, but could sit erect and totter feebly for a few feet. Another canoe was built, and in it Pyrineu started down-stream with the eleven fever patients and the starving wanderer. Colonel Rondon kept



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Colonel Rondon's canoe stopping to take a sight.

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Camaradas making paddles.

up the morale of his men by still carrying out the forms of military discipline. The ragged bugler had his bugle. Lieutenant Pyrineu had lost every particle of his clothing except a hat and a pair of drawers. The half-naked lieutenant drew up his eleven fever patients in line; the bugle sounded; every one came to attention; and the haggard colonel read out the orders of the day. Then the dugout with its load of sick men started down-stream, and Rondon, Lyra, Amarante, and the twelve remaining men resumed their weary march. When a fortnight later they finally struck a camp of rubber-gatherers three of the men were literally and entirely naked. Meanwhile Amilcar had ascended the Jacyparaná a month or two previously with provisions to meet them; for at that time the maps incorrectly treated this river as larger, instead of smaller, than the Gy-Paraná, which they were in fact descending; and Colonel Rondon had supposed that they were going down the former stream. Amilcar returned, after himself suffering much hardship and danger. The different parties finally met at the mouth of the Gy-Paraná, where it enters the Madeira. The lost man whom they had found seemed on the road to recovery, and they left him at a ranch, on the Madeira, where he could be cared for; yet after they had left him they heard that he had died.

On the 12th the men were still hard at work hollowing out the hard wood of the big tree, with axe and adze, while watch and ward were kept over them to see that the idlers did not shirk at the expense of the industrious. Kermit and Lyra again hunted; the former shot a curassow, which was welcome, as we were endeavoring in all ways to economize our food supply. We were using the tops of palms also. I spent the day hunting in the woods, for the most part by the river, but saw nothing. In the season of the rains game is away from the river, and fish are scarce and turtles absent. Yet it was pleasant to be in the great silent forest. Here and there grew immense trees, and on some of them mighty buttresses sprang from the base. The lianas and vines were of every size and shape. Some were twisted and some were not. Some came down straight and slender from branches a hundred feet above. Others curved like long serpents around the trunks. Others were like knotted cables. In the shadow there was little noise. The wind rarely moved the hot, humid air. There were few flowers or birds. Insects were altogether too

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abundant, and even when travelling slowly it was impossible always to avoid them—not to speak of our constant companions the bees, mosquitoes, and especially the boroshudas or blood-sucking flies. Now while bursting through a tangle I disturbed a nest of wasps, whose resentment was active; now I heedlessly stepped among the outliers of a small party of the carnivorous foraging ants; now, grasping a branch as I stumbled, I shook down a shower of fire-ants; and among all these my attention was particularly arrested by the bite of one of the giant ants, which stung like a hornet, so that I felt it for three hours. The camaradas generally went barefoot or only wore sandals; and their ankles and feet were swollen and inflamed from the bites of the boroshudas and ants, some being actually incapacitated from work. All of us suffered more or less, our faces and hands swelling slightly from the boroshuda bites; and in spite of our clothes we were bitten all over our bodies, chiefly by ants and the small forest ticks. Because of the rain and the heat our clothes were usually wet when we took them off at night, and just as wet when we put them on again in the morning.

All day on the 13th the men worked at the canoe, making good progress. In rolling and shifting the huge, heavy tree-trunk every one had to assist now and then. The work continued until ten in the evening, as the weather was clear. After nightfall some of the men held candles and the others plied axe or adze, standing within or beside the great, half-hollowed logs, while the flicker of the lights showed the tropic forest rising in the darkness round about. The night air was hot and still and heavy with moisture. The men were stripped to the waist. Olive and copper and ebony, their skins glistened as if oiled, and rippled with the ceaseless play of the thews beneath.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Making the big canoe which was soon afterward lost.

The inside of the log has been hollowed out and the men are rolling it over to shape the bottom of the canoe.

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On the morning of the 14th the work was resumed in a torrential tropic downpour. The canoe was finished, dragged down to the water, and launched soon after midday, and another hour or so saw us under way. The descent was marked, and the swollen river raced along. Several times we passed great whirlpools, sometimes shifting, sometimes steady. Half a dozen times we ran over rapids, and, although they were not high enough to have been obstacles to loaded Canadian canoes, two of them were serious to us. Our heavily laden, clumsy dugouts were sunk to within three or four inches of the surface of the river, and, although they were buoyed on each side with bundles of burity-palm branch-stems, they shipped a great deal of water in the rapids. The two biggest rapids we only just made, and after each we had hastily to push ashore in order to bail. In one set of big ripples or waves my canoe was nearly swamped. In a wilderness, where what is ahead is absolutely unknown, alike in terms of time, space, and method—for we had no idea where we would come out, how we would get out, or when we would get out—it is of vital consequence not to lose one's outfit, especially the provisions; and yet it is of only less consequence to go as rapidly as possible lest all the provisions be exhausted and the final stages of the expedition be accomplished by men weakened from semi-starvation, and therefore ripe for disaster. On this occasion, of the two hazards, we felt it necessary to risk running the rapids; for our progress had been so very slow that, unless we made up the time, it was probable that we would be short of food before we got where we could expect to procure any more except what little the country, in the time of the rains and floods, might yield. We ran until after five, so that the work of pitching camp was finished in the dark. We had made nearly sixteen kilometres in a direction slightly east of north. This evening the air was fresh and cool.

The following morning, the 15th of March, we started in good season. For six kilometres we drifted and paddled down the swift river without incident. At times we saw lofty Brazil-nut trees rising above the rest of the forest on the banks; and back from the river these trees grow to enormous proportions, towering like giants. There were great rubber-trees also, their leaves always in sets of threes. Then the ground on either hand rose into bowlder-strewn, forest-clad hills and the roar of broken water announced that once more our course was checked by dangerous rapids. Round a bend we came on them: a wide descent of white water, with an island in the middle, at the upper edge. Here grave misfortune befell us, and graver misfortune was narrowly escaped.

Kermit, as usual, was leading in his canoe. It was the smallest and least seaworthy of all. He had in it little except a week's supply of our boxed provisions and a few tools; fortunately none of the food for the camaradas. His dog Tregueiro was with him. Besides himself, the crew consisted of two men: João, the helmsman, or pilot as he is called in Brazil, and Simplicio, the bowsman. Both were negroes and exceptionally good men in every way. Kermit halted his canoe on the left bank, above the rapids, and waited for the colonel's canoe. Then the colonel and Lyra walked down the bank to see what was ahead. Kermit took his canoe across to the island, to see whether the descent could be better accomplished on the other side. Having made his investigation he ordered the men to return to the bank he had left, and the dugout was headed up-stream accordingly. Before they had gone a dozen yards, the paddlers digging their paddles with all their strength into the swift current, one of the shifting whirlpools of which I have spoken came downstream, whirled them around, and swept them so close to the rapids that no human power could avoid going over them. As they were drifting into them broadside on, Kermit yelled to the steersman to turn her head, so as to take them in the only way that offered any chance whatever of safety. The water came aboard, wave after wave, as they raced down. They reached the bottom with the canoe upright, but so full as barely to float, and the paddlers urged her toward the shore. They had nearly reached the bank when another whirlpool or whirling eddy tore them away and hurried them back to midstream, where the dugout filled and turned over. João, seizing the rope, started to swim ashore;

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From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Dragging the canoes over a portage by means of ropes and logs.

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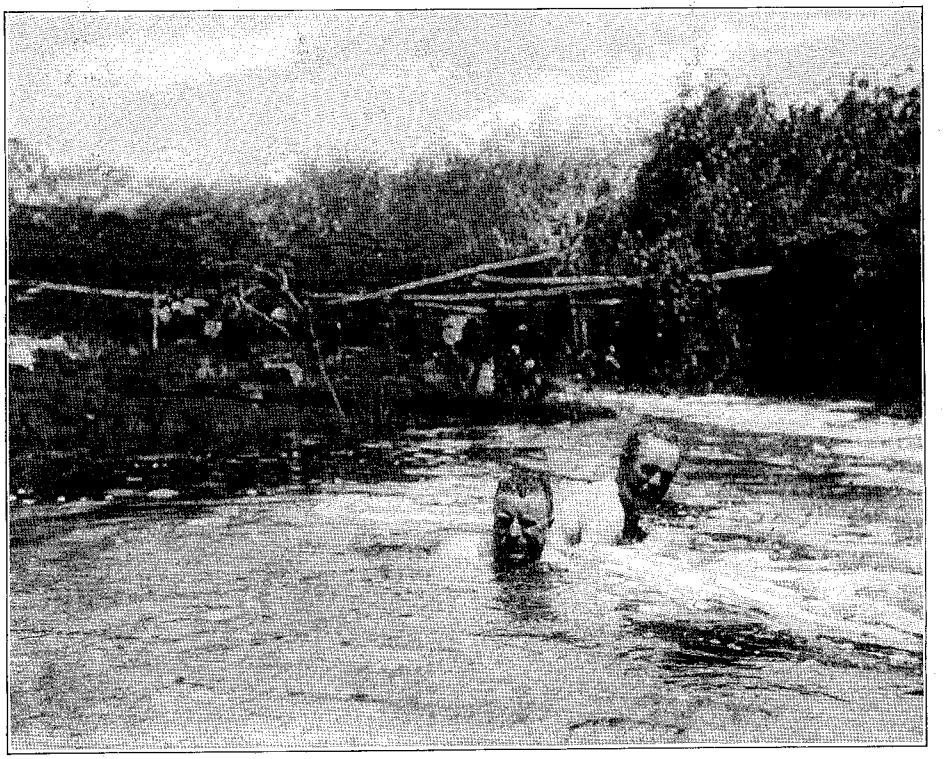
the rope was pulled from his hand, but he reached the bank. Poor Simplicio must have been pulled under at once, and his life beaten out on the bowlders beneath the racing torrent. He never rose again, nor did we ever recover his body. Kermit clutched his rifle, his favorite 405 Winchester with which he had done most of his hunting both in Africa and America, and climbed on the bottom of the upset boat. In a minute he was swept into the second series of rapids, and whirled away from the rolling boat, losing his rifle. The water beat his helmet down over his head and face, and drove him beneath the surface; and when he rose at last he was almost drowned, his breath and strength almost spent. He was in swift but quiet water; and swam toward an overhanging branch. His jacket hindered him, but he knew he was too nearly gone to be able to get it off; and, thinking with the curious calm one feels when death is but a moment away, he realized that the utmost his failing strength could do was to reach the branch. He reached, and clutched it, and then almost lacked strength to haul himself out on the land. Good Tregueiro had faithfully swum alongside him through the rapids, and now himself scrambled ashore. It was a very narrow escape. Kermit was a great comfort and help to me on the trip; but the fear of some fatal accident befalling him was always a nightmare to me. He was to be married as soon as the trip was over; and it did not seem to me that I could bear to bring bad tidings to his betrothed and to his mother.

Simplicio was unmarried. Later we sent to his mother all the money that would have been his had he lived. The following morning we put on one side of the post erected to mark our camping-spot the following inscription, in Portuguese:

"IN THESE RAPIDS DIED POOR SIMPLICIO."

On an expedition such as ours death is one of the accidents that may at any time occur, and narrow escapes from death are



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

We bathed and swam in the river, although in it we caught piranhas.—Page 442.

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too common to be felt as they would be felt elsewhere. One mourns sincerely, but mourning cannot interfere with labor. We immediately proceeded with the work of the portage. From the head to the tail of this series of rapids the distance was about six hundred yards. A path was cut along the bank, over which the loads were brought. The empty canoes ran the rapids without mishap, each with two skilled paddlers. One of the canoes almost ran into a swimming tapir at the head of the rapids; it went down the rapids, and then climbed out of the river. Kermit, accompanied by João, went three or four miles down the river, looking for the body of Simplicio and for the sunk canoe. He found neither. But he found a box of provisions and a paddle, and salvaged both by swimming into midstream after them. He also found that a couple of kilometres below there was another rapids, and following it on the left-hand bank to the foot he found that it was worse than the one we had just passed, and impassable for canoes on this left-hand side.

We camped at the foot of the rapids we had just passed. There were many small birds here, but it was extremely difficult to see or shoot them in the lofty tree-tops, and to find them in the tangle beneath if they were shot. However, Cherrie got four species new to the collection. One was a tiny hummer, one of the species known as wood-stars, with dainty but not brilliant plumage; its kind is never found except in the deep, dark woods, not coming out into the sunshine. Its crop was filled with ants; when shot it was feeding at a cluster of long red flowers. He also got a very handsome trogon and an exquisite little tanager, as brilliant as a cluster of jewels; its throat was lilac, its breast turquoise, its crown and forehead topaz, while above it was glossy purple-black, the lower part of the back ruby-red. This tanager was a female; I can hardly imagine that the male is more brilliantly colored. The fourth bird was a queer hawk of the genus *ibycter;* black, with a white belly, naked red cheeks and throat, and red legs and feet. Its crop was filled with the seeds of fruits and a few insect remains; an extraordinary diet for a hawk.

The morning of the 16th was dark and gloomy. Through sheets of blinding rain we left our camp of misfortune for another camp where misfortune also awaited us. Less than half an hour took our dugouts to the head of the rapids below. As Kermit had already explored the left-hand side, Colonel Rondon and Lyra went down the right-hand side and found a channel which led round the worst part, so that they deemed it possible to let down the canoes by ropes from the bank. The distance to the foot of the rapids was about a kilometre. While the loads were being brought down the left bank, Luiz and Antonio Correa, our two best watermen, started to take a canoe down the right side, and Colonel Rondon walked ahead to see anything he could about the river. He was accompanied by one of our three dogs, Lobo. After walking about a kilometre he heard ahead a kind of howling noise, which he thought was made by spider monkeys. He walked in the direction and Lobo ran ahead. In a minute he heard Lobo yell with pain, and then, still yelping, come toward him, while the creature that was howling also approached, evidently in pursuit. In a moment a second yell from Lobo, followed by silence, announced that he was dead; and the sound of the howling, when near, convinced Rondon that the dog had been killed by an Indian, doubtless with two arrows. Probably the Indian was howling to lure the spider monkeys toward him. Rondon fired his rifle in the air, to warn off the Indian or Indians, who in all probability had never seen a civilized man, and certainly could not imagine that one was in the neighborhood. He then returned to the foot of the rapids, where the portage was still going on, and in company with Lyra, Kermit, and Antonio the Parecís Indian, walked back to where Lobo's body lay. Sure enough he found him, slain by two arrows. One arrowhead was in him, and near by was a strange stick used in the very primitive method of fishing of all these Indians. Antonio recognized its purpose. The Indians, who were apparently two or three in number, had fled. Some beads and trinkets were left on the spot to show that we were not angry and were friendly.

Meanwhile Cherrie stayed at the head and I at the foot of the portage as guards. Luiz and Antonio Correa brought down

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one canoe safely. The next was the new canoe, which was very large and heavy, being made of wood that would not float. In the rapids the rope broke, and the canoe was lost, Luiz being nearly drowned.

It was a very bad thing to lose the canoe, but it was even worse to lose the rope and pulleys. This meant that it would be physically impossible to hoist big canoes up even small hills or rocky hillocks, such as had been so frequent beside the many rapids we had encountered. It was not wise to spend the four days necessary to build new canoes where we were, in danger of attack from the Indians. Moreover, new rapids might be very near, in which case the new canoes would hamper us. Yet the four remaining canoes would not carry all the loads and all the men, no matter how we cut the loads down; and we intended to cut everything down at once. We had been gone eighteen days. We had used over a third of our food. We had gone only 125 kilometres, and it was probable that we had at least five times, perhaps six or seven times, this distance still to go. We had taken a fortnight to descend rapids amounting in the aggregate to less than seventy yards of fall; a very few yards of fall make a dangerous rapid when the river is swollen and swift and there are obstructions. We only had one aneroid to determine our altitude; and therefore could make merely a loose approximation to it; but we probably had between two and three times this descent in the aggregate of rapids ahead of us. So far the country had offered little in the way of food except palm-tops. We had lost four canoes and one man. We were in the country of wild Indians, who shot well with their bows. It behooved us to go warily, but also to make all speed possible, if we were to avoid serious trouble.

The best plan seemed to be to march thirteen men down along the bank, while the remaining canoes, lashed two and two, floated down beside them. If after two or three days we found no bad rapids, and there seemed a reasonable chance of going some distance at decent speed, we could then build the new canoes—preferably two small ones, this time, instead of one big one. We left all the baggage we could. We were already down as far as comfort would permit; but we now struck off much of the comfort. Cherrie, Kermit, and I had been sleeping under a very light fly; and there was another small light tent for one person kept for possible emergencies. The last was given to me for my cot, and all five of the others swung their hammocks under the big fly. This meant that we left two big and heavy tents behind. A box of surveying instruments was abandoned. Each of us got his personal belongings down to one box or duffel-bag—although there was only a small diminution thus made, because we had so little that the only way to make a serious diminution was to restrict ourselves to the clothes on our backs.

The biting flies and ants were to us a source of discomfort and at times of what could fairly be called torment. But to the camaradas, most of whom went barefoot or only wore sandals—and they never did or would wear shoes—the effect was more serious. They wrapped their legs and feet in pieces of canvas or hide; and the feet of three of them became so swollen that they were crippled and could not walk any distance. The doctor, whose courage and cheerfulness never flagged, took excellent care of them. Thanks to him there had been among them hitherto but one or two slight cases of fever. He administered to each man daily a half-gram—nearly eight grains—of quinine, and every third or fourth day a double dose.

The following morning Colonel Rondon, Lyra, Kermit, Cherrie, and nine of the camaradas started in single file down the bank, while the doctor and I went in the two double canoes, with six camaradas, three of them the invalids with swollen feet. We halted continually, as we went about three times as fast as the walkers; and we traced the course of the river. After forty minutes' actual going in the boats we came to some rapids; the unloaded canoes ran them without difficulty, while the loads were portaged. In an hour and a half we were again under way, but in ten minutes came to other rapids, where the river ran among islands, and there were several big curls. The clumsy, heavily laden dugouts, lashed in couples, were unwieldy and hard to handle. The rapids came just round a sharp bend, and

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we got caught in the upper part of the swift water and had to run the first set of rapids in consequence. We in the leading pair of dugouts were within an ace of coming to grief on some big bowlders against which we were swept by a cross current at the turn. All of us paddling hard—scraping and bumping—we got through by the skin of our teeth, and managed to make the bank and moor our dugouts. It was a narrow escape from grave disaster. The second pair of lashed dugouts profited by our experience, made the run—with risk, but with less risk—and moored beside us. Then all the loads were taken out, and the empty canoes were run down through the least dangerous channels among the islands.

This was a long portage and we camped at the foot of the rapids, having made nearly seven kilometres. Here a little river, a rapid stream of volume equal to the Dúvida at the point where we first embarked, joined from the west. Colonel Rondon and Kermit came to it first, and the former named it Rio Kermit. There was in it a waterfall about six or eight feet high, just above the junction. Here we found plenty of fish. Lyra caught two pacu, good-sized, deep-bodied fish. They were delicious eating. Antonio the Parecís said that these fish never came up heavy rapids in which there were falls they had to jump. We could only hope that he was correct, as in that case the rapids we would encounter in the future would rarely be so serious as to necessitate our dragging the heavy dugouts over land. Passing the rapids we had hitherto encountered had meant severe labor and some danger. But the event showed that he was mistaken. The worst rapids were ahead of us.

While our course as a whole had been almost due north, and sometimes east of north, yet where there were rapids the river had generally, although not always, turned westward. This seemed to indicate that to the east of us there was a low northward projection of the central plateau across which we had travelled on mule-back. This is the kind of projection that appears on the maps of this region as a sierra. Probably it sent low spurs to the west, and the farthest points of these spurs now and then caused rapids in our course (for the rapids generally came where there were hills) and for the moment deflected the river westward from its general down-hill trend to the north. There was no longer any question that the Dúvida was a big river, a river of real importance. It was not a minor affluent of some other affluent. But we were still wholly in the dark as to where it came out. It was still possible, although exceedingly improbable that it entered the Gy-Paraná, as another river of substantially the same size, near its mouth. It was much more likely, but not probable, that it entered the Tapajos. It was probable, although far from certain, that it entered the Madeira low down, near its point of junction with the Amazon. In this event it was likely, although again far from certain, that its mouth would prove to be the Aripuanan. The Aripuanan does not appear on the maps as a river of any size; on a good standard map of South America which I had with me its name does not appear at all, although a dotted indication of a small river or creek at about the right place probably represents it. Nevertheless, from the report of one of his lieutenants who had examined its mouth, and from the stories of the rubber-gatherers, or seringuerros, Colonel Rondon had come to the conclusion that this was the largest affluent of the Madeira, with such a body of water that it must have a big drainage basin. He thought that the Dúvida was probably one of its head streams—although every existing map represented the lay of the land to be such as to render impossible the existence of such a river system and drainage basin. The rubber-gatherers reported that they had gone many days' journey up the river, to a point where there was a series of heavy rapids with above them the junction-point of two large rivers, one entering from the west. Beyond this they had difficulties because of the hostility of the Indians; and where the junction-point was no one could say. On the chance Colonel Rondon had directed one of his subordinate officers, Lieutenant Pyrineu, to try to meet us, with boats and provisions, by ascending the Aripuanan to the point of entry of its first big affluent. This was the course followed when Amilcar had been directed to try to meet the explorers

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who in 1909 came down the Gy-Paraná. At that time the effort was a failure, and the two parties never met; but we might have better luck, and in any event the chance was worth taking.

On the morning following our camping by the mouth of the Rio Kermit, Colonel Rondon took a good deal of pains in getting a big post set up at the entry of the smaller river into the Duvida. Then he summoned me, and all the others, to attend the ceremony of its erection. We found the camaradas drawn up in line, and the colonel preparing to read aloud "the orders of the day." To the post was nailed a board with "Rio Kermit" on it; and the colonel read the orders reciting that by the direction of the Brazilian Government, and inasmuch as the unknown river was evidently a great river, he formally christened it the Rio Roosevelt. This was a complete surprise to me. Both Lauro Müller and Colonel Rondon had spoken to me on the subject, and I had urged, and Kermit had urged, as strongly as possible, that the name be kept as Rio da Dúvida. We felt that the "River of Doubt" was an unusually good name; and it is always well to keep a name of this character. But my kind friends insisted otherwise, and it would have been churlish of me to object longer. I was much touched by their action, and by the ceremony itself. At the conclusion of the reading Colonel Rondon led in cheers for the United States and then for me and for Kermit; and the camaradas cheered with a will. I proposed three cheers for Brazil and then for Colonel Rondon, and Lyra, and the doctor, and then for all the camaradas. Then Lyra said that everybody had been cheered except Cherrie; and so we all gave three cheers for Cherrie, and the meeting broke up in high good humor.

Immediately afterward the walkers set off on their march down-stream, looking for good canoe trees. In a quarter of an hour we followed with the canoes. As often as we overtook them we halted until they had again gone a good distance ahead. They soon found fresh Indian sign, and actually heard the Indians; but the latter fled in panic. They came on a little Indian fishing village, just abandoned. The three low, oblong huts, of palm-leaves, had each an entrance for a man on all fours, but no other opening. They were dark inside, doubtless as a protection against the swarms of biting flies. On a pole in this village an axe, a knife, and some strings of red beads were left with the hope that the Indians would return, find the gifts, and realize that we were friendly. We saw further Indian sign on both sides of the river.

After about two hours and a half we came on a little river entering from the east. It was broad but shallow, and at the point of entrance rushed down, green and white, over a sharply inclined sheet of rock. It was a lovely sight and we halted to admire it. Then on we went, until, when we had covered about eight kilometres, we came on a stretch of rapids. The canoes ran them with about a third of the loads, the other loads being carried on the men's shoulders. At the foot of the rapids we camped, as there were several good canoe trees near, and we had decided to build two rather small canoes. After dark the stars came out; but in the deep forest the glory of the stars in the night of the sky, the serene radiance of the moon, the splendor of sunrise and sunset, are never seen as they are seen on the vast open plains.

The following day, the 19th, the men began work on the canoes. The ill-fated big canoe had been made of wood so hard that it was difficult to work, and so heavy that the chips sank like lead in the water. But these trees were araputangas, with wood which was easier to work and which floated. Great buttresses, or flanges, jutted out from their trunks at the base, and they bore big hard nuts or fruits which stood erect at the ends of the branches. The first tree felled proved rotten, and moreover it was chopped so that it smashed a number of lesser trees into the kitchen, overthrowing everything, but not inflicting serious damage. Hard-working, willing, and tough though the camaradas were, they naturally did not have the skill of northern lumber-jacks.

We hoped to finish the two canoes in three days. A space was cleared in the forest for our tents. Among the taller trees grew huge-leafed pacovas, or wild bananas. We bathed and swam in the river, although in it we caught piranhas. Carregadores ants swarmed all around our

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camp. As many of the nearest of their holes as we could we stopped with fire; but at night some of them got into our tents and ate things we could ill spare. In the early morning, a column of foraging ants appeared and we drove them back, also with fire. When the sky was not overcast the sun was very hot, and we spread out everything to dry. There were many wonderful butterflies round about, but only a few birds. Yet in the early morning and late afternoon there was some attractive bird music in the woods. The two best performers were our old friend the false bell-bird, with its series of ringing whistles, and a shy, attractive ant-thrush. The latter walked much on the ground, with dainty movements, courtesying and raising its tail; and in accent and sequence, although not in tone or time, its song resembled that of our white-throated sparrow.

It was three weeks since we had started down the River of Doubt. We had come along its winding course about 140 kilometres, with a descent of somewhere in the neighborhood of 124 metres. It had been slow progress. We could not tell what physical obstacles were ahead of us, nor whether the Indians would be actively hostile. But a river normally describes in its course a parabola, the steep descent being in the upper part; and we hoped that in the future we should not have to encounter so many and such difficult rapids as we had already encountered, and that therefore we would make better time—a hope destined to failure.

A GLOUCESTER HELMSMAN'S SONG

By James B. Connolly

It came one day, as it had to come—
I said to you "Good-by."
"Good luck," said you, "and a fair, fair wind"—
Though you cried as if to die
Was all there was ahead of you
When we put out to sea,
And now, sweetheart, we're headed home,
To the west'ard and to thee.

So blow, ye devils, and walk her home—
O she's the able *Lucy Foster*.
The woman I love is waiting me,
So drive the *Lucy* home to Gloucester.
O ho ho for this heaven-sent breeze,
Straight from the east and all you please!
Come along now, ye whistling gales,
The harder ye blow the faster she sails—
O my soul, there's a girl in Gloucester!

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NORWAY AND THE NORWEGIANS

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

BY PRICE COLLIER

Author of "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," "The West in the East from an American Point of View," "England and the English from an American Point of View"

I

WERE I gifted with the erudition and imagination of Henri Taine, whom I heard lecture too many years ago to recall with pleasure, I could paint you the history of Norway from my window here, two thousand feet above the sea. I see the fiord that has eaten its way well into the land, till it is a lane to the sea, a pathway all up and down this west coast in and out; the forests of pine-trees; the small patches of arable and grazing land scattered between sea and mountain and hemmed in by the dark forest.

The very conformation of the land makes nests for men, but makes large communities and cities impossible. The geography of the country is its history, if one has eyes to see. The Viking, the individualist, the independent, the democrat, the man who looks in upon himself for his laws and his religion, for his habits and customs, came from here and inoculated the Anglo-Saxon world with his haughty independence, his unquenchable love of liberty, his untamable confidence in himself. He never learned to fashion his beliefs or his conduct, he never learned to bow his head to, "What will other men say?" "What will other men say?" is the tyrant of the Latin races, but here a man looked to the sky, to the sea, to the mountains, for his signs, portents, and warnings, and they taught him truth, freedom, independence. The enforced solitude, the long days of darkness, turned his thoughts in upon himself, and left him with his own soul as the only constituency he need consult. His great gifts to the world were born and nurtured here, on these tiny islands of land, carved out by the sea, walled in by the mountains, so hemmed in indeed that often one must lie on one's back to see the sky. The man who was to do more than any other to make public opinion a wholesome thing was bred here where public opinion was unknown.

Out of solitude have come the men and the thoughts that have mastered the world, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus of Nazareth, Mohammed, and from these northern solitudes the men who have demanded for themselves in England and America freedom of belief, and the right to be governed by themselves. The echo of their philosophy is heard again in one of the last of them, Ibsen, in his: "The most powerful man in the world is the man who is most alone." No man to-day masters himself or helps others to self-mastery who cannot contrive to make a Norway for himself in this busy chattering world.

Norway has an area of 124,525 square miles; but of this 73,752 square miles are barren mountains, 26,317 are forest, 4,789 are lakes, 4,632 bogs, and 1,947 are snow and ice. Grain-fields, cultivated meadows, and natural meadows only comprise 3,554 square miles; cultivated land strictly speaking, only 1,074 square miles. In 1910 the population was 11.2 to the square mile; but when countries with a great extent of land are compared, unproductive land should be thrown out of the account. When, out of every 640 acres, making a square mile, at least 200 acres must be thrown out as bare rocks, waters, ice, snow, and bog, yielding neither subsistence nor employment for man, the actual density of the population changes. While Norway represents rather more than three per cent of the total area of Europe, her population only amounts to one-half of one per cent of the total population.

From Vardo, the farthest point to the northeast, to Lindesnaes in the southwest, Norway stretches 1,100 miles in a straight line, and if swung round on the last-named point would reach to the Pyrenees. The

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length of the coast is 1,700 miles, but the entire shore line, including the fiords in and out, and the large islands, would be 12,000 miles, and would reach half-way round the globe, and dotted all along this west coast have been counted about 150,000 islands. Ninety-five per cent of Norway's exchange of goods with other countries is carried on by sea. If one would know what the sea makes of man when she and not the land is master and mistress and moulder of him, one must go to Norway; and the sea need not be ashamed of what in the past has been bred there, nor of her offspring of to-day. Like a dash of salt spray, they have wakened into more vigorous life whatever people they have flung themselves upon, from Normandy and Dublin to Minnesota. In Minnesota there are only some 500 paupers in the whole State, and parents, grandparents, children, grandchildren, brothers and sisters, are all liable for support of a pauper, and a person bringing a pauper into a county is liable to a fine of fifty dollars! It is as refreshing as a salt bath to learn that the Viking spirit of independence and personal responsibility are still so much alive anywhere.

When the bands of Goths and Germans pushed round from what are now southern Sweden, Denmark, and northern Germany, they found these protected lanes of water, the fiords, on which to travel. They were, too, as a matter of course, the hardier and more adventurous individuals. A boat, an axe, and a fish-hook were all the paraphernalia necessary for comfortable travelling, and, still more to the point, the boat, the axe, and the fish-hook could all be handled effectively by a single individual. At night, or in stormy weather, the boat could be hauled up on the land, turned upside down, one side of it propped up with sticks, and there the newly arrived immigrant had his house, and under that roof the more imaginative saw the beginnings of Gothic architecture.

The narrow bits of land where an animal could be grazed, or grass cut and dried for winter fodder, not only made it desirable but necessary that a man and his family should live alone. There was no room then, there is no room now, for thickly settled communities. There are no villages in Norway even to-day. There are towns and farms. As late as 1891 only 23.70 per cent of the population lived in towns, and 76.30 per cent were scattered about in small farm communities. In 1900 the rural population was 72 per cent, the urban 28, while as late as 1850, 88.5 per cent was rural and only 11.5 urban. Even this generation, therefore, is of men nurtured in solitude. In 1876, out of a population of 1,818,853, 1,274,100 lived by agriculture, cattle-farming, forestry, fishing, and sailoring; and only 62,856 came under the heading "Intellectual Work." In 1891, out of a population of 1,187,459, 564,884 came under the heading "Persons with Independent Occupations." At the last census, taken in 1910, nearly 900,000 of the total population were still engaged in the outdoor and independent occupations of agriculture, fishing, grazing, sailoring, and transportation.

Of the cultivated land there are

62,777 small estates and farms under 1¼ acres,
37,009 from 1¼ to 2½ acres,
43,144 from 2½ to 5 acres,
44,410 from 5 to 12½ acres,
21,494 from 12½ to 25 acres,
11,829 from 25 to 50 acres,
4,761 from 50 to 125 acres,

and 370 of 125 acres and over, and only three of 90,000 acres and over. Practically all of these small estate-owners and farmers supplement their farming with fishing, grazing a few cattle, and more or less forestry. Fishermen and graziers own their own boats and their own cattle, but what is becoming rare in other countries is common, one might almost say universal, in Norway, and that is the individual ownership of the land. Already in 1819, with a population of 910,000, there were 41,656 estates, and out of the 120,000 farmers of the country in 1900, 109,000 were freeholders. In England there are 5,000 landowners owning over 1,000 acres each, and these 5,000 owners own nearly half the land of England between them. The whole of the soil is owned by about 1,000,000 persons. In Germany and in France the ownership of the land is more equally divided, among about 5,000,000 persons. This so-called *Bonder*, or agricultural peasantry, is the very backbone of the nation in Norway. Each is proprietor of his own farm, and they occupy the country from the shore of the sea to the foot of the hills,

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and up every glen or valley as far as corn will grow. They are, as a rule, fine-looking, athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt them from work, but large enough to supply them and their families with wholesome food. In the old days they built their own houses, made their own furniture, ploughs, carts, harness, ironwork, woodwork, and basketwork. Probably there are no communities anywhere else in the world so self-efficient, so independent, and so comfortable.

Indeed, their size and wholesome aspect prove this, for they are the fairest, tallest, broadest-chested, and longest-lived people in the world to-day. The *average* lifetime in Norway was 49.94 years for both sexes together; or separately, for men 48.73 and for women 51.21 in 1881–90; but for the decade from 1891–1900 there was a further improvement, for men 50.21, for women 54.14. With the exception of Sweden there is nothing comparable to this elsewhere in the world. Even more startling are the exact figures of longevity. In 1909 the total deaths were 31,708: of these 3,125 were under one year, and 10,889 were over seventy years of age; while 5,673 lived to be over eighty! If the infant mortality is subtracted, the length of life of those who lived to the age of one year and over is quite unapproached by anything in the ancient or modern world. In these days of much discussion of hygiene and eugenics, it were well worth while to study the conditions in Norway, if for no other reason than to discover the cause of this amazing longevity. The West End theorizers, who have given the name eugenics to the rules and regulations that they propose to lay down for the mating of their brethren and sisters in the East End, could hardly do better than to make a systematic and detailed investigation of the situation in Norway. Bath-rooms are rare, though there is much bathing in the open; and even in the larger towns the water-closet is not common, and in the country not known. In one of the larger restaurants in Christiania itself, one still finds an earth-closet, and that on the second floor. Evidently "spending half their time bathing their whole persons" does not account for their vigor. Country inns and country farmhouses have no provision for the various necessities of domestic hygiene such as we deem necessary for health. Indeed, a traveller either here or in other out-of-the-way places soon becomes convinced that very little water suffices for cleanliness, and that the more the body is worked regularly, the easier it is to keep it effective with a minimum of bath-room. Independence, and the responsibility of owning something oneself, even though individual possessions be small, is far more conducive to health, happiness, and longevity than all the quack doctrines together of the modern theorizer and the present-day demagogue. In the streets of the towns, at the farms, on the roads, one seldom sees a fat man or one who looks unwieldy. They are sturdily, sometimes heavily built, but they are lean in the flank, broad of shoulder and thick through, and though they do not always carry themselves lightly or gracefully, they look to have plenty of room for the working machinery of living, for heart and lungs and digestive apparatus. Wherever you go in Norway, from Christiansand to the North Cape, you cannot go far without going up and down hill, nor can you go far without inhaling the champagne-like mountain air. It is not impossible that the plain food, a necessity in a poor country, the physical training in the schools, the obligatory military training, the sensible temperance legislation, the up-and-down-hill exercise, the almost entire lack of luxury, and the fact that they are not hard workers—not lazy perhaps, but certainly leisurely in their toil, seldom making any undue demand upon their nervous energy—have produced what no artificial legislation can copy. What will happen to them when the speeding-up processes of modern industry are applied remains to be seen. The lap-dog, male and female, quadruped or biped, is as much a distinctive feature of an over-rich and underworked community as the sentimentalist is a product of an overprotected and over-self-indulgent nation.

There is no such sound education for a man as the possession of property. Only thus, at any rate, can man be educated into independence. We have grown far away from the real meaning of education, which is to develop caution, reflection, forethought, patience, and physical hardihood. The man of a little property of his own has daily and hourly exercise in all

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these better qualities. We have turned education upside down by beginning with reading and writing and going on into all sorts of finical developments of these, which after all are only means, not ends. A man with a small property which he so manages that it keeps a family clothed and fed and in good moral and physical fettle, has an education of far more value, though he may not be able to read or write, than the enslaved artisan with nothing but his weekly wage, but who is mentally accomplished to the degree that he can read the novels from the neighboring free library. He dulls his ambition, and drugs his monotony, and forgets his slavery, with the opium of trashy reading. It is as false and foolish to call this education as to apply the word to dogs that jump through hoops and monkeys who ride bicycles.

It is very evident that this individual or family ownership of the land can only continue, if the population increases, in two ways: more land or emigration. There is no more land to be had, and there is emigration on a fairly large scale. We in America may be grateful that we have had the bulk of it. There were 403,877 Norwegians, 665,207 Swedes, and 181,649 Danes settled in America in 1910. After visiting their country you wish that there were twenty times that number. They have held as a nation more closely to the rigorous independence that inspired the signing of Magna Charta, the beheading of Charles I, the sailing to the West of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Declaration of Independence than any other nation. Indeed, this is the cradle of all our Anglo-Saxon independence, morals, temperament, and liberties.

The proper place for a statue to Liberty, with all the world to choose from, would be on one of these bleak promontories on the west coast of Norway, jutting out into the sea toward England and America.

For a thousand years now these people alone among the nations have been landowners and self-governors. Feudalism has never touched them in the sense that they have been dependent upon another for their rights of property, or for the right to dispose of their personal prowess in such ways as they themselves deemed best. There have been kings, and there is indeed a king to-day, but this last is of their own choosing, and in the past no one man has been able to make himself and keep himself as overlord to whom the people were subject, or from whom they acknowledged that their rights and privileges were derived. From the earliest times they have possessed the land as their property, and been subject only to the jurisdiction of the nation as represented by themselves. They have never been *adscripti glebæ* as have the peasantry of every other European nation.

It is not unlikely that the slight resistance encountered by the various expeditions from Scandinavia from the eighth to the tenth century, which overran and conquered the land throughout northern Europe, was due to the fact that only the nobles and the churchmen owned property and the bulk of the people had no interest in defending it. The Vikings and their followers who swarmed up the Seine and the Thames, and whose descendants conquered Normandy and then England, were bred of long years of independence and property rights, while those they overthrew were dependent and non-landowners. They were the hardiest and boldest travellers of their time. The Norwegian sealers still cruise about the sea as far north as it is open, and the history of polar exploration has been associated with Norway from Othar in King Alfred's time to Nansen in our own. In the Shetland Islands the people still talked Norwegian in the last century; Greenland and Iceland were colonized from Norway; and from Iceland comes a literature in old Norwegian, still the language of the people, which ranks with the hero tales of the East, of Greece, of Germany and England. The Orkneys, Shetlands, the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, were possessions of Norway for hundreds of years, and for more than three hundred years Norwegian kings ruled in Dublin; many of the Danes who conquered England were Norsemen, and, as we shall see, the conquerors of Normandy were mostly of the Norwegian Viking breed.

Dublin still retains a distinct flavor of these breezy warriors—

> "For 'tis the capital o' the finest nation,
> Wid charmin' pisintry upon a fruitful sod,
> Fightin' like divils for conciliation,
> An' hatin' each other for the love of God."

Their early history is turbulent and confused. Small chieftains fighting among

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themselves for supremacy. Days when men said: "La guerre est ma patrie, mon harnois ma maison; et en toute saison combattre c'est ma vie." About the year 860 came Harald Haarfager, the Fair-Haired, called Harald Lufa because he made a vow to leave his hair unkempt until he had brought all Norway under his sway. The battle of Hafursfiord freed him from his vow and Harald Lufa, that is to say, of the "unkempt locks," became Harald Haarfager, or of the "beautiful hair," who succeeds his father, and during a long reign of successive expeditions against the less well-organized communities in the west and to the south, from his headquarters at Trondhjem, brings some sort of order out of chaos, and Norway is a kingdom under one king. He, like Charlemagne, divided his kingdom between his sons, with the like result that for centuries there was a disputed sovereignty and unceasing warfare in which both Danish and Swedish kings took a hand.

It was always easy for the discontented and the defeated to flee away down those sea-lanes the fiords, and Iceland was settled and the Viking expeditions recruited from those who sought their independence elsewhere. "There is much to be had from the fields, but more from the sea," and "He who is master of the sea is master of the land," are Viking proverbs, believed in then, and acted upon still to-day by Germany and England, be it said by Norway as well, for her mercantile marine is the fourth largest in the world. America, by the way, still holds the second place in vessels of twelve knots and over, or of two thousand tons and over, though this seems to be little known either at home or abroad.

Olaf Trygvesson, a descendant of Harald, the leader of an expedition that had ravaged England, returned to Norway bringing with him the Christian religion, and before his death in the year 1000 had again not only brought the people under the allegiance of one king, but to a certain extent of one faith. In 1015 Olaf Haraldsson, returning from a foraging expedition, took up and carried on the work of his predecessor. This latter Olaf, afterward known as Saint Olaf, over whose bones the cathedral of Trondhjem was built, was a fierce evangelist indeed. These rough warriors used methods to bring their heathen brethren to baptism that would have adorned the Inquisition. Not even in the Netherlands can they show such refined forms of torture. A brazier filled with live coals was placed on the stomach of one recalcitrant; a horn was placed in the mouth of another and a live adder was pushed through the horn and down his throat to eat its way out of the victim.

Saint Olaf was worthy of canonization, perhaps, but certainly not as an exemplar of the gentleness of Christianity.

They are fine figures of men these Haralds and Olafs and Sigurds, who roamed the world with their bands of warriors as far as Spain and Constantinople. They supplied guards for the Eastern Emperors in Constantinople, where a company composed exclusively of Scandinavians served under Bolli Bolleson, and one of the twelve paladins of Charlemagne was Orgier the Dane; they plunged into the Crusades with all the ardor of men who found it hard to accept a faith that did not offer a field for adventure, and in their love of the sea sailed as far as America, where Leif Ericson saw land five hundred years before Columbus.

It is not without emotion that one sees in a dingy shed in Christiania, a Viking ship, dug out of the blue clay in which it had been preserved. Seventy-seven feet long it is, with a mast for a squaresail in the middle, with its sixteen rowlocks, and its rudder on the right or "starboard" side. Open to all the winds that blow, with its high bow and stern, over which even a medium sea could sweep, of a total size that would permit it to be placed in one of the luxurious suites of rooms of the latest ocean liners, and in this were exercised and developed the daring and hardihood, the love of adventure, the determination of men to be their own masters, which inoculated the democracies of the ancient and modern world with the virus of independence.

It is not rhetoric that sees in this long boat of oak the vessel that carried the chrism with which democracy was baptized. From this west coast of Scandinavia, embroidered its whole length long by hundreds of islands and by these threads and ribbons of the sea which join with the mountains in cutting up the land into small parcels, in which men could only live by themselves, came the first men

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who were ready to go anywhere and do anything, and who were capable of taking care of themselves under any and all circumstances by land or sea. Hundreds of years of the enforced independence produced by their environment had made them not only scornful of the slavery of feudalism, but incapable of submission to tyranny. In that great plain of central Europe the Saxons were the only tribe that Charlemagne could never reduce to submission until he had practically exterminated them; in England the same story may be told, and the foundations of America were laid by men of the same spirit, who wore no shackles on either their limbs or their consciences. When monarchical circles in Europe were indignant at the execution of Charles, Milton wrote in his "Defence of the English People": "Our king made not us, but we him. Nature has given fathers to us all, but we ourselves appointed our own king; so that the people is not for the king, but the king for them." In England, in Norway, in Sweden, this is still the temper of the people. In Sweden the Vasa line and the Bernadotte line were entirely the choice of the people. In Norway there were as many kings as in Ireland, and each son inherited the title. They must have been at one time as numerous as Italian counts and barons. In England, too, kings have not only been dictated to, but the reigning family changed by the people. The kings of all the northern kingdoms except Russia and Germany are kings by the preference and good will of the people, using heredity limited by decapitation or dismissal, as a convenience, and under this system they are as free, if not freer, than under our system of hop-skip-and-a-jump rotation.

This is all passing, perhaps. Industrialism, and the beehive and ant-hill arrangements that follow on the heels of industrialism, have carried us clean away from this Viking ship and its crew of daring individualists sailing away to throw their lives as dice against man and beast and the elements, if only they might be free. Whatever we, their descendants, have lost of the inheritance, it is no rhetoric, I repeat, to say that those few planks of oak, and those few-score rivets, are the symbol of what is left at any rate of the best that we have given to the world.

Canute, King of England and Denmark, invaded Norway, slew Saint Olaf, and England and Norway and Denmark for a time acknowledged the same sovereign. Magnus the Good, who had been left in Russia during these turbulent times by his father Saint Olaf, is recalled to Norway, drives out the Danes, and reigns in peace, to be succeeded in his turn by another Harald, Sigurdssen, who was killed at the battle of Hastings in 1066. William the Conqueror and his followers were direct descendants of these wandering Scandinavian warriors who had wandered to the west, to meet men of their own race who had wandered to the east, at Hastings.

Rolf, a great friend of Harald, counting upon the friendship of the King for his father, made a raid upon the Norwegian coast on his way back from an expedition in the Baltic, and, despite the pleas of his mother for mercy, he was condemned to exile by Harald. Rolf, or *Gang-Rolf*, meaning Rolf the Walker, because no horse of the small breed of the Hebrides could carry him, set sail for the Hebrides, gathered a band of kindred spirits, met with a cold reception as he rounded the north coast of Scotland, and finally entered the mouth of the Seine. The treaty of Saint Clair-sur-Epte was signed in 911, the duchy of Normandy was founded, so called from this company of men from the north, named *Northmen*, or Normans. This Gang-Rolf was the great-grandfather of William the Conqueror.

These tidbits of history are merely the indications of how this blood of the Norsemen has found its way into those channels which connect them closely with ourselves, and not only with ourselves but with certain forms of government, with certain moral standards, and with a certain adventurous temperament that together have made us what we are—the countries we govern what they are.

I am making no pretence to write even a sketch of the history of Norway, which would be dull at the best, for after the thirteenth century when the German Hanse towns obtained such extensive trade privileges from the king Magnus Lagaboter, the "Law-mender," the Norwegians were almost debarred from any independent trade of their own. The Germans, with their headquarters at Bergen, practically ruled the commerce of the country, and in other matters as well were predominant.

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In 1349, 1360, and 1371 an English vessel brought the seeds of the plague, or black death, to Norway, which destroyed, it is said, as much as one-third of the population. The king, too, always resided abroad in Denmark, with which country Norway was united in 1380–97; there was no call upon the warrior spirit for the defence of the country; the noble families died out or were merged in the peasantry; and, as one writer puts it, Norway slept like a potato for four hundred years. The days of the Icelandic sagas, of the flights of those sea-hawks the Viking ships, of the roaming warriors, were over.

Both Sweden and Denmark have history and traditions connecting them with the Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, and with the ferment in Europe during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, but not Norway.

This accounts in no small measure for the fact that though travel in Norway is a delight on account of the unique natural scenery, there is no moral scenery.

There are no castles, no ruins, no monuments, no sketches left on the landscape of the tragedies or the great accomplishments of the race. The building in the past, and even in these days, is almost entirely of wood. Wood is plentiful, cheap, and easily wrought into a shelter for men or animals, but it burns easily, is demolished with small effort, and offers but a poor defence against attack.

The Viking ships sailing through these fiords to the sea were their castles, and the whole face of the country is one that frowns men into obedience rather than lends itself to the fashioning of man's hand. It is pre-eminently a land that forms men, rather than a land to be formed by them.

The Trondhjem cathedral is but a series of restorations, with little left of the original structure. Trondhjem having been burned to the ground some fifteen times has kept next to nothing of its ancient ornaments.

The *Stavekirke*, or timber churches, several of them dating back to the thirteenth century, are almost the sole monuments of a far-off past. The church of Fantoft, near Bergen, astonishes the traveller from the East by recalling the pagoda style of the Hindoo structures of a like character. There is a timber church near Christiania and another near Notodden, which last is the largest timber church in Norway. Whether the Norwegians brought back in memory something that produced the fanciful building of Fantoft one cannot know, but it is not unlikely.

The famous Sigurd was a prince who travelled in splendor and whose extravagance was oriental. It is told of him that an Eastern potentate, to test him, laid a superb crimson carpet along the way to his palace, expecting that the northern barbarians, astonished at such luxury, would walk on one side of it. Not so, for Sigurd and his company cantered their horses up the velvet path, counting nothing too fine for their prowess. Such a traveller may well have given the inspiration for a building to remind him of his days of adventure in the East. It is hinted, too, both in their mythology and in their history, that they connected themselves with the East and they took kindly to the Crusades as a return to the home of their ancestors.

As late as 956 Haakon, the foster-son of Athelstane of England, gave up his attempts to introduce Christianity in Norway, and as a proof of his sincerity as a pagan partook of a feast of horse-flesh in honor of Odin. The significance of this use of horse-flesh as a badge of paganism lies, of course, in the fact that only where there is ample pasturage, as in the vast plains of Asia, could horse-flesh have been cheap enough for food.

Odin lived in Asaland, the land or home of the Ases, and the capital of the country was Asgard. The word *gaard*, meaning yard, garden, dwelling-place composed of a group of buildings, is still in familiar use throughout Norway. These men, left to dream and to spin fancies in the solitude of Norway's lakes and mountains, produced a mythological history of themselves that is as oriental in its daring as the Arabian Nights.

Odin, or *Woden*, means walker or traveller, and their gods and the habits of these were all gigantic shadows of themselves and their doings. Once they were cut off from their forays and piratical expeditions to the neighboring coasts, because there the people had become too well armed and organized to be taken by surprise as of yore, they faded out of European politics almost completely. Their

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peculiar valor had lost all opportunity for its expression, and Norway was hushed into insignificance for some four hundred years. But they were not

"Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies."

Life in Norway has always been hard. That is what has made them in the past, and still keeps them, probably the sturdiest race in Europe.

When once again the Norwegians appeared on the European chess-board, they were as hard nuts to crack as ever. They were practically the only people who demanded and obtained for themselves, after the French Revolution, a constitution that answered in some sort to the aspirations that were the exhalations of that time.

The Swedes during the alliance of Napoleon and the Czar were defeated by the Russians, who took from them the whole of Finland. The Swedes, enraged at their King's (Gustav IV Adolf) incapacity, revolted and imposed a form of constitution upon their King. This was in 1809. A French general, Bernadotte, who was placed in command of Pomerania, so gained the good will of the Swedish aristocracy that they persuaded their King to adopt him as his heir. Bernadotte, who started as a common soldier, as prince royal, took over the reins of government from the feeble King, allied himself with England and Russia against Napoleon, while the King of Denmark and Norway remained an ally of Napoleon. After the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic, the Peace of Kiel was signed, by which Denmark was obliged to hand over Norway to the King of Sweden.

Norway, as we have noted, had been governed for four hundred years by Denmark as a sort of distant dependency. Political life, literary life, were dead, and during these years of fighting, when France, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden were all engaged, the prosperity of Norway suffered severely. Exportation and importation were hindered, the crops failed, and, not unlike Prussia, Norway found her great incentive in the very helplessness of her plight. Toward the end of 1809, Count Herman Wedel-Jarlsberg, the ancestor of Norway's accomplished minister to France and Spain of to-day, founded the "Society for Norway's Welfare." In 1811, despite the opposition of Denmark, the University of Norway was founded at Christiania. Norway was discovering what every nation and every individual finds at last, that solvency is the first necessity for success. "Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi," Juvenal tells us, or, It is difficult to rise if your poverty is greater than your talent. Norway was preparing to help herself. Bernadotte, who as Crown Prince of Sweden had taken the title of Carl Johan, commanded one of the allied armies in the final struggle against Napoleon, and after the battle of Leipsic marched his troops against Denmark. Frederick VI of Denmark signed the Peace of Kiel in January, 1814, but the Norwegians claimed that Norway had always been a separate kingdom, that Denmark might decline the partnership, but that Norway could not be handed over to another country without her own consent.

The vice-regent, Prince Christian Frederick, sided with the Norwegians, and Professor Sverdrup, the leader of the Constitutional party, called a national assembly to meet at Eidsvold to frame a constitution. We shall write of this later; it may be said here that it was unanimously adopted, and Prince Christian Frederick, heir to the throne of Denmark, was chosen King.

Carl Johan demanded of the allies that they should send commissioners to Denmark and Norway to see that the Treaty of Kiel should be carried out. The commissioners did not see fit to require an entire obedience to the Kiel treaty, but approved to some extent what the national assembly had done, demanded that Prince Christian Frederick should resign his kingship, and that certain Norwegian fortresses should be handed over to Swedish troops until the Storthing should have settled the various problems arising from the union with Sweden. The Norwegians refused to turn over the fortresses, war was declared which lasted only a few weeks, and finally Carl Johan, by accommodating the conditions of the union to the constitutional conditions already established in Norway, brought about the union, and on the 10th of November Carl Johan himself took the King's oath as the King's representative in the Storthing.

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For the first fifteen years after the union vice-regents (statholders) of Swedish birth represented Sweden in Norway; but from 1836 the viceroys or governors were always Norwegians. The Storthing was elected every three years and the sessions were short. Carl Johan, now Charles XIV, spent his whole reign from 1818–44 in a series of conflicts with the Norwegians. He was a Frenchman, only slightly acquainted with the language of his new subjects, he was not of blood royal, and he had been brought up in the atmosphere of the French Revolution. It is one of the many strange contradictions one finds as one delves in the history of nations, to discover that the French copying-clerk become a king was insistent upon his royal prerogatives, while the Norwegians, many of whose yeomen claim their descent from kings, were obstinate in their wilfulness where their rights were concerned. The Gascon peasant become a king leaned to tyranny, the Norwegian kings reduced to peasants were as dour in their independence as the Pilgrim Fathers.

Bernadotte mistook the poverty of the Norwegian peasants for the poverty of the French peasants. But what a difference! There are two kinds of poverty in the world: the poor made poor by tyranny, who are incapable of independence, and whose poverty is the mark of their servitude; and the poor who are poor because they despise, or have never known, the luxuries of life; and the poverty of these last is the very backbone of their liberty. In this meaning of poverty all the great deeds and dreams and daring of the world come from poor men. Luxury may have surrounded them, but they clothed their souls and bodies in sackcloth. It is not poverty but prosperity that first softens, then enslaves, then sterilizes both nations and individuals.

The civil list, the abolition of the nobility, the reform of the constitution, the veto, the right to dissolve the Storthing, the nomination of the presidents, the embarrassing quarrel with the students who persisted in celebrating the signing of the Norwegian constitution instead of the Union with Sweden as an anniversary, the choice of vice-regent, these and other questions maintained constant friction between the two countries. In 1836, when the Storthing refused to discuss certain constitutional proposals of the King, the King at the advice of one of the cabinet, Lovenskiold by name, dismissed the Storthing. The King could do no wrong, but the Odelsthing continued to sit and impeached Lovenskiold, and he was sentenced to a fine of $4,000 for having been guilty of giving the King unconstitutional advice. Peace was made by the appointment of Count Wedel-Jarlsberg as viceregent or statholder of Norway.

Although the successors of Carl Johan (Oscar I, 1844–59, and Charles XV, 1859–72) lived in some sort of peace with this rather pugnacious Norwegian parliament, the questions of a national flag, of obliging the King to choose his ministers from the majority party of the Storthing, of more frequent meetings of the Storthing, of fuller representation of Norway where matters of foreign affairs concerned Norway, and like matters of detail point easily to the conclusion, at any rate to the student who reads the controversies from the vantage-point of what has actually happened, that Norway's separation from Sweden and independence as a kingdom could not be far off.

Norway was growing rapidly richer and more populous, and thus adding to her strength. In 1835 the population was less than 1,200,000, in 1875 more than 1,800,000, and in 1891 had increased to over 2,000,000. The almost overwhelming debt of the country in 1815 had become easily manageable in 1850, and in 1875 Norway had the fourth largest mercantile marine in the world, with 56,000 sailors, 7,800 vessels, not counting the fishermen, who numbered 120,000.

The number of landholders increased from 45,000 in 1814 to 105,000 in 1835. That they still remain a seafaring people is shown by the astonishing figures of January 11, 1913. The fleet now consists of 2,156 vessels of 100 tons or more, having a combined gross tonnage of 2,365,063, or a ton for every man, woman, and child in the country. The value of this fleet is placed at $100,000,000, which divided among the people of Norway means a per-capita ownership of $40. The total dead-weight tonnage of the fleet has increased from 2,171,000 in 1875 to 3,750,000 in 1912. The Norwegian shipyards have a capacity of 50,000 tons, but they are not able to take care of even half the

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new construction. There are 8,000 men employed in the shipbuilding trade and the fleet itself accounts for 36,433 more.

Charles XV was succeeded by his brother Oscar II (1872–1907), a monarch who won and kept the respect of the Norwegians despite the fact that it was during his reign that Norway finally brought about her separation from Sweden. As we have seen, there were many causes for friction between the two nations, but the demand of the Storthing that Norway should have a separate consular service brought matters to the breaking-point. The King vetoed the bill for a separate consular service, and was thereupon declared by the Storthing to have forfeited their confidence and to be out of office. The matter when put to a vote of the people was carried against the King by 362,980 votes to 182. This overwhelming statement of the wishes of his Norwegian subjects led to King Oscar's abdication of the throne of Norway after months of discussion between the two countries as to the disposition of the frontier fortresses.

By vote of the Storthing, and after another plebiscite, Prince Charles of Denmark, born in 1872, and married in 1896 to Princess Maud, daughter of Edward VII of Great Britain, was elected King of Norway, and on his accession to the throne, November 25, 1905, he took the title of Haakon VII. He was crowned at Trondhjem on the 22d of June, 1906.

The Norwegians not only have traditions of freedom, but the people enjoy to-day a greater share of political liberty and have the framing and administration of their own laws more entirely in their own hands than any other nation, despite the fact that they have a king. The king has practically no power, and on the other hand the demagogue has even less. "A democracy," writes Hobbes, "is no more than an aristocracy of orators interrupted sometimes with the temporary monarchy of one." We have seen not a little of this form of democracy on both sides of the Atlantic, where each party bids for the suffrage cunningly, promising what can never be fulfilled, and administering a blatant soothing-syrup with conscienceless audacity.

The legislative power of Norway is invested in the Storthing, which assembles every year, and is elected for three years. Every citizen of the age of twenty-five, provided that he resides and has resided for five years in the country, may vote. Since 1907 women are also entitled to vote if they (or the husband, when the property is held in common) have paid income tax on an annual income of $100 in the towns or $75 in the country. The requirement that women should be taxpayers was abolished in 1913, and to-day the suffrage in Norway extends to all male and female adults over twenty-five years of age.

Eighty-two representatives are elected from the rural districts and forty-one from the towns, or 123 in all. Representatives must be not less than thirty years old, must have resided for ten years in Norway, and be voters in the districts from which they are chosen. Former members of the council of state can be elected representatives from any district without regard to residence. In 1909 the number of electors was 785,358, of whom 487,193 recorded their votes. In 1910 in the municipal elections there were: 120,733 men entitled to vote, of whom 83,905 voted; 163,954 women entitled to vote, of whom 92,256 voted. In the Storthing election of 1912 there were 502,284 men entitled to vote, of whom 354,558 voted; and 324,990 women entitled to vote, of whom 187,624 voted.

Once elected, the Storthing divides itself into two chambers called the Lagthing and the Odelsthing. The former is composed of one-fourth, the latter of three-fourths, of the total representatives, and each nominates its own president. Questions relating to laws are considered by both chambers sitting separately. The inspection of public accounts, the revision of government, and impeachment belong exclusively to the Odelsthing. All new laws must be first presented to the Odelsthing, from which they pass to the Lagthing, to be accepted or rejected. In case of disagreement, the two houses assemble in common and the final decision must be by a two-thirds majority. The same majority is required for any alteration of the constitution.

The members of the Lagthing and the members of the supreme court, form a high court of justice called the Rigoret, for the impeachment and trial of ministers, judges, and members of the Storthing. Every member of the Storthing receives a salary of $750 a year, travelling expenses, and medical treatment in case of illness;

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and with grim humor it is provided that in case of death the state pays the funeral expenses, whether cheerfully or not is not stated. The executive branch of the government is represented by the King, who exercises his authority through a council of state made up of one minister of state, or prime minister, and at least seven councillors. The minister and the councillors are entitled to sit in the Storthing, and to take part in debate when public, but without a vote.

The royal veto may be exercised twice, but if a bill pass three Storthings formed by separate and succeeding elections, it becomes law without the assent of the King. The abolition of the hereditary nobility in Norway was made law by the exercise of this right of the Storthing to override the King's veto. This right of the veto has now been taken from the King. It was done, it is said even by the Radicals, with no intention of striking at the King personally, but it has had none the less the very natural effect of making the King suspicious of the good will of some of his subjects, though so far as an outsider can judge the liking and respect of the people for their King is genuine and general.

At the time, 1905, of the separation of Norway from Sweden there were many prominent Norwegians, including the heads of the army and navy, the present prime minister, Björnson the author, and others, who favored a republican form of government. It was thought, however, that the separation would be more favorably received in neighboring countries if Norway did not break with her own traditions by becoming a republic. The present King, then the second son of the King of Denmark, himself insisted that there should be a plebiscite before he accepted the crown. The vote was taken, and four-fifths voted for a monarchy, and only one-fifth against.

The present King is therefore an elected monarch, coming to Norway at the invitation of the Norwegians themselves, and with the signal advantage in his favor of having rendered them a great service in their hour of danger. It is well known that had it not been for the influence exerted against war by the Swedish King, Norway would have been obliged to fight Sweden, with small hope of victory, before a separation would have been permitted. King Haakon, therefore, has rendered no small service to the Norwegians, and now that they have got their freedom, it seems hardly playing the game, as their Viking ancestors played it, to take away his privileges and to hamper and annoy him. It is unworthy of any man, republican or monarchist, to assume the attitude of mean ingratitude. King Haakon helped them to their liberty. He did not ask to be their King. They, and when they were in a tight place, asked him to be their King, and under those circumstances they owe him loyal allegiance. Other nations, whether monarchical or republican, would look with a disapproval bordering upon contempt upon a people who requited such a service with ungrateful disloyalty. It ought not to be a question of political preference now, or during King Haakon's lifetime and good behavior; nor is it a question of a monarchy or a republic: it is a simple question of fair play between men. To invite a man to help you to win your freedom, and once he has done it to take unfair advantage of him, will win no approval for the Norwegians from any fair-minded man, whatever his political creed may be. It is fair to say that the Radical government now in power hold this same opinion; only the Socialists, now numbering twenty-four members of the Storthing, vote each session for the abolition of the grant to the royal family.

The Storthing meets every year, assembling the first week-day after January 10. It is not summoned by the King, but meets by its own decree. It must receive the sanction of the King to sit more than two months! What a sensible people! What a Niagaric roar of applause would greet the glad tidings in every country where there are representative and lawmaking assemblies, that the legislature might sit for only two months, or at most three months, in the year. Alas! even in Norway this has been changed, and the paid legislator grinds out legislation for many months in the year here as elsewhere. The election and meeting of this assembly cannot be postponed or in any way controlled by the executive power, and do not depend in any way upon its co-operation. This is Norway's Magna Charta, and listen to the story of its making! The states assembled for this purpose at the bidding of

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the then viceroy Prince Frederick Christian of Denmark. They held their first meeting on April 10, 1814, and on the 12th a committee was appointed to prepare the constitution. The next morning the committee presented the principles of a constitution, which the assembly discussed until the 16th. On the 30th the constitution was on the table, and on the 17th of May was ratified by the assembly of the states.

The elections for town and country officials are largely under the so-called d'Hondt and Hagenbach-Bischoff system, which is a combination, modified at the will of the electors, of the cumulative and proportional method. Where there are five candidates, for example, each elector has five votes, but he may cast only three of them for one candidate; with the other two he may bestow one vote for each of two other candidates or cast them both for one. If there are more candidates his votes must be divided according to the same ratio. On the first ballot, a candidate to be elected must have a majority of the votes cast; if no candidate has a clear majority, then there must be a second ballot at which a plurality elects. By the further system of proportional representation, each party has a right to the number of officials represented by their percentage of the votes cast. For example, in an election where 1,000 votes are cast, and the Conservatives cast 600 votes, and the Radicals 200 votes, and the Socialists 200 votes, let us say, the three parties would elect six, two, and two respectively. The voters themselves decide in their several districts or towns whether this system shall obtain. If it is not adopted, then the voters vote for the several names on the ticket, which appear there without any party designation whatever. A modification of this system has been adopted for the municipal elections in Minneapolis, and for all candidates for the State Legislature of Minnesota. For a detailed account of these Norwegian electoral methods there is no more scholarly or complete account than that of the rector of the University of Christiania, Doctor Bredo V. Munthe, of Morgenstierne, a social economist known to all the scholars of Europe.

The local government is carried on by an administrative division into twenty districts, each governed by a chief executive, or *Amtmand*. There are eighteen country districts or counties and the two towns of Christiania and Bergen. In each of these, as in the 41 towns and the 600 rural districts or parishes, called *Herreder*, the voters themselves decide on what basis and by which system their elections shall be governed.

For a thousand years in Norway the land has been divided at death between the children. There is no primogeniture. There were only three entailed estates in the country in 1900, and now, I understand, there is only one. There is also a curious law, *Odelsret*, which consists in the right of the family to redeem at an appraised value landed property that has been sold. This right adheres to any property that has belonged for twenty consecutive years to the same owner, his wife, or his heirs in direct line of descent. The right is lost, however, when the property has remained in the possession of strangers for three years. The purchase of large blocks of land for industrial purposes, or in order to become a great landowner, is rendered very difficult by this provision of the law. This, together with the very small area of arable land available, has made the man with a small estate more numerous here than anywhere else probably in the world. It has had, too, the effect of making the Norwegians particularly and easily impervious to any form of ancient or modern tyranny. They have never had an autocrat in control for long; and state Socialism, though it has appeared with its setting-hen industrialism, has but a small following among men who are so largely owners of property.

One wonders that the American traveller, especially, does not make his way more often to Norway. With such a history, with such traditions and laws, and with their present form of government, and above all when one considers the influence that they have exerted first and last throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, no other country can compare in interest to the American. He goes to England, to be sure, and rightly, to find the immediate ancestors of his race; but back of and beyond England are those Viking ships, long and narrow, shaped like darts, which shot out of those fiords with their fiery messages of freedom and independence.

(To be concluded in November.)

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PSEUDONYMOUS

By Gordon Hall Gerould

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

PAUL ENDERLIN looked, with supreme embarrassment, at the letter spread before him. During the twelvemonth that had passed since the publication of his novel, he had received a good many letters about it—some of them from ladies, like this one; but never a letter that had troubled him so much. He puffed meditatively at his cigar.

Nobody knew that *The Wings of the Spirit* was his work, of course. He had seen the incongruity of publishing a highly emotional novel under his own name. He was too heavy and ruddy and athletic to be known as a writer of that kind of thing—too prominent and wealthy an exponent of the sporting life. The reputed author of *The Wings of the Spirit* was Grahame Spottiswoode, and Grahame Spottiswoode was clothed in mystery. Paul Enderlin had taken care of that. He had not permitted so much as an inkling of the truth to get about among his friends; and he had communicated with his publishers by ways so elaborately circuitous that they had seen the folly of attempting to penetrate his mask. Indeed, after the first, they had perhaps been glad not to discover him: they had baited the public with the mystery and had hooked half a million curious readers.

There had been some difficulty about his wife, as might have been expected. Agatha and he were such good comrades that it was irksome at first to hide his pile of manuscript from her. But he had been unable to reveal the truth to her. Shame forbade. She had married a hunter of big game, who pottered about in the magazines; a collector of old weapons, who wrote descriptions of them; a former football "hero," who sometimes criticised in print the players of the day. She would not like to discover, perhaps, that she had married also, quite unawares, a man of feeling. He couldn't tell her about the burning pages in his desk, and much less could he confess to her, after the book was published, that he was Grahame Spottiswoode. He loved the illegitimate child of his brain, but he couldn't let Agatha know that he had been unfaithful to her ideal of him.

And here he was, in a predicament that no writer had ever before faced. He had received, this morning, a letter from Agatha herself—actually. It was very short and quite properly conventional. It merely thanked Mr. Spottiswoode for the great pleasure and inspiration his book had given her. As a matter of fact, it was like fifty other letters that had come to him. To any one who knew Agatha, however, a deeper significance showed through the polite phrases. There was in them an appeal for sympathy, a muted strain, which showed she lacked something in her life that she found in the book. The thought of it was quite heart-breaking to her husband. He had given her everything he could think of, always: not merely the luxuries that her beauty made natural, but the loyal love that her heart required. He had counted himself an adequate husband. Yet, quite evidently, he had failed. He knew what the letter meant, knowing Agatha so well. It was appalling.

What should he do about it? The letter required an answer. So much was clear. If Paul Enderlin had failed to make his wife happy, he ought to call Grahame Spottiswoode to his assistance. But how? A personal interview was out of the question; and a letter that should convey his appreciation without offence, and without betraying Mr. Spottiswoode's knowledge of the case, was going to be singularly difficult to write. If he could only make a clean breast of it to Agatha, it would be simple enough; but he couldn't subject the dear creature to that humiliation. She had opened her heart, quite unconsciously, to a stranger, and she

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would have every right to feel annoyance if the stranger proved to be her husband. He couldn't play Agatha such a trick. He must write to her with some of that "marvellous insight into the human heart" that reviewers found in his book, and he must take good care not to show too much insight.

With a thick frown he bent to the task, and he destroyed many sheets of paper before he succeeded in making a satisfactory preliminary draft. The letter he wrote was short. It was grateful for praise; it was sympathetic for the individual sorrows that clipped, so to speak, the wings of the spirit; it hinted delicately an understanding born of personal experience but nurtured by cosmic wisdom.

Paul Enderlin's face cleared when he had finished. He was rather proud of what he had done. It was a neat job. Then he typewrote the note, and signed it, as he had learned to do for all Grahame Spottiswoode's letters, with his left hand. Nothing could be safer or less compromising, he felt sure, than the letter as it stood. He would mail it in town that afternoon. He was going in with Agatha, and he had several things to be surreptitiously posted. This he locked up with them and, quite at peace, went out to play tennis with his little boy's tutor.

Agatha seemed to him even more charming than usual during their swift motor-flight to her mother's house in town. He left her with regret when she drove off to meet some appointment or other; he didn't like to let her go out of his sight—particularly just now. There was nothing remotely akin to jealousy in his feeling: he simply wished to be with her because she was unhappily married and needed sympathy. However, since she was smiling bravely at fate and declined his escort, he could do nothing but wander forth and post his letters in secret. Later he turned in at the Patroon Club, hoping for an hour's amusement before he went back to his mother-in-law's to dress.

As luck would have it, he found Miles Henryson stretched out in a big chair and, contrary to his usual habits, reading.

"You're a beautiful spectacle," began Mr. Enderlin. "Come play billiards. It'll do you a lot more good than wasting your time over foolish trash. What have you got there, anyhow?"

"It's silly enough, to be sure—at least, you'd think so." Mr. Henryson thrust forward a well-thumbed copy of *The Wings of the Spirit*, while he removed a tear from the corner of his left eye with the furtive sweep of a finger. "Ever see it?"

"Yes, I've seen it," grunted the author. "I'll not say that a hardened sinner like you might not get a good deal of profit out of it, if you only would; but just now you're needed in the billiard-room. Come along."

"All right." The herculean Henryson rose and made ready to follow. "Mighty queer, things like that!" he remarked, flourishing his book. "How do you suppose fellows ever think of what's in them? You and I never could. This isn't a bad story in its way."

Paul Enderlin had long ago ceased to get any thrill of excitement from casual mention of Grahame Spottiswoode's novel. He had heard so much comment, both favorable and unfavorable, that he paid no attention to amateur criticism. "I'd much rather beat you at billiards than discuss current literature with you, Miles," he said, smiling.

"The only trouble with you is that you haven't any soul," grumbled Miles. "But I'm willing to show you how to play billiards, all the same. Did you know that nobody knows who this Spottiswoode fellow is? My wife thinks she has a clew—thinks it's somebody we all know. I don't believe it, do you? She says she'd marry him if she could find out." He chuckled.

"She could easily get rid of you on the score of lunacy." Paul Enderlin took the cue of reproachful insult that his friend so conveniently offered. "But I doubt whether she'd like the exchange, if it came to that. I expect the fellow who wrote the book is just as big a fool as you are."

He selected a cue carefully and chalked it with unusual deliberation. Miles Henryson didn't count, of course, but it was uncomfortable to have him make such a close shot. His own wife turned instinctively to Grahame Spottiswoode for sympathy, and Miles's wife had the same

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faith in the novelist's understanding. Both women wanted something they had never had: something that Miles, of course, never could give. He himself knew perfectly what Agatha was looking for, and was very well able to supply the lack she felt. Only just there the invisible barrier that they had built up between them while still very young stood in his way. He was perfectly incapable of being more to Agatha than he had been, because—well, because Agatha and he had such fixed notions of one another's personality. Both shame, and the fear of destroying a relationship that was entirely satisfactory from almost every point of view, made any change impracticable. Agatha wouldn't understand. He could do nothing but what he had done already: make a discreet proffer of Grahame Spottiswoode's sympathy.

He lost his game by a series of shots that would have disgraced a boy of fifteen, and he had to listen to Miles Henryson's jeers without protest. You couldn't be expected to play a game of delicate skill when you were so distracted, but you couldn't explain.

Indeed, his state of nervous tension made him a poor companion to himself and to every one else, both at dinner that night and during the days that followed. He was ready to curse the unconscious interference of Grahame Spottiswoode, who had waked into flame the spark of Agatha's unrest. It was best, perhaps, to let sleeping souls lie.

Three or four days later his confidential agent—who was, of course, by no means in his confidence—sent him a new batch of communications for Grahame Spottiswoode. He was not at all surprised, when he looked them over, to find another note from Agatha. He had feared she would write again, though he had hoped that she might be satisfied with his reply. As he started to open the letter, he felt a twinge of conscience. He had no business to read what Agatha had written to another man, even to a man who was really himself. For a moment he was inclined to burn the thing. He didn't wish to spy on the poor girl. She had as much right to her secrets as he to his. Moreover, a gentleman didn't read his wife's letters, in any case; to that honorable code he had been bred. Yet she had written to Grahame Spottiswoode, and Grahame Spottiswoode had every reason in the world to read his correspondence. It would be discourteous not to. With a sigh at the perplexities of his situation, Paul Enderlin took out the letter.

"My Dear Mr. Spottiswoode:

"It was exceedingly kind of you to take the trouble not only to read but to answer my letter. It is hard for me to say why I feel impelled to encroach again on your time. I realize perfectly well that your time should be spared for the book that is to follow. But if only you knew how many doors *The Wings of the Spirit* opened to me—! I must tell you at least that your letter—so full of understanding sympathy—showed me that I had not misinterpreted your wonderful novel. Its message means even more to me now than it did before. I am so sorry that you do not feel able to give your admirers the pleasure of meeting you personally. That would add the last touch to our gratitude.

"Sincerely yours,
"Agatha Enderlin."

"Confound it," muttered her husband. "Agatha is certainly encouraging the fellow. If she had put things to me like that, I'd have married her two years before I did."

For a little while he was inclined to be resentful. Stolidly, and with no gleam of satisfaction, he read his other letters. Then a more generous impulse asserted itself. There was, after all, in Agatha's letter nothing of which either he or she need be ashamed. She had simply expressed her gratitude with characteristic heedlessness of any possible consequences. If Grahame Spottiswoode had been a real man, there could have been no harm whatever in her friendly advances. She deserved the best in friendship as in everything else. The only difficulty came from the fact that Grahame Spottiswoode was a despicable pseudonym, a thing without blood and bone, a whited sepulchre. Paul Enderlin's metaphors tangled themselves in a whirl of disgust at his own deceptions.

The last vestige of his annoyance with

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Agatha was removed by the sight of her sturdy figure, buffeted by the November wind, coming up the driveway toward the house. The long window of his study commanded her approach. With an instinctive murmur of pleasure he thrust

With a thick frown he bent to the task.—Page 457.

his letters into their appointed drawer and turned the key. He was in the hall before she could give her wraps to a servant.

"Better come in and get warm, dearest. Beastly wind for a walk."

"Aren't you busy, Paul—really?"

"Only so-so. You won't interrupt."

"Did you get off your football review to *The Pandemonium?*" she asked, as they seated themselves before the fire.

"Oh, yes, I gave them the usual thing and told them never to ask me again. I'm tired of it."

Mrs. Enderlin propped her head on her arms and looked at the glowing log. "I've often wondered why you took the time for it. You never coach now, and you're far more interested in your blunderbusses than in football strategy."

"Look here, Agatha." Her husband squared his thick shoulders. "You don't think my pursuits enough for a grown man, now, do you? What is it you'd like to have me do, or be, if I weren't an idler?"

"Like you to be?" Mrs. Enderlin laughed whole-heartedly. "Why, you dear boy, I like you just as you are, of course. Whatever put such a ridiculous notion in your head?"

"No matter what. Perhaps it's my own conscience. Even a loafer may have a conscience, I suppose."

"But you're not a loafer, dear. You work quite as hard as you ought to, I'm sure. You haven't been to the Rockies for two years, and you don't play games nearly so much as you used to. The way you stick to this room is quite dreadful. I think it's bad for you."

Although Agatha spoke with vehement earnestness, warming to the subject as she went on, her husband threw back his head and laughed. It was so like Agatha to be anxious about his health—so much more like the Agatha he knew than to be worrying about her own spiritual destiny!

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"Do I look like a man far gone into a decline?" he demanded.

"No—" she pouted a hesitant denial, unwilling to make light of a serious subject. "But you do stew indoors more than you ought. What is it, Paul? Aren't you paying more attention to business than you really need to?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, we seem to have so much more money to spend than we used to, that's all. Truly, you mustn't think I care about—well—even about the new limousine, if you're working all the time."

It was Paul Enderlin's turn to be troubled, though he tried his best not to show his perplexity. He had wondered a good many times whether the sensible Agatha, who knew to a few hundreds the amount of their joint income, had never noticed certain irresistible extravagances of the past months. He would have to give her a plausible explanation now, or the fat would be in the fire.

"I haven't been hurting myself, I assure you," he said lightly. "I've made—well—there was an investment that turned out better than I expected, that's all. Pure luck, you know."

"What a clever child!" She rose, as if reassured, and bent to kiss his forehead. "I'm going to run away now and not bother you. But don't forget that the Frenches will be here for luncheon."

Before he could get out of his chair, she was waving to him gayly from the doorway. Singularly youthful for a woman of forty, Agatha was. She never over-

"Aren't you paying more attention to business than you really need to?"

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did it, either. She swept the house like a fragrant breeze, wholesome and refreshing. All the more difficult to understand, those letters in the drawer. Yet, knowing Agatha, he couldn't mistake their meaning. A frown of perplexity gathered on his forehead as he went back to his writing-table.

So much was he disturbed by the conversation, indeed, that he labored most of the day over a suitable reply to Agatha's letter. The situation had been complicated rather than clarified by their talk. He had skirted the dangerous coasts of discovery, but had found nowhere a port of refuge. The proper answer to the lady's unrest must be worked out by the light of his own knowledge and of Grahame Spottiswoode's intuitive sympathy. Damn Grahame Spottiswoode!

She was waving to him gayly from the doorway.—Page 460.

Nor was that letter the only one he had to write, with painful care, during the next month. Agatha proved to be a singularly persistent correspondent: so much so that her husband often wondered how she found time to think of the subtle problems of emotional experience with which she filled her letters. They were richly imaginative letters. He didn't wholly recognize in them the Agatha whom he knew; and he altogether failed to recognize the conditions of life at which she hinted. It was like a dream of life rather than life itself, this world in which he found himself immersed. It was a little like certain chapters of his novel, but with an important difference. However the characters in the book may have felt, he himself in writing about them had never been conscious of jumbling fact with imagination. The mixture was unpleasant.

Not that Agatha said anything to which, as Paul Enderlin, he could object. She was always discreet and amazingly charming. Her husband found himself becoming even more abjectly her slave than he had been before he knew her in his pseudonymous reincarnation. Only he couldn't help being disquieted by the growing intimacy between Spottiswoode and her. He didn't blame her; and he was far from blaming Spottiswoode. The two opened their hearts to one another as naturally as two children. His own difficulty, as the weeks passed, was only not to put too much reality into his letters. He read them critically twenty times before he dared send them, for he realized that by a single phrase he might rouse

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her suspicions. Too warm a declaration of friendship, too familiar an expression, would put her on her guard or, perhaps, betray him. The ice was very thin.

After the first, Agatha stopped hinting that she would like to meet Spottiswoode in the flesh. Either she felt it would be useless to urge the unveiling of her mysterious friend, or else she hesitated before a personal encounter with the man to whom she was revealing her heart with such abandonment. Perhaps she thought it would be unsafe.

Whatever the cause, her husband was grateful that she had given up her effort to bring about a meeting. As to that, though everything else was complicated and confused, he was at peace. He had only, it seemed, to keep up the pace she set until she tired of the running. She couldn't possibly fail to weary, after a time, of playing the game of intimate friendship with a purely fictitious beast like Grahame Spottiswoode. In his blackest moods Paul Enderlin consoled himself with the thought. By taking trouble, he could put the thing through, as long as it involved nothing save the making of literature. No. Anything beyond that wouldn't be required of him.

He was the more surprised and the less prepared when Agatha made her startling announcement. It happened some days before Christmas.

They had been talking together after dinner—they had dined alone in a perfectly humdrum, old-married fashion—about little Jimmy's presents. Nothing could have been less exciting, though they had really enjoyed themselves very much. Suddenly Agatha turned toward him.

"Paul dear, I've a confession to make." Her voice trembled a little.

"My dear Agatha"—he pretended not to notice her nervous manner—"don't tell me! You surely haven't bought Jim a baby elephant. There's a limit to what the stables will hold. But I may as well know the worst."

"Do be serious, dear. In some ways it is worse than an addition to Jimmy's menagerie. I'm afraid you won't like it."

"I shouldn't like an elephant. Excuse me. Please go on."

"I don't know that it's really so dreadful. I've asked Mr. Spottiswoode to stay with us after New Year's."

"Mr. Spottiswoode?"

"Yes. You know whom I mean: Grahame Spottiswoode, the novelist. Surely you remember his book that I made you read last summer."

Paul Enderlin rose and lighted a cigarette. He felt that this was a situation to be met standing. "I remember," he found himself saying. "Rot, wasn't it?"

"I thought it an exceedingly good novel." Agatha was severe.

"But I didn't know you knew—eh—Spottiswoode."

Mrs. Enderlin turned very red. "I—as a matter of fact, I've never met him; but I have had some correspondence with him. He has been very nice to me."

It was a question which of the two was the more embarrassed. Mrs. Enderlin was trying, with little success, to treat the whole matter as something of no importance; her husband, with no better fortune, to hide the fear of discovering his guilty secret. Agatha really ought not to have let him in for a scene like this.

"You must be pretty thick with—what's his name—Spottiswoode, if you're asking him here. I thought I had heard he went nowhere—was a mystery, like 'Waverley,' you know."

"I don't know that he will come, of course. I only wrote to-day, but I thought I'd better tell you. I told him that it would be very quiet—just ourselves—and that we'd like very much to have him. Isn't it all right? He has come to seem like some one I know really." Mrs. Enderlin caught her breath, almost hysterically, which was unlike her.

"Right? Why, of course it's all right if he'll come. I was simply surprised that you were so much on the inside, that's all. Somebody told me that even his publishers didn't know about him. Who is he, anyhow?"

"I told you I'd never met him." Mrs. Enderlin spoke a little sharply. "But I'm sure he must be all right. I hope you'll be on your good behavior—if he comes."

"Don't you worry." Paul Enderlin stooped and gently kissed his wife. He was perplexed, but he had himself in hand now and could see some humor in the

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situation. "I'll be glad to see him, of course," he said. "I'll treat him like a brother—all the Golden Rule sort of thing, in fact."

He was conscious that Agatha scrutinized him carefully, as if suspicious of his mockery. "I'm glad of that," she returned. "You really don't mind?"

"Not a bit. By the way, did you ask Mrs. Spottiswoode?"

"Mrs. Spottiswoode?"

"His wife, naturally. It's always wise to assume a man guilty till he has proved his innocence."

"I—I never thought about that." Mrs. Enderlin's voice faltered. "Is he married?"

"How should I know? You're the person to whom he has been writing. I'm merely assuming that he must be married to have written the more slushy portions of his book."

"It isn't slushy! I think it's dreadful of you to be so prejudiced. It's a splendid novel. I don't know whether he's married or not."

Paul Enderlin laughed. He mustn't, for safety's sake, raise too many objections, and he didn't wish to be hard on Agatha. He saw quite clearly that she had behaved very well to him. It must have taken courage, considering the letters, to urge Grahame Spottiswoode to meet her husband; and it was brave of

Then in furious haste he packed his bag.—Page 465.

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her to announce the invitation straightforwardly. There could be no question of an injured husband, even though she supposed herself to have made a sympathetic friend.

"It doesn't matter, I'm sure," he said. "If Mrs. Spottiswoode exists, there's no special reason why she should be asked by an admirer of her husband for a purely literary visit. You haven't been writing to her."

"I don't know." Mrs. Enderlin seemed to be not quite reassured. "She might expect to be asked, and that might keep him from coming. I didn't mean to be impolite. You see, it never occurred to me—Mrs. Spottiswoode."

"If you wish to know what I think——"

His wife interrupted him. "I know you think he wouldn't come, in any case. Perhaps he won't. But I do hope he will. I've—I've seldom wanted anything so much."

Here was frank confession, as she seemed to feel, for she flushed more violently than she had done earlier. Moreover, she was on the imminent verge of tears. Paul Enderlin would have felt the necessity of consoling her, even if he had been much less her lover than he had always remained. When she went upstairs, he was left to very uncomfortable reflections as to both the present and the future.

Most pressing of all was the question of Grahame Spottiswoode's reply to the invitation he was about to receive. Naturally, it would be impossible for him to accept, either with or without his wife, yet it was going to be difficult for him to refuse without seeming ungracious. Thus far he had encouraged his correspondent, and no doubt he had given her some cause for believing that he might possibly unseal the mystery of his person for her benefit.

When the invitation actually came, he had by no means decided what to do. His perplexity clouded the holidays for him. What could he say, as Grahame Spottiswoode, that would be in character, and yet kind? For a couple of days he looked at the problem from every side; he reviewed all possible excuses, all possible stratagems. At the end of everything, he had found no reason for refusing and no subterfuge by which he could accept.

The day after Christmas he fled to town, unable any longer to look Agatha in the face with the dreadful secret between them and the load of uncertainty upon his mind. In order not to be distracted from his problem by seeing people he knew, he went to a glitteringly unfashionable hotel. He must have solitude for his meditation—the desert places of thronging Broadway. There he wrestled with his uncertainty like an anchorite.

Twelve hours of it were enough. No way out of the mess appeared, but a great weariness overcame him.

"Confound it all!" he exclaimed aloud, shaking his fist at the mocking image of his figure in a pier-glass. "There's nothing else for it: I'll have to tell Agatha."

The resolution, of course, was born of nothing but despair. All the old objections to telling her, all the old difficulties that stood in the way of it, remained unaltered. Things had simply come to a pass where confession was inevitable. Postponement would do no good. He had somehow contrived so to misdirect affairs that Agatha would be hurt, whatever he did. If he told her, as Paul Enderlin, that he was Grahame Spottiswoode, she would be wounded by his previous lack of confidence; if, as Grahame Spottiswoode, he rebuffed her advances, she would justly feel aggrieved. In either rôle, he was doomed to injure the woman whom he loved in both. He felt himself to be Jekyll in intention and Hyde in accomplishment: a despicable combination for a well-meaning man to fall into.

Yet he shrank so much from dealing the inevitable blow that he could not but delay. He desired above everything, in a most cowardly fashion, to enjoy Agatha's respect as long as possible. He had to forfeit it; he had to tell; but he felt that he must have a few days' respite before he made himself a football for his wife's scorn. In the name of Grahame Spottiswoode he would accept the invitation, and in the person of Paul Enderlin he would go home to wait for the disclosure of his perfidy.

Once he had come to this momentous decision, he felt a little more at ease. Yet he feared lest resolution should fail, and made haste to draft a carefully worded letter accepting Mrs. Enderlin's kind in-

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vitation. Without real reason, and merely because deception had grown natural to him, he stipulated that only the lady and her husband should know of his visit. Absolute secrecy was the price he demanded of his admirers. This note he dictated to a public stenographer without revealing his important personality (he noticed a copy of *The Wings of the Spirit* on her desk); and in a deserted writing-room he forged his signature. Then in furious haste he packed his bag, paid his bill, gulped a high-ball at the bar, and drove to catch an outward-bound train.

When it came to waiting for himself on the windy platform of the railroad station, he was sorry he had come.—Page 466.

In his own house he was again overwhelmed by a sense of his iniquity. Grateful to his scarified self-respect as was his wife's affectionate greeting, he couldn't wholly conceal from her his troubled state of mind. He had to submit to being cosseted all the evening on the score of illness, which only added fuel to the flame of his remorse. He was acutely miserable when he went to bed.

It was no satisfaction to him, the following afternoon, when Agatha showed him, with triumph, her charming letter from that nice Mr. Spottiswoode. He could scarcely summon the courage to pretend sympathy with her enthusiasm. He was doubly self-reproachful, because she wished so plainly to share her joy with him. If she had been flirting, she had done it with a clear conscience and with unaffected loyalty. For penance he was forced to sham a pleasure in the approaching visit that he could by no means feel.

By the second of January, when the novelist was to come, Paul Enderlin was genuinely ill with apprehension. Although he had not yet forfeited his wife's respect, he had anticipated all the humiliation of it a hundred times, and suffered accordingly. Moreover, the thought of how hurt she was going to be stung him almost into frenzy. Furious riding across the hills gave him no real comfort; solitary golf was no consolation: he had always to return to the injured Agatha.

"Mr. Spottiswoode will be here at four o'clock," said Mrs. Enderlin radiantly at luncheon on the appointed day of disgrace. "Will you go down to meet him, or shall I just send the car?"

"Perhaps I'd better go." He mumbled the words in his wretchedness.

"I don't know whether you're fit to go

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out at all." Mrs. Enderlin spoke doubtfully. "You're eating nothing whatever. I've been wondering all the morning whether I ought to telegraph Mr. Spottiswoode not to come, and call Doctor Henshaw instead. You're not at all well, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no. Nonsense, Agatha dear. You always think that I'm on my deathbed whenever I stop eating like a horse." He forced a wan smile to his lips and continued to play negligently with his mutton chop. "I'm all right. I should be sorry not to meet—eh—Spottiswoode."

Nevertheless, when it came to waiting for himself on the windy platform of the railroad station, he felt so shaky that he was sorry he had come. Too late he regretted expedients for delay which he had earlier rejected with disgust: the possible telegram of regret, with letters of explanation to follow; the illness announced by

He felt her arms about his neck.—Page 467.

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letter in the nick of time; even Spottiswoode's sudden death, which, at considerable sacrifice, might have been arranged. The only thing he could fall back on now would be a mysterious failure to catch the train, and that wouldn't give more than an hour's reprieve. Besides, the weakness would be intolerable. Once and for all, he must stand up and take the treatment he deserved. Agatha's suffering would be part of his punishment.

It registered his perturbation that, as the passengers alighted from the train, he childishly looked for Spottiswoode among them. If by some miracle the illustrious author might appear! A chance acquaintance or two he greeted absently. With a curt "Drive home" to the chauffeur, he entered his car. The end had come.

In the hall, strangely smiling, Agatha awaited him. Without a word he drew her into his study and shut the door.

"Mr. Spottiswoode didn't come?" she cried breathlessly.

"Yes, he came." For a moment he could say no more.

"What do you mean? He didn't come with you."

"Agatha!" The words he meant to say stuck in his throat, and he stood facing his wife with the sheepish ferocity of a tame bear in disgrace. "He did come, I tell you. He's here!"

"You don't——"

"Yes. I'm sorry to have been such a beast about it—it's all my fault—but I'm all the Spottiswoode there ever was. Nobody ever behaved so badly before."

He watched her with apprehension. In a dull way he wondered how she would take it; what, at least, her first reaction would be. He hoped she would be furiously angry. That would lessen the shock for her. To his bewilderment, he saw the queer smile that had been playing about her face change to a look of unmistakable concern. He felt her arms about his neck.

"You poor darling!" she said illogically. "Don't be disturbed about me, and don't reproach yourself so much. It's all right."

"All right? But I tell you I've deceived you all along, and I wrote those dreadful letters as well as the book."

She drew away from him, and a roguish twinkle lighted her eyes. "They were nice letters. I wrote some letters, too."

"But you didn't know you were writing to me."

"All the more shameful of me! If I had flirted like that with any other man, I could never—I couldn't look at myself in a mirror again."

"But you didn't know." He repeated the statement blindly, feeling that it somehow excused her.

Again he felt her clinging to him, and he drew her close.

"You foolish boy," he heard her say, "of course I knew—from the beginning, don't you understand? Do you suppose I didn't know as soon as I read the book that it was yours? Couldn't I put two and two together? Didn't it explain a lot of things? All your solitary working hours? But I thought if you were going to make such a mystery about it, I'd force you to tell me. I even made you pretend to read your own novel, you'll remember. I tried every way. You just wouldn't speak. Then I baited you with the letters, and I made up my mind to punish you a little for not telling me. Besides, afterward, I liked the letters. They were so like you! The book is, as far as that goes."

"Like me?"

"Yes, darling, like the man I married. If you must have it with the i's dotted, I didn't marry the glittering armor in which you parade the world. Didn't you know that?"

"Yes, Agatha dear, I knew it"—he was still somewhat dazed—"but I've never been quite so sure as I am now."

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A DIARY OF JAMES GALLATIN IN EUROPE

FROM THE AMERICAN PEACE THROUGH THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON AND THE FOLLOWING YEARS

[FROM THE MANUSCRIPT IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRANDSON, COUNT DE GALLATIN]

II

Nov. 23rd. 1815.—Much to my regret father has written today declining the mission to France. Lately he seems to have got an idea in his head that he must devote his attention to making money for his children. Mama is greatly disappointed as well as Frances—they had been looking forward to the gaieties of Paris life after all I had told them. Albert does not care—he would prefer to live in the backwoods.

December 19th.—Another letter from Mr. Monroe urging Father to consider the mission to France. We all want him to, but we know perfectly well it is wise for us not to say anything. I honestly feel I would much prefer to live in either France or England, all is so crude in this country. The two years I spent in Russia, France, and England have unfitted me for America.

January 2nd, 1816.—I really believe he is going to change his mind after all—Mama does not mention the subject, but sighs deeply at intervals. Frances declared at breakfast it was useless for her to go on with her French—they were not going to Paris.

February 2nd, 1816.—Hurrah!—everything *couleur de rose*. I wrote the letter accepting the French Mission for him at his dictation. Mr. Monroe had written him the most pressing letter on the 27th of last month, begging for an immediate reply one way or the other. All I say to them at home is "*Faites vos pacquets mesdames.*"

April 13th, 1816.—Bother, I wish people would let him alone. They now offer him the Treasury again; all our plans are at a standstill.

April 18th, 1816.—He will not accept. He says his arrangements to go to France are too far advanced to be changed at this last moment. He also has some very important business to settle in Geneva. The family "bourse" has accumulated for so long and now is such a large sum, he thinks something should be done with it. He is the only male Gallatin in the world and the Gallatin women have no claim to it. There are several of them married in Geneva of the different branches. Anyhow to France we go.

9th July.—After a very fast passage here we are in Paris. I can hardly believe it is true and keep rubbing my eyes thinking I may be asleep and dreaming.

10th July, Paris.—Father had an interview with the Duc de Richelieu today at 12 o'clock. I was present to take notes. He expressed the most friendly feeling that the French Government had for the United States. In fact was most civil, even cordial.

He seemed anxious to know what our feelings towards England were. Father answered that the two Governments were on excellent terms, (but of course there was irritation between the people which always must exist after a war,) and that he regretted the public journals added fuel to the flame.

The Duke regretted that our newspapers misrepresented the present Government of France. He could not understand how most of the English and American papers defended a man who crushed liberty everywhere.

The Duke on leaving said His Majesty wished father to present his letters of credence tomorrow as the Royal family were leaving Paris shortly.

11th July.—I accompanied father to the Palace to present his letters. I was amazed at our reception, both by the King and the Princes.

Our audience was of course private. Father presented me. Both the King and the Princes expressed themselves as

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most friendly towards the United States. Monsieur, le Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berri were present. The King is old and very fat. Monsieur is rather handsome. The Duc d'Angoulême very stern but with a very kind face. The Duc de Berri very good looking and very gay and smiling.

Very great etiquette is maintained. They say the King is more strict than even Louis XIV was. We cut a sorry sight in our plain black coats and breeches with all the splendour of the court uniforms.

The King asked about Mama's health, how she had born the journey, and was really most kind and gracious. Court coaches were sent for us and took us back. Mr. Sheldon followed in the second coach.

11*th August.*—Madame Patterson Bonaparte arrived this morning from Geneva. Her Baggage nearly filled the ante chamber—She is very lovely—but hard in expression and manner—I don't think she has much heart. Her son seems to be her one thought—She had long talk with father about his future (her son's) she is most ambitious for him—She even has a list of the different Princesses who will be available for him to marry—as he is only ten years old it is looking far ahead. I have but little work to do here—I foresee I will soon be in mischief—Paris is indeed the Paradise of young men.

12*th August.*—Madame Bonaparte's conversation most brilliant—At supper last night she said when in Paris just after the 100 days, she was at a Ball at the British Embassy—she noticed she was so much stared at, and that some of the ladies curtsied to her—She asked the Duke of Wellington what it meant. He told her she was taken for Pauline Bonaparte as she was so strikingly like her, and that people were so amazed at thinking Pauline would have dared come back to France. The Ambassador came up to her at that moment to lead her to supper —this intrigued the company all the more —She is frightfully vain.

14*th August.*—Father had an audience of the King this morning. His Majesty suddenly said "We hear that Madame Jerome Bonaparte is with you; pray express to her our regret she will not come to our court, but that we honour her reasons for not doing so." When father told her she was much gratified and said "that Corsican blackguard would not have been so gracious."

15*th August.*—Madame Bonaparte left today for Havre to embark for America. She is such an interesting person we will miss her. She gave Mama a Ruby Velvet frock to cut up for Frances. To father she gave a really beautiful tourquoise and diamond broach. He will never wear it so I will have it.

October.—A week since I have been able to take up my pen. On Thursday Father and Mother were commanded to dine with the King. A very great honour it seems, and one reserved for Princes and Ambassadors. A rather amusing incident happened. After dinner a small reception was held—Amongst the ladies received was a Comtesse de Boigne. She is a daughter of the Marquis d'Osmond ambassador in England. In a loud tone she expressed her astonishment at the presence of Monsieur Gallatin and his wife to the Prince de Condé. His answer to her was—"His Majesty cannot too highly honour Monsieur Gallatin as—although representing a new country—his ancestors have served France for generations and one was a most honoured and intimate friend of Henri IV." It seems this got to the King's ears who was much annoyed and when Madame de Boigne made her courtesy he turned his back on her. She called on Mama the next day and was most gracious, but asked too many questions. They say she is the mistress of the Duc d'Orléans who as yet is not allowed to come back to France.

Madame de Staël has arrived. I went with Father to see her today—She looks very ill. She had heard of Madame de Boigne's behaviour and was very angry. She said—"that woman is effrontery itself"—and "Truth never received her invitation to her christening." Madame Récamier was much amused and told many funny anecdotes about Madame de B.—It seems her husband is an Indian Nabob who has property at Chambéry.—They do not live together but he allows her a large income. Albertine de Broglie was delightful—so glad to see us,—and is so natural and unaffected. They are looking for a home—but are at present with her mother.

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January 1817.—I am trying to collect my senses as it has been nothing but a whirl of gaiety. Father insisted upon having a supper on Christmas evening. Madame de Staël, the de Broglies, Pozzo di Borgo, Baron Humbolt, Constant Rebecque, Monsieur La Place, The Duc de Richelieu, Chateaubriand, Duc and Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, Duc de la Rochefoucauld and his son, and a host of others. We sat down 38 in all—Albert and Frances were allowed to appear on this occasion. Mama had a huge Christmas tree in one of the drawing rooms—small souvenirs for all. As Pozzo was cutting off some of the presents the tree caught on fire; de Broglie pulled off his coat I followed suit and we smothered the fire before it did much damage. At midnight Mama had had prepared egg nogg and apple toddy, and we all drank each others health in American fashion.

Madame de Staël looks very ill. After all our guests had left I slipped off to the Maison Dorée. Quite a different company. I managed to slip into the house at 6 o'clock without any of the servants seeing me.

9th January.—To our immense surprise a Court Courier arrived this morning to say that His Majesty would in person call at 1.30. No time for any preparations. Father said we will receive his Majesty in absolute simplicity as befits our Republic. He arrived with Monsieur in a very simple carriage. Mama, Father, the children and myself received him under the *perron* in the court yard. He is very infirm, apologised for not getting out of the carriage. He handed Mama a large roll which was a very fine engraving of himself. Written in English is "to Mrs. Gallatin with all the respect due to a woman who has principles [signed] Louis." He greatly admired Frances who really promises to be very beautiful. Her complexion like Mama's is absolutely perfect. After much bowing etc. etc. he drove off. It seems no such honour has ever been conferred by him before. Everybody tells father the King pays more attention to him than to anybody else. Count de Gallatin our cousin the Minister from Würtemburg says he is very jealous. By the way his story is an odd one. His father was in the service of the Duke of Brunswick. When the Duke was killed at the battle of Auerstadt (Jena) as he was dying he said to the King of Würtemburg —"I leave to you my most trusted friend." The King took him into his service and created him a Count. Unfortunately this one only has daughters. We are on the most intimate terms with the family.

1817.—Poor Mamma is quite dazed—the whole system of living is so entirely different from that in America. This, coupled with her want of fluency in French, adds to her troubles. Fortunately we have been able to obtain the services of an excellent housekeeper, Madame Berthal by name—a Russian who speaks every language under the sun. Nothing ever affects Father, he is always pleased and I have never seen him put out at anything. I really believe if he was given his breakfast at midnight, his dinner at 6 a.m. and his supper at midday, he would hardly notice the difference. I have just been seeing the footmen, coachman, etc., in their new liveries. For ordinary occasions dark blue plush breeches, yellow waistcoats and dark blue coats with silver buttons, black silk stockings. State liveries: light blue breeches, white silk stockings, yellow waistcoats and light blue cloth coats with broad silver braid and silver buttons. The latter is exact as dark blue does not exist in Heraldry.

Father is a little doubtful, fearing Americans may object to so much show; but he feels the Court of France requires it.

Albert's black Peter, whom we brought from America, showed the cook how to make buckwheat cakes. This came as a complete surprise. Poor Mamma burst out crying when she saw them.

I have made the acquaintance of a young American who is studying painting—Grayson by name. He is going to introduce me to the "Grisette world." I am looking forward to it. We go to one of the students' balls on Sunday night. I must keep this very quiet, as I fear Father would be much annoyed. He does not mind how much I go out in the "*Grand Monde*," but he dislikes anything like low life. He never had a youth himself. He was penned up in Geneva, and when he went to America he lived a simple life in the wild parts. I would not care to do anything to annoy him.

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My Grisette ball was not a success. The fact is, it was not fit for any gentleman to go to. I am not particular, but there are limits. The men were much worse than the women. How can they degrade themselves to such an extent? They left nothing to the imagination. I was determined to stop to the end, and even went to supper at a restaurant at the Halle. I will never forget the horrible orgie. There were Russian, Spanish, Italian and Prussian students: they might have been wild beasts from their behaviour. This has been a lesson to me. I am glad of the experience and will profit by it.

March 1817.—Madame de Staël is very ill. She sent for Father to-day and had a long conference with him, principally about her property. He had advised her to place all her monetary affairs in the hands of Monsieur Rothschild of London. She did not take his advice at the time, and now repents it. It seems she is much troubled about what she should do for Mr. Rocca (her husband). Her great love for her daughter is overwhelming. At one moment she wants to leave her the bulk of her property—strong woman as she is—she talks of approaching death; the next moment she discusses the house she has taken and the entertainments she intends to give. Madame Récamier has a beautiful Hotel in the Rue de [illegible] She receives on Thursday evenings, always reclining on a *chaise-longue*. She is certainly very brilliant and witty. She does not like Madame de Boigne—calls her a "*prêtencieuse*."

I think I have forgotten to mention the attempts on the life of the Duke of Wellington. As he was driving home in the Rue des Champs Elysées a shot was fired but fortunately missed him, in fact the bullet has not been found. Some malicious say he had the shot fired himself. Naturally he has hosts of enemies. So great a man as he is can brush such insinuations aside without giving them a thought. He certainly is the most important personage in France at present and if anything happened to him it would be a dire calamity indeed. It is very odd how persistently rude the Royal family are to him. He never shows the slightest displeasure and he's always dignified and courtesy itself. Father has the greatest admiration for him, and I believe him to be a born diplomatist as well as a great soldier and leader of men.

I have just heard that a man called Cantillon has been arrested. They say he is but a man of straw and that his arrest was made to appease the English and that he will never be tried. The extraordinary thing is—with the exception of the Duc de Berri—not one of the Royal Family expressed the slightest sympathy or congratulated the Duke on his escape.

April 15*th*.—I dined with father at the Duke of Wellington's yesterday—great magnificence. The plate gold. It is the Royal plate sent from England for his use. Shoals of powdered laqueys in the Wellington liveries—eight golden candelabra on the table. In the centre of the table a huge gold basin filled with flowers. All the service silver, until the sweets and dessert and then all was gold. Prince Tallyrand was present, the Duc de Rohan, Duchesse de Courland, niece of Tallyrand who seems devoted to him, Duc and Duchess de Duras. The Galitzins—Caumont la Forces, de Broglies—Count and Countess D'Orsay, Duc and Duchesse de Grammont—Comtesse de Boigne—her brother Osmond—The English Ambassador—Chevalier Stuart—Baron Vincent (Austria) The Duc and Duchesse de Fernan-Nunez (Spain) Baron Fagel (Pays Bas) Comte and Countess Goltz (Prussia) Pozzo di Borgo (Russia) Marquis Alfieri (Sardinia) Prince Castelcicala (Deux Siciles) Count and Countess de Gallatin (Würtemburg) and a host of others.

The Duke was in fine spirits and received congratulations on all sides.

3rd July 1817.—Father was sent for this morning as Madame de Staël is worse. Hs is much distressed, as he had the most profound admiration for her.

18th July.—Madame de Staël died yesterday. She is to be buried at Coppet; so at least is the present intention. We are obliged to leave for Brussels tomorrow greatly to Father's regret, as he would liked to have paid his last respects to her by going to Coppet for the funeral. He considers her loss a public one, that she was a great power, and that she had more influence on public opinion than any other person—excepting the actual Ministers in

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office. Her mind instead of diminishing with years, improved and she became more and more brilliant, The Duchess de Broglie is inconsolable. I saw Auguste de Staël this morning.

12th October, 1817.—The Marquis de Breteuil sent me an invitation to hunt with him [at Fontainebleau]. I have just come back. It was a chasse "*au sanglier*." The wild boars abound in the forest, and at times are very dangerous. It was all very new to me and struck me as rather theatrical. The boarhounds were very fine. A large pack. The huntsmen etc., all in the King's livery. Huge *cors de chasse* which they put their heads through as one does through a life-preserver; at every opportunity possible they blow blasts on these latter. When a poor "piggy" was killed, his dying moments were cheered by a lively tune played on at least six of the horns. Still it is an amusement for me. There were several ladies of the Court in the Royal costume at the *chasse*, which really made a beautiful scene. I expected every moment to see the curtain come down as it does at the play. I believe in the time of Louis XIV they followed the hunt in huge gilt and painted coaches.

12th December, 1817.—I have decided on my surprise for our Christmas party. I am having a huge imitation plum pudding made of cardboard. It is large enough to hold a little girl of ten dressed as a fairy. She will distribute flowers, sweeties; each package is to have a small flag on it—the flags are to be of all nations.

December 15th, 1817.—Nothing but balls every night. I am quite worn out. Fortunately there is hardly any work to be done for Father—or I would have to go to bed early.

December 24th.—All is now ready for our Christmas party; the ball-room looks very nice and I keep even the stable men "*frottéing*" to get the floor in fine condition. Supper is to be before we dance and play our *jeux innocents*. Frances is so excited, we will not let her see anything of our preparation. I tell her unless she keeps quiet she will have a red nose.

December 26th, 1817.—Everything went off capitally. After supper, which was at 8 o'clock, we started our game—snap-dragon, a novelty, was a great success. We were allowed to play Kiss-in-the-ring, suppressing the kiss. It was like Hamlet minus the Prince of Denmark. Of course it was Mamma. My plum pudding was even a surprise to Mamma. At 11 o'clock I had a great bell rung. In marched four footmen carrying the pudding on high. I took a great knife as if to cut it, and pulling a string at the same time, it fell open. The little fairy was so dainty. I had her taught some verses called "Noël," which she declaimed as only a child can. After the little packages were distributed we danced a *contre-danse*. The young girls were all so pretty, I wanted to kiss them all. The poor little child who was in the plum pudding burst into tears and would not be comforted; she wanted her mother, who is only a dresser at the Opera, and who was to call for her at midnight, not being able to leave her work before then. Mamma took her on her lap and comforted her until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When her mother did arrive, Father, with his usual kindness, sent her home in a coach which he had ordered. All the young people loaded her with bonbons, etc. I gave her a great big doll which I had bought for the purpose. She will be happy when she wakes to-morrow morning.

9th January, 1818.—We had a very large supper party last night, but extremely dull. It may have been very intellectual, it undoubtedly was, but my intellect was not sufficiently cultivated to appreciate it. But I saw how happy Father was, and that quite resigned me to my fate. Poor Mamma did not understand a word of the general conversation, but kept nodding her head and smiling in the most intelligent manner, until I feared the feathers would fall out of her turban. Monsieur de Lafayette gave a long harangue on the subject of liberty. I think Father was a little uneasy, as it does not do for people to express their opinion too openly at an Embassy. Pozzo only laughed at the whole thing. Our silver, which was the service of poor General Moreau, made a very fine show. Mamma has great taste, the flowers and fruit on the table were beautifully arranged. Madame Récamier recited some poems in the most affected and stilted style. I

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really think she humbugs herself, she loves to hear the sound of her own voice. Count D'Orsay was the only amusing person; he made a violent speech on the political questions of the day, without head or tail, beginning or end. I rather loved him for it. After all the guests had retired, I was off to a *bal masqué* at the Opera, had lots of adventures, made at least a dozen *rendez-vous*, and by now have forgotten both places and names. *Tel est la vie.*

We are still in a very unsettled state on account of the approaching change in the Government. So many different rumours. General Dessolles is spoken of as the new leader. Father hardly thinks this possible but believes Monsieur Decazes will certainly (if not actually in name) be the leader. The King is showing the latter great favour. Prince Tallyrand is now in Paris, he is such an intriguer and so absolutely false that nobody trusts him. I heard a good story about him yesterday and his astuteness when he was in power. A gentleman accompanied by a small suite presented himself at his Hotel as the Margrave of C—a German princeling. His credentials were all in order but Tallyrand suspected there was something wrong from the man's demeanor. Nevertheless he invited him to dinner. Putting him as his rank demanded on his right hand. At table when dinner was at an end and olives were passed with the wine, the Margrave took a fork to eat his with. At once Tallyrand clapped his hands, (an arranged signal) saying in a loud voice—"Arrest this imposter, no gentleman eats olives with a fork." Several officers disguised as footmen rushed forward and seized him. His suite immediately rose and tried to leave the room, but were also arrested. Tallyrand was quite right. He afterwards learnt that the Margrave of C—had been waylaid on his way to Paris, stripped of his clothes, baggage, money and papers, and left with his suite penniless. The fine gentleman and his band took his coaches, made use of the relays so arriving in Paris. The poor Margrave wandered about for some little time as nobody would believe his story and thought he was an impostor.

I am beginning to find all the Court and official functions a great bore. They are always the same thing over and over again. The exceptions are the entertainments at the Elysée and at the Palais Royal. The Duke and Duchess de Berri are so gay and cheerful they instil life into all. At the Palais Royal it is so informal although a very fine entertainment, one is not hedged in by that eternal etiquette as at the Tuileries. The d'Angoulêmes are so formal and sad, Monsieur so repellent in his cold stiff way, although they say he can be charming if he chooses. The King is far more gracious. He really seems to like Father's society and certainly shows him great favour. He laughingly said to him the other day—"I wish you would give us French lessons and we will give you English ones." Poor Father's accent is so strong in English I sincerely believe it is one of the reasons he is so disliked in America and that it is a great drawback to him. He certainly is in his right place here, but I think he longs for a more active life.

July 1818.—He has accepted a special Mission to England, it is a very important one. The agreements settled at the Treaty of Ghent expire in 1819—so all has to be considered and settled afresh. He is the only person capable of carrying these negociations through on account of his intimate knowledge with all details. Mr. Rush is our Minister in England. Father discovered him and has him put in his present position. He has most kindly extended his hospitality to us, so we will avail ourselves of his offer, and stop at his house when in London. We expect to leave in July. I fear London will be very dull but I will have plenty of work to do. Father insists on having a copy of every document and prefers me to make them. Albert dislikes Paris so much that he is to go back to America this summer. He only cares about animals birds etc. and likes a wild solitary life. Frances is really very pretty, I hope she will grow up so, and make a good marriage either here or in England. Her religion will be a great obstacle to her here. I am quite certain she will never be content to live in America, and I am sure I won't.

After all we did not leave Paris until the 10th of August, and arrived in London on the 16th. Mr Rush is most kind, he has placed the whole second floor

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of his house at our disposal. Of course London is quite empty and dull. I have plenty of work to do. Father has had several interviews with Lord Castlereagh, who is most conciliatory, but Mr Frederic Robinson (now President of the Board of Trade) and Mr Goulburn, are the principal Commissioners; the former as always is delightful, and Father likes dealing with him. The questions to be settled are the Fisheries, the Boundary Question, the West India Trade, and the Captured Slaves. Mr Robinson begs Father to put in writing exactly what his demands are, and his reasons for making them; he thinks this will expedite matters. There are daily conferences, and from what I can understand an agreement satisfactory to all parties will soon be come to. Lord Castlereagh is very advanced in his ideas and has no insular prejudices. Mr Robinson the same; Mr Goulburn is not quite as enlightened as they are, but all is very amicable and pleasant.

September 10th.—I had found it so dull, and not feeling very well, Father insisted upon sending me to Brighton for two weeks. I arrived yesterday and at once went to the Pavilion, and paid my respects to the Prince Regent. These were Father's orders. He is here with some of his dandies, and his last reigning favourite. I am very comfortably lodged not far from the sea, in James Street. The Pavilion is a most extraordinary place—Moorish, I think, in architecture, all sorts of domes and minarets. There is a huge Riding School where the Regent takes exercise in bad weather. They say the cost of the building was something enormous. I only went into the first Hall and wrote my name; the decorations are Oriental and dazzling, but, although I am informed to the contrary, I should not think the remainder of the decorations are in good taste.

September 21st.—A most gorgeous entertainment at the Pavilion. As I entered rows of lacqueys in royal liveries and floured heads lined the hall; a most magnificent and important person asked my name with a profound bow; he motioned to two lacqueys who threw open the doors and I was ushered into a gorgeous saloon. A gentleman advanced and said, "His Royal Highness would receive me in a few minutes"—which he did. I was escorted to a smaller saloon, at the far end of which the Prince was half reclining on a divan. He was most gracious and enquired kindly about Father; he also asked me some questions about the Royal Family in Paris, particularly about the Duc de Berri. While he was talking to me the doors were thrown open and several ladies and gentlemen came in. The Regent rose with the aid of two sticks, and followed by the Court in which I joined, proceeded to the Concert Saloon. He was seated in the centre in a large gilt armchair with a lady on either side of him. I was in the second row. I do not know who the two gentlemen were who were on either side of me, but one knew my name and both of them, seeing I was young and feeling a little bashful and a little embarrassed, made themselves most agreeable to me and soon put me at my ease. What astonished me very much was when anyone of the performers—either male or female—did not please the Prince, he expressed his displeasure in a loud voice, much to their mortification—and he is called "The First Gentleman in Europe." When the concert was over, bowing to us all, he retired, with several ladies and gentlemen. We were then conducted to the dining-hall, which is very fine. A very lavish buffet supper was served, a fine display of gold plate. Some of the gentlemen were half drunk while they were at the concert, and when I left after midnight, several of them were helplessly so—a disgusting sight, and one that is never seen in France, even in Bohemian society. Some of the decorations of the Pavilion are very fine, the chandeliers are huge dragons painted in colours, and gilded. What I liked the best were some beautiful wall hangings of Chinese paper. I have never seen any before like them. But the whole effect of the furniture is vulgar—at least to my eyes, which are so accustomed to the refined taste of the French. Oddly enough, I did not see a picture of any kind or description.

September 26th. London.—We had a splendid journey up, racing another coach the whole way. I am glad to say we arrived first; the other coach had an accident. It's wonderful the rapidity with which they change the horses. We came

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by Cuckfield, a lovely English village, and the Weald of Sussex—lovely views. I thoroughly enjoyed it. Lucien followed with my baggage. These fast coaches do not take any. I found Father as usual, calm and unruffled. He was very pleased to see me looking so well. Mr Rush had a dinner party, but excused me from appearing as I was fatigued.

28th September.—To-day I was taken to White's Club and Brooks'. I had never been into a Club before. They say very high gambling takes place at night. As I have never touched a card in my life, it does not interest me. Father has a horror of gambling and gamblers. I have been putting some papers in order this evening. London is absolutely empty. Everybody is in the country shooting.

1st October.—Queen Charlotte, it is rumoured, is very ill. She is suffering from dropsy. It seems she has a violent temper and when she has an outburst it brings on spasms which they fear may cause her death at any moment. The Duchess of Cambridge is devoted to her and hardly ever leaves her. It is very sad with her poor mad husband; she goes to see him every day, but he never recognises her; he always thinks he is holding a Court and talks incessantly to imaginary people whom he thinks surround him. What a living death! One of the first signs of his coming madness was one day a large pâté of blackbirds was on the Royal table, covered with a thick crust. When it was cut he remarked, "How very extraordinary! how on earth did those blackbirds get in that dish?" He would not allow it to be served and had some clever philosopher sent for to go into the matter.

2nd October.—We dined with Lord Castlereagh last night. Only men again—everything very fine; we were over three hours at table. The conversation was far above me, although I take a great interest in politics. Father thinks this all does me good, and no doubt he is right. We leave on the 10th. I frankly don't like England or English customs and manners.

After many meetings and it seems to me endless discussion, the result is as follows: —the articles on impressment and maritime rights are thrown out; a ten years agreement to cover the Fisheries question; the boundary between the Lake and the Rocky Mountains, also the joint use of the Columbia river; indemnity for the slaveowners and the renewal of the commercial treaty of 1815.

Paris, 22nd October.—I even love the smell of Paris. I love the smell of the fruit and vegetables which the market-women hawk about the streets in their push-carts. I love the cry "*Oh, les belles fraises—oh, les raisins, dix sous la livre!*" and later, "*Oh, la valence, la belle valence!*" Dear Albertine de Broglie came to see Mamma to-day; they have bought a beautiful hotel, quite close to us. They have a fine boy. She wants us to dine quite *en famille* on Sunday—that is, Mamma, Father, Frances, and myself. Mamma could not refuse her, but it is the first time she has dined out on Sunday since we came to Paris.

25th October.—We had such a pleasant dinner at the de Broglies'. Their hotel is really beautiful. He had superb pictures and furniture, silver, etc. Her mother left her all she possibly could—so it all makes a fine show. The precious baby was brought down before dinner. Of course Mamma and Frances made a great fuss over it. I am not an expert in babies, they always look so crumpled and red to me, and I never know how to pick them up. We saw a fine portrait of de Broglie's father, who was guillotined in the Revolution. She showed it to us. It is covered with a black curtain which she drew aside when he was out of the room, as he cannot bear to look at it. This is the reason, I suppose, he is so serious.

29th October.—I am really beginning to vegetate. I will get prematurely old if I go on at this rate. I am going to-night with Puységur to a ball given by a lady of the "other world." The Duc de Berri protects her and will be there. I have just come in from a turn in the Bois de Boulogne, where I met many friends whom I had not seen since I had returned from England. The men all wanted to know about the English fashions, as everything is *à l'anglaise* now in France. Certainly Englishmen are better dressed than Frenchmen. I met Count D'Orsay; he is certainly a fine figure of a man, and carries himself so well. His handsome face is rather spoilt by his teeth, which although very white are very much sepa-

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rated, which gives his mouth an animal look when he smiles.

January, 1819.—The Chamber voted yesterday the grant of an income of 50,000 francs a year to the Duc de Richelieu, this has given great satisfaction in all quarters, he is not a rich man and has proved his devotion to his country. Father went to congratulate him, I accompanied him. He was much pleased kissing father on both cheeks. They are in great sympathy, as both are men of the same calibre, simple, honest, without fear of expressing their opinion, and holding it, if they think they are right. Since I have been so continually with Father, seeing how he attracts people to him, those whose friendship is worth having, I believe in magnetic influence which he strongly has. When he shakes your hand you feel a thrill go through you. When he looks into your eyes, he seems to absorb your soul. The Duke lives in such a simple manner, only two footmen in the ante-chamber. The *Cabinet de Travail* he received us in was without a carpet, the plainest of chairs and a very long table covered with black cloth, a *carafe* and a *carafon* of *eau des fleurs d'orangers*. He never touches wine of any description. He engaged father to dine with him "*sans façon*" the 3rd of February, to meet some of his (the Duke's) enemies. He said they were quite tame.

Feb. 4th. 1819.—We dined yesterday with the Duc de Richelieu, that is Father and myself. It was a curious company composed of most of his political opponents; as he had said they certainly were tame, much too tame for me, I was bored and glad to escape. First for a short time to the Opera, nothing interesting there, remembered it was Madame Récamier's reception evening, so hied myself there. Her salon is very beautiful, very classic, but not quite the place for me. If I were twenty years older I might take a mild dose of that sort of entertainment. I flew when I saw the majestic form of Madame de Boigne approaching.

Feb. 12. 1819. I have neglected to write for four days. It is really so difficult to find time. I make up my mind to write every night before going to bed, but as lately I have not been home until 3 or 4 a. m., it is the next day. This is a problem that my brain is too addled to probe. There was a grand defilé at Court on Sunday; always the same thing—very magnificent no doubt to anybody who has never seen it—but as we have to stand for such a long time it is most fatiguing. I don't see how Father bears it. Mamma escapes it, as she has been excused from attending any Court function on account of her religious principles. Monday the Carnival commenced—a lot of us made egregious apes of ourselves, but it amused us. We had Pierrot costumes and each one a musical instrument. We supped with some of our Operatic friends at the *Maison Dorée*—we did everything that was foolish—Puységur had much too much to drink and would pour all the coffee into the piano. We heated francs and sous in the fire and threw them out of the window and watched the poor devils scramble for them, only to burn their fingers. It may have been funny for us—but it was not for them—on calm reflection I think it was very cruel—Tuesday a small ball at the Palais Royal which was very amusing—a great many English were present—one very handsome woman, Lady Westmoreland. Her husband is in the Diplomatic Service. She is a very great friend of the Duke of Wellington's, also of Pozzo di Borgo. As there are young people at the Elysée, Frances was allowed to go. She enjoyed it immensely. She is so fresh and pretty—has a lovely neck and shoulders. I was very proud of her. Mamma has great taste and dresses her to perfection, but with great simplicity. My Diary is really very frivolous. I must try to record more interesting matter.

March, 1819.—So little of interest to record. I have been trying to do my duty —and have been taking Frances to see all the fine churches—to the Luxembourg and various places of interest—I think it as well she should have something to talk about when she comes out in the world next year. Mamma has no idea of keeping her always at her side and not allowing her to talk to young men—it is really quite absurd the way French girls are brought up. How can they learn anything about the men they are to marry if they are never allowed even to see them without a duenna is present—Madame de Staël was so sensible on this matter. She allowed Albertine at Coppet to go for long

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walks with de Broglie, so that they should know each other before marriage. It certainly in this case is a success as I have never seen a happier couple in my life—they are a model to all young married people.

April 20th, 1819.—I was told such an interesting story to-day about Robert Fulton. It seems during the Terror he was in Paris—wishing to go to England on business he obtained a permit and passport. By accident it was made out for Mr and Mrs Fulton. Arriving at Calais he was detained as there was no packet crossing. In the evening at the auberge where he was lodged, he noticed a young woman who seemed in agony of mind—this was rather a common thing in those days—at last she summoned up courage to speak to him—saying "I throw myself on your mercy—I see you are a foreigner, I escaped from Paris where I had foolishly gone to try and save some important documents—my husband would have gone but he is very ill in England and I persuaded him to allow me to do so. I am without a passport—and hardly dare to embark as there is a price on my head, and I am certain to be arrested and sent back to Paris. Can you help me?" Fulton said, "I will do my best. I have my American passport, oddly enough by error it was made out for myself and wife, but she is in America. If you are willing to pass as Mrs Fulton, my wife, you are welcome to the little protection I can give you." As the lady in question was disguised and very simply dressed the plan succeeded and with the deepest gratitude she parted with him at Dover—without revealing her name to him. Some years later when Fulton was in Paris trying to raise money to put his inventions into practice—he strolled one night into the Théâtre Française, looking around the auditorium, he spied much to his astonishment in one of the boxes the lady of his adventure splendidly dressed and covered with jewels—at the same time she recognised him and waved her fan to him, sending her husband at once to escort him to her box. It was through her all the money was found for him to carry out his great work. One rarely hears of such gratitude. It was the Duchesse de L.

Dec. 1819.—We dined yesterday with the Count and Countess D'Orsay, he is a wonderful fop but very witty, some of his stories would make even a man blush, but he seems to be a privileged person. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld was one of the guests—a person very full of his own importance, also that terrible Madame de Boigne and her brother were among the guests, she tackled Father after dinner, asking him all sorts of questions about manners and customs in America. I think he was a little wearied by her, as I heard him say to her, "Madame, when we have a social Revolution in America, we may have better manners, as you have." She exclaimed, "You are not an American you are one of us." He answered "Pardon me, I represent a young and great country of which I am justly proud." She is really a firebrand.

Dec. 18th, 1819.—A most amusing dinner at Madame Récamier's, followed by a very funny little lampoon on the Queen of Sweden; it was called "*Trouvez-moi mon Homme.*" It was really very clever and well acted. Madame de J. represented the unfortunate Queen and I really thought at first it must be the Bernadotte in person. Some music followed. One fat lady with ample and bulging charms in fact bulging everywhere played the harp; her arms were like legs of mutton; both arms were covered with jingling bracelets, this perhaps was fortunate as it sounded like sleigh bells with the occasional breaking of a string or the snapping of a whip. When she had finished there was not a string left on the harp.

Dec. 19.—The Duc de Coigny has invited me to Fontainebleau for a *chasse* for two days. He is the governor of the Château and has a beautiful house. I am certain to enjoy myself.

Dec. 20th.—We are a very large party—all men—Mathieu de Montmorency—the Duc de Serent, the Prince de Poix, the Marquis de Champonet and a host of others. I drove down with the Prince de Poix who kindly offered to take me. We hunt to-morrow morning. The Duke has placed two horses at my disposal. To-night he presented me with the badge of the Chasse which was a great honour.

Dec. 22nd, 1819.—We had a perfect day, but I was too tired to write last night. It was very late when I was able to retire, as I cannot leave until my elders and supe-

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riors go. The fine air made me so sleepy—We killed seven fine *sangliers*, one fell to me of which I was very proud. Also two fine deer. It is a wonderful pretty sight the 'curée' in front of a château by torch-light at night; all the spoils of the chase are laid out in front of the famous horseshoe staircase, then a sort of fanfare of *cors de chasse* is blown for each head of game, in fact a sort of funeral hymn.

I go back to Paris to-morrow in Mathieu de Montmorency's coach; he is governor of Compiègne. Such funny posts they have at Court. The Comte de Cossé Brissac is Premier Panetier du Roi.

ASSASSINATION OF THE DUC DE BERRI

15*th Feby*. 1820. *Monday*.—On Saturday there was a magnificent ball given by Monsieur de Greffulhe. He had lately been made a Peer. The Duc and Duchesse de Berri were present. There had been rumours that there was a plot to assassinate the Duc. All noticed that Monsieur de Greffulhe never left him and seemed much relieved when the Berris retired. The Princess Galitizin bade me come to her box at the Opera on Sunday. We had the box adjoining the Royal one. The Duc and Duchesse de Berri were very well received at the conclusion of the opera and before the ballet commenced. The Duchesse rose bowing to the audience and retired with the Duc. As I was not feeling well I begged Madame de Galitzin to excuse me and immediately followed. In the corridor I heard a commotion, and opening a door I found myself by the Royal exit. Monsieur de Brissac rushed up to me saying "Shut that door and stand by it do not let anybody pass in or out. There has been an attempt on the life of the Duc de Berri." At that moment the Duc appeared supported on one side by the Duchess and on the other by Madame de Béthisy. I could see a dagger sticking in his breast, but he was talking in a low voice to his wife. She was wonderfully calm, but tears were running down her cheeks. She is *enceinte*. I fear this may kill her. I heard orders being given to send at once for Monsieur and the Duc d'Angoulême. Monsieur arrived first accompanied by the Duc de Fitz-James and immediately went into the Royal Salon, which is behind the King's loge. They were closely followed by the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Maillé. Then came Monsieur Decazes, and a host of others. It was all the more tragic as I could hear the music of the ballet which was still going on. The audience had no knowledge of what had happened. I forgot to mention that before anybody arrived—I heard a sharp cry from the Royal Salon. I was told afterwards that the Duc tried to pull the knife out of his breast, but was unable to do so, that Madame de Béthisy with great presence of mind pulled it out. Both she and the Duchess were deluged in blood. I heard somebody say "Does anybody know if the knife was poisoned." M. Decazes passed me hurriedly, with Fitz-James; when they returned (it seems they had been to question the assassin) I heard M. Decazes say in a loud voice "The knife is not poisoned." By this time several doctors arrived and were doing all they could to staunch the flow of blood. I could see into the Salon as the door was left open as there were so many people. Monsieur Rohan Chabot came up to me and begged me to still stop by the door I was guarding, at that moment the Duke d'Orléans with the Duchesse and Mademoiselle d'Orléans passed into the Salon; they were all in tears. The next thing I heard was an order given to send for the King. The Duc de Maillé went to fetch him. I felt then there could not be much hope. To my horror I heard the Duchesse de Berri in loud tones denouncing Monsieur Decazes—saying "*C'est lui; le vrai assassin.*" They tried to stop her. A sudden hush and the poor old King arrived leaning heavily on the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Duc de Maillé. His Majesty was composed and looked very stern. It was an extraordinary sight. The Duchesse d'Angoulême hurriedly passed me and met poor little "Mademoiselle" who had been sent for and came carried in the arms of Madame de Gontaut her governess. The Duchesse d'Angoulême took the sleeping child in her arms. Then two priests passed. I knew then the end was near. Suddenly all knelt as the last sacrament was being given to the dying man. I think everybody was in tears. I know I cried. Then in silence we all rose to our

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feet and waited. It seemed hours to me, as I was ready to drop with fatigue. Then the priest began intoning a prayer again all sank on to their knees. The end had come. Then a horrible thing happened. The Duchesse de Berri again commenced to scream—calling Monsieur Decazes—"*Assassin, Assassin.*" It was really too horrible. After they had quieted her all was in absolute silence with the exception of the grand Chamberlain announcing "*le Roi, le Roi.*" A mournful procession passed me. First the King supporting the Duchesse de Berri, who had the hand of Mdlle d'Orléans, the Duchesse d'Angoulême on the other side of her, they were followed by all the rest of the Royal family. I could hear the orders given by the officers to the soldiers who by now were keeping the streets.

Monsieur de Brissac came to me, shook my hands and simply said—"Merci." He asked me if I would like to go into the Salon. I followed him, he motioned me to kneel and handing the brush from the holy water bowl, motioned me to sprinkle the corpse, which I did. I could not believe the Duc was dead. He was still sitting up in a huge gilt arm chair, his head supported by a cushion surrounded by officers of his household. The priest kneeling in front of him praying. It was a sight I will never forget. In silence Monsieur de Maillé shook my hand and I retired. On gaining the street which was packed with people and troops, I had great difficulty in getting through the crowd. It happened that I was recognised by one of the officers, Monsieur de Puységur, who sent an escort of soldiers to make way for me. Although more dead than alive when arriving at home—I at once went up to Father's room, awakened him. When I told him the news he exclaimed "what a catastrophe. The unfortunate Bourbons. A blow for France indeed." He made me go at once to bed as I was hardly able to stand.

16*th February* 1820.—At ten o'clock this morning a note was sent that all the Diplomatic Corps were to go to the Tuileries at 1 o'clock. I accompanied Father The large *salle* was in total darkness with the exception of about 20 huge candles (*cierges*) in great silver candlesticks. In order of seniority—first the Ambassadors and their suites, then the Ministers passed before the Throne in front of which was standing the Duc d'Angoulême, surrounded by the high court officials in the deepest mourning. Absolute silence with the exception of the announcement by the Grand Chamberlain, as the representative of each country passed—"La Russie" —"l'Espagne" etc. etc. followed by the dropping on the floor of the halberds with a ringing sound. It was most solemn and impressive. The Duc bowed slightly to each one. Not a word was spoken. So we passed out.

The assassin's name is Louvel a saddler. It seems he has been following the poor Duke for a long time, waiting his opportunity. He must have had many chances, as the Duke went about in the most open manner, often quite alone. Rumours of all sorts. Some say it was a conspiracy. The Duchesse de Berri still accuses Mons. Decazes of being the head of it. Others that it was a personal revenge. "*Cherchez la femme,*" others say. The Duke's *amours* were so well known, he not taking the slightest care to hide them.

1820.—The lying in state and funeral of the Duc de Berri was very fine. The actual funeral was not on so grand a scale as that of the Prince de Condé which I have mentioned before.

March. 1820.—The Duchesse de Berri is more violent than ever against the Duc Decazes and his party, it is all very painful—of course gaiety and entertaining is at an end. For myself I have no heart for it. I can scarcely realize that the poor Duke is dead, always so gay and cheerful, so full of life and spirits. He will be more and more missed as time goes on. There is nobody to fill his place.

The Queen of Sweden is getting madder and madder. She does not let poor Monsieur de Richelieu alone for a moment, she is the laughing stock of Paris. He will not even speak to her—but that seems to egg her on all the more. Louvel was questioned in private lately, but his trial will not take place as yet. Some say he is a lunatic. I only go to the Français now. Mdlle. George is very fine. Poor old Talma one can hardly hear. It is really sad to see the wreck of such a once fine actor. Still at times he has fine bursts of passion, revealing some of his old powers.

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The opera has been closed since the assassination of the Duke.

April 1820.—A bomb exploded yesterday at the Louvre. Rumour says that several bombs have been discovered in the gardens and under the windows of the Duchesse de Berri. The poor old King is much disturbed. He as well as everybody else fear that if a bomb did explode near to the apartment occupied by the Duchesse de Berri it might bring on a premature confinement. Since the death of the Duke the Duchess has moved to the Tuileries. The eyes of the whole of France are fixed on the Palace, hoping for an heir. Louvel's preliminary trial commenced on the 5th. I applied for permission to attend which was granted. It seems now he is thought to be a lunatic, and there will be a further trial. All this must be most painful to the Royal family. There are strange rumours afloat about the bombs. Even the Duchesse de Berri's name is mentioned, it is too monstrous.

June 6th.—Today was Louvel's trial. I was present, there were no revelations of any kind. He is a poor lunatic. He had nursed the idea he must kill somebody for years. He is to be executed tomorrow.

June 8th.—I now deeply regret I went to the execution. There was a large body of troops as there had been serious disturbance in the night. It was at 3 o'clock in bright June sunshine which made it all the more horrible. I never could imagine human beings could turn into beasts—a French mob is horrible—one now realizes what the "Terror" was. The wretched assassin was half dead before he was dragged to the steps of the Guillotine. It was all over in a moment. I had to go and drink some brandy, a thing I have never done in my life before. It took me two hours to get out of the howling crowd—more like wild animals than anything else—the women far worse than the men.

April 9th. 1821.—Since the death of the Duc de Berri a great change has certainly come over the *Jeunesse dorée* of Paris. Not half so much *entrain*, I think he really gave the impetus to us all. I dined yesterday at the *Trois Frères Provenceaux* in the Palais Royal with some boon companions. I do not know how it was, the dinner was excellent, the wine as well, but we all seemed dull and depressed. I hardly dare own it, but I fear we are all *blasé*. I commenced a little too young to enjoy life, I have had a good seven years of it. And what I used then to look on as the height of enjoyment, I now find tiresome. I try to take interest in the political questions of the day. I read most carefully all the English as well as American papers that we receive and try to keep myself *au courant* of everything of importance. I believe one can train one's mind to serious matters, I certainly have wasted a lot of time.

July 10th. 1821.—The news has just arrived of the death of Napoleon. He died on the 5th of May. I was much astonished at the way the news was received. The hero which the whole French nation had worshipped, whom all Europe had trembled before, it might have been an ordinary actor who had died. Really one could feel great disgust. A mighty man indeed he was with all his faults. The first I heard of it was cried about the streets "*La Mort de Napoléon à St. Hélène, Deux sous.*" Oh, the irony of it!

July 15th, 1821.—The Bonapartists here show the greatest respect to the Emperor. They have petitioned the King to allow the body to be brought to France and buried, but he will not hear of it. Father says it would be most unwise. That France is beginning to settle down after all the troubles she has gone through, that even the Emperor's body will excite enthusiasm in many and might lead to very serious results. Father received several letters asking if he thought America would join in petitioning the King. It is really too absurd. What has America to do with it? Madame Patterson Bonaparte, wonderful to relate, has written to Father full of praise of the dead Emperor.

June 18th 1821.—An extraordinary thing has happened. Father wished for a document and applied for it to the Duc de Bassano. The latter has all the copies of the archives of the Emperor, a document was sent, but not the one applied for. It was a Copy of a Trianon Decree of the 5th August 1810. This Decree was entirely withheld from the American Minister. Had it been known there would not have been any War between England and America; it bears the same date as the Berlin and Milan Decree, which were to

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be revoked on the 1st November. Never before have I seen my father so angry, but he absolutely lost control of himself and used the strongest language. The underhand meanness, the perfidy, injustice, so low and despicable. It was the Emperor's wish evidently to do all in his power to crush a young and rising nation. Father went at once to see the Duc de Bassano, but on arriving there he could hardly say anything, he found the poor old Duke utterly crushed by the death of the Emperor. He evidently knew nothing of his mistake so Father did not undeceive him. He sent a copy of the Decree to Mr Adams with very strong remarks on the subject.

July 1821.—Madame Récamier has closed her *Salon* for the present. Most of the adherents of the Bonapartists are in the deepest mourning. Surely it is the least they can do, considering the Emperor picked most of them out of the mud and made them rich and noble. Joseph Bonaparte seems to have saved an immense fortune, he is living in luxury in America; some of those wretched Murats are also there.

THE FLEET

By Seaton Schroeder
Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.

THE most casual glance into the history of the past, mostly before we came into being as a nation, brings instantly to view the great fleet actions that shaped the destinies of nations and the history of the world. As mechanical power gradually displaced sails, uncertainty crept in and fleet tactics seemed somewhat obscured until galvanized into feverish life by the progress in all the arts that go to make possible the present battle-ship, and by the vast increase in size and importance of sea armies, and by the confirmed realization that principles are immutable, and that only the method of employment of new tools varies. It may now be said that never in the history of the world has more vital consequence hung upon the issue of one decisive battle upon the sea than today. No one can fail to realize how differently the recent war in the Far East would have terminated if the battle of the Sea of Japan had had a different issue. Can any one picture in other than sombre hues the situation if our fleet were to be defeated in a struggle with a foreign power?

In the somewhat distant past a fleet was a tactical unit, composed essentially of a number of similar fighting ships, line-of-battle ships, with perhaps a few frigates, the eyes of the fleet, as Nelson called them. Two such fleets would come in sight of each other, and at comparatively short distances apart manœuvre for position, with reference to the wind mostly, and then come together in a terrific grapple, one generally making the offensive attack running down before the wind, and the other awaiting the attack close-hauled; and the battle would frequently end in fighting yard-arm to yard-arm, and even boarding and hand-to-hand fighting.

Applied to present-day conditions, this same specific term "fleet" is often used to denote simply the tactical unit consisting of a compact body of battle-ships divided into a certain number of squadrons, each squadron comprising a certain number of divisions, and so on, all within visual signal distance of each other, and acting in intimate contact and concert. This unit is usually called the battle-ship fleet. But in its broader meaning, the term "fleet" depicts a panorama of power such as has never before been welded into one coherent mass of destructive agencies: battle-ships to bear the brunt of the onslaught, to do and receive the pounding, and for the support and presentation of which all other units are subordinated;

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battle-cruisers, of higher speed, but still of such offensive and defensive power as to be able to achieve strategic ends, as distinct from tactical ends, and also to undertake tactical duties as a fast wing—for instance, to attack a vulnerable part of the enemy's force, or to compel him to certain movements or actions; torpedo craft, to harass the enemy day and night, making concerted or isolated attacks when conditions are favorable, and even when conditions are not favorable if the exigencies of the situation call for it; submarines, less mobile as yet than the surface craft, and somewhat dependent upon them as "pilot-fish" to guide them to their prey, but even now aggressive in their development, and ready to undertake in actual battle the same daring work that characterizes their performance in the preparatory time of practice; aeroplanes, which, to paraphrase an old saying, may be said to be between heaven and the deep sea, carrying the eyes of the fleet to heights of hundreds or thousands of feet, whether for locating and reporting a distant enemy, or detecting and attacking submarines or even heavy ships, or even reconnoitring for a landing party as was so efficiently done at Vera Cruz in April; scouts, no longer restricted to making relay races back to the fleet commander with intelligence of the enemy's whereabouts, but seeking that enemy in every direction, and at all distances, and flashing back by a radio spark the word advising that commander that the enemy has such and such types of ships, formed in such units and formations, proceeding in such directions, and at such speed, etc.; mine-planters and trawlers in their proper spheres; fuel and supply and repair ships, which must be protected and convoyed to meet the fleet at specified times in specified places. All of these distinct but co-operative arms go to make the fleet of to-day. And the gun-firing is apt to begin at more than fifteen thousand yards; and, as at eight thousand yards the opposing fleets would be well within effective torpedo range, it is anticipated that the capital ships will rarely get within three miles of each other. In the battle of the Sea of Japan the effective ranges of both guns and torpedoes were less than one-half of what they are to-day; yet the lines of battle did not get within four thousand yards of each other. With the weapons and skill which we now command, one side or the other would probably be annihilated quickly after coming to such close range.

No study or training could produce leaders or subordinates more sturdy and skilful in the naval art of their day than the renowned seamen of the bygone era; their names are justly a byword of commendation and admiration, a synonym of greatness. But it is in no wise derogatory to them to face the fact that more is required to-day. It is difficult to conceive of any calling or situation that demands more of human nature, greater qualities of mind and body and heart, greater physical and nerve endurance, more self-control and ability to control others, more judgment in harnessing together a rational prudence with well-timed boldness, than is demanded of the man who is successfully to command in war a modern fleet, with its vast agencies and resources and responsibilities. With a diminishing onus of responsibility the same applies to those who command the individual squadrons, divisions, ships, and flotillas composing the fleet; and also to those younger officers whose untiring energy has placed them in mastery of every detail of their calling. And mark the elements that go to form their field of mastery—the stately ship, the nimble torpedo-boat, the thundering gun, the intricate and silent torpedo, the complex engine, the unearthly radio, the plunging submarine, the soaring aeroplane. A wide field indeed!

Nor is the field of the enlisted men restricted, although it is not with them quite what it is with the officers; for officers must have a working familiarity with all the branches of their profession, with special expertness, perhaps, in one or two, whereas the special energies of the men are limited to the field indicated by their rating. Those fields are numerous. A gentleman of my acquaintance exclaimed to me once, in apparently good faith: "What on earth do you find for all those nine hundred sailors to do after they have finished scrubbing decks in the morning?" That is not quite a usual instance, of course, and a little reflection would surely have suggested to that gentleman that there is really something else to do on

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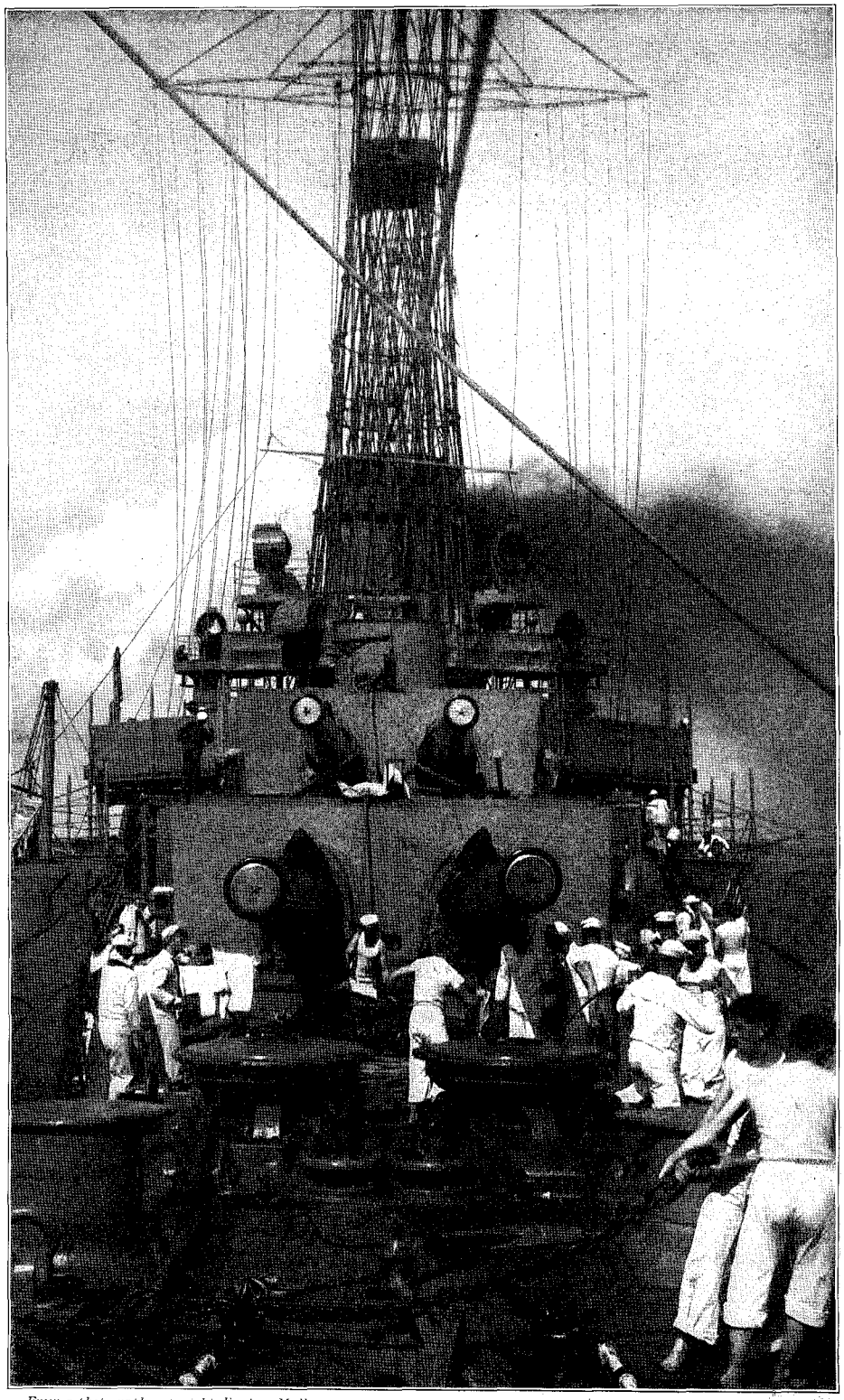

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The forecastle of the battle-ship *Michigan.*

Clearing for action.

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The Atlantic Fleet steaming on a line of bearing.

From a photograph by C. R. Eagle.

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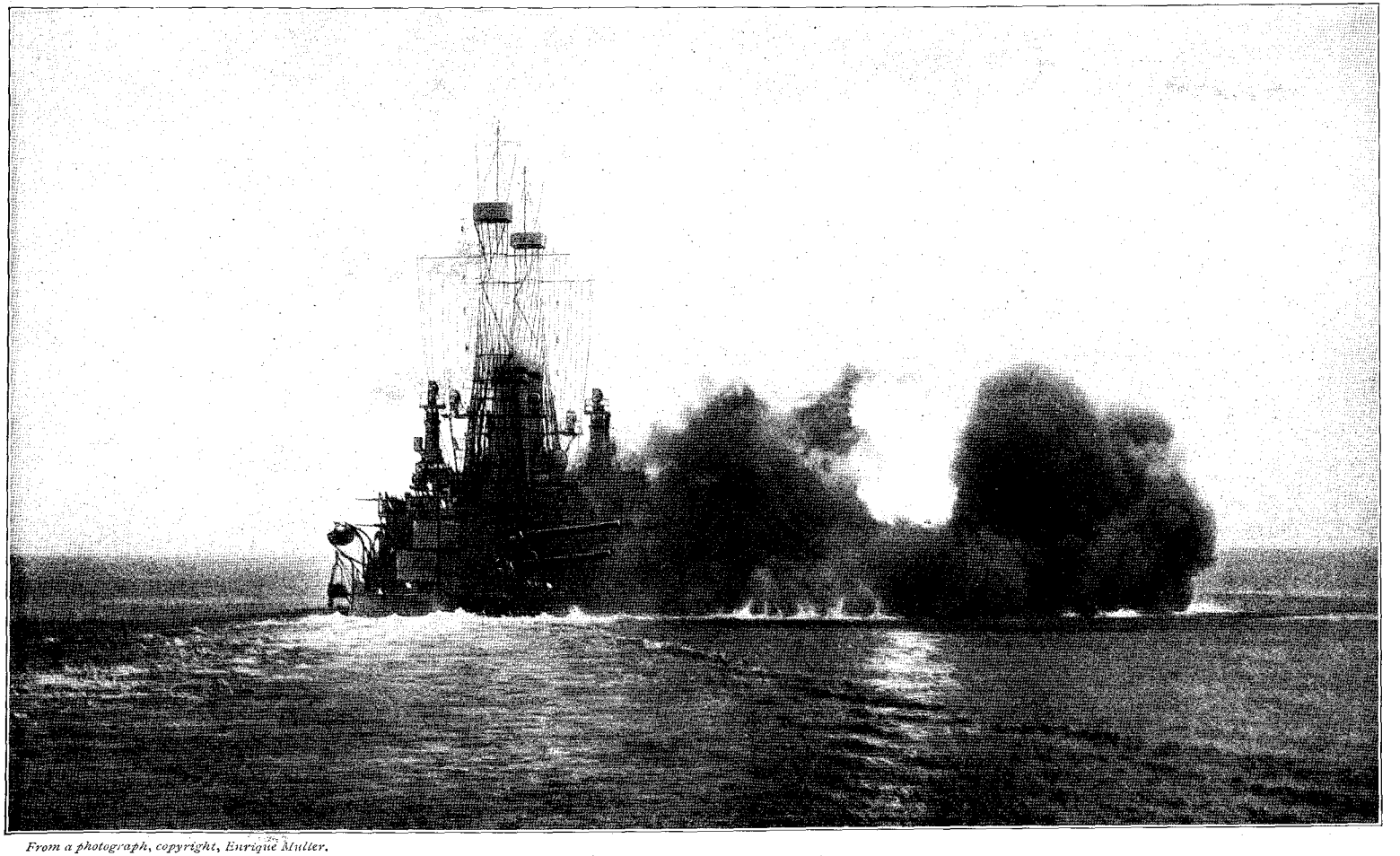

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Target practice. The battle-ship *Michigan* firing a broadside.

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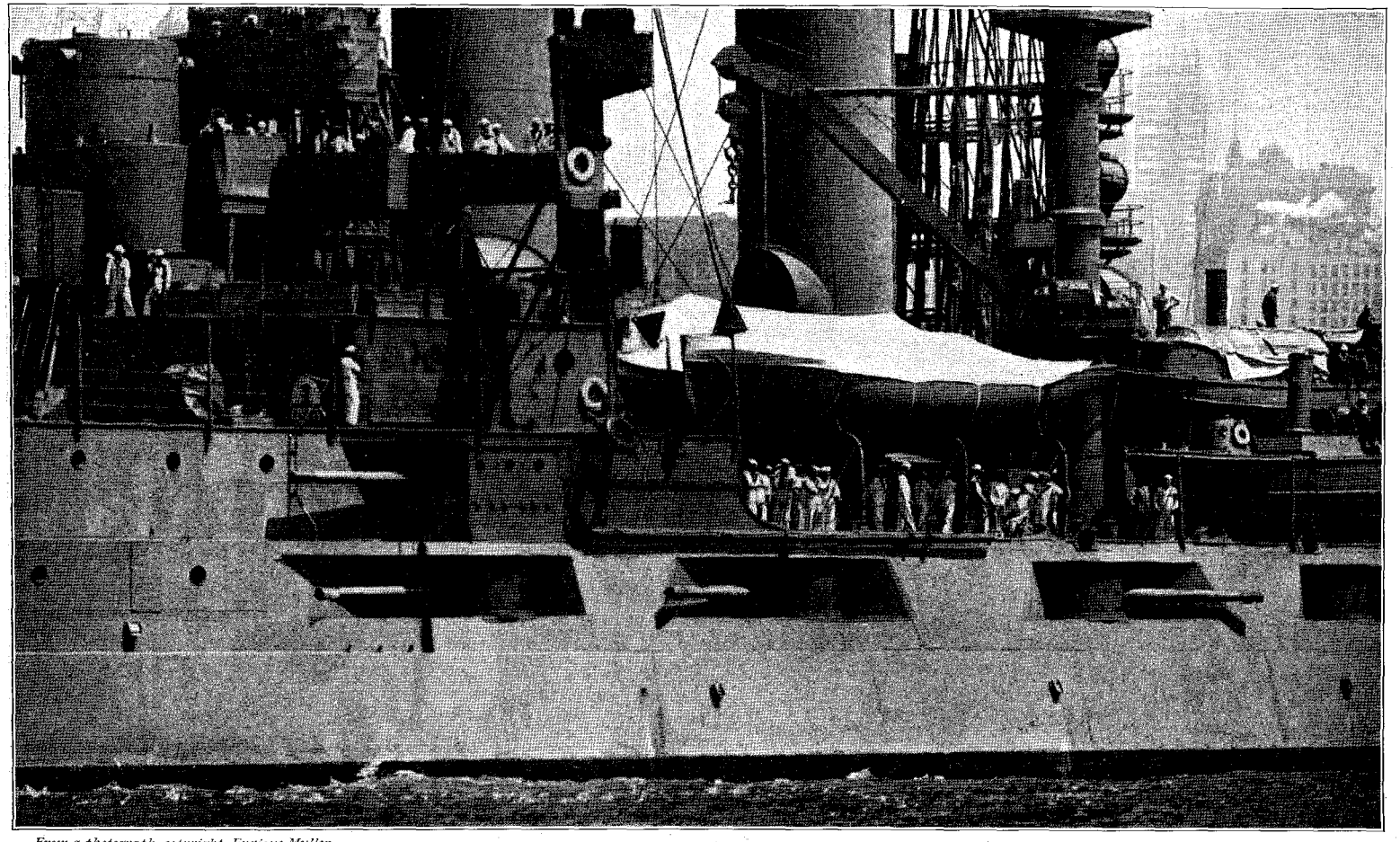

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A look at the battle-ship *Utah* from a passing vessel as she steamed out of New York harbor.

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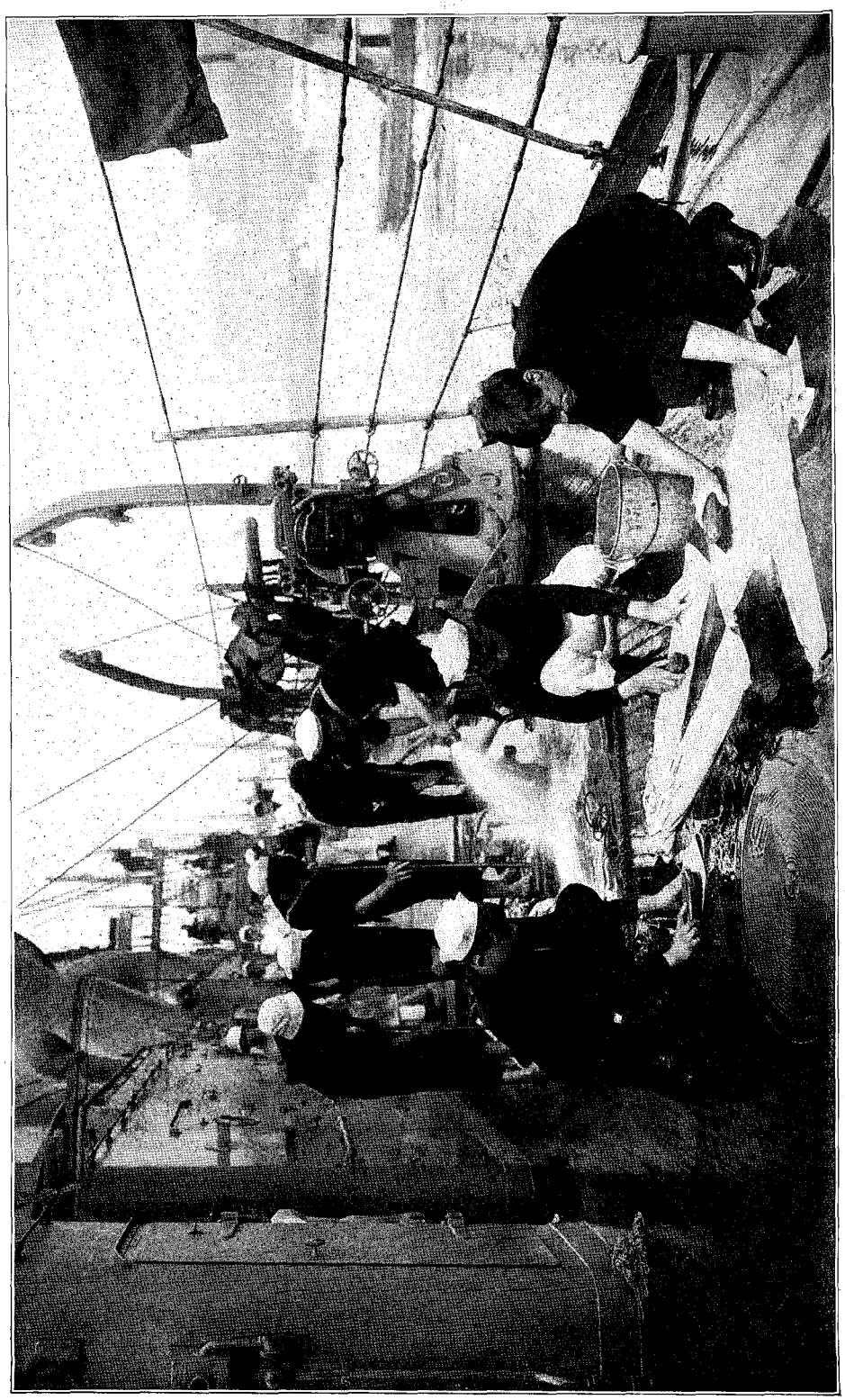

Scrubbing clothes in the morning watch.

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Preparing to plant harbor mines.

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On the signal bridge of the *South Dakota.*

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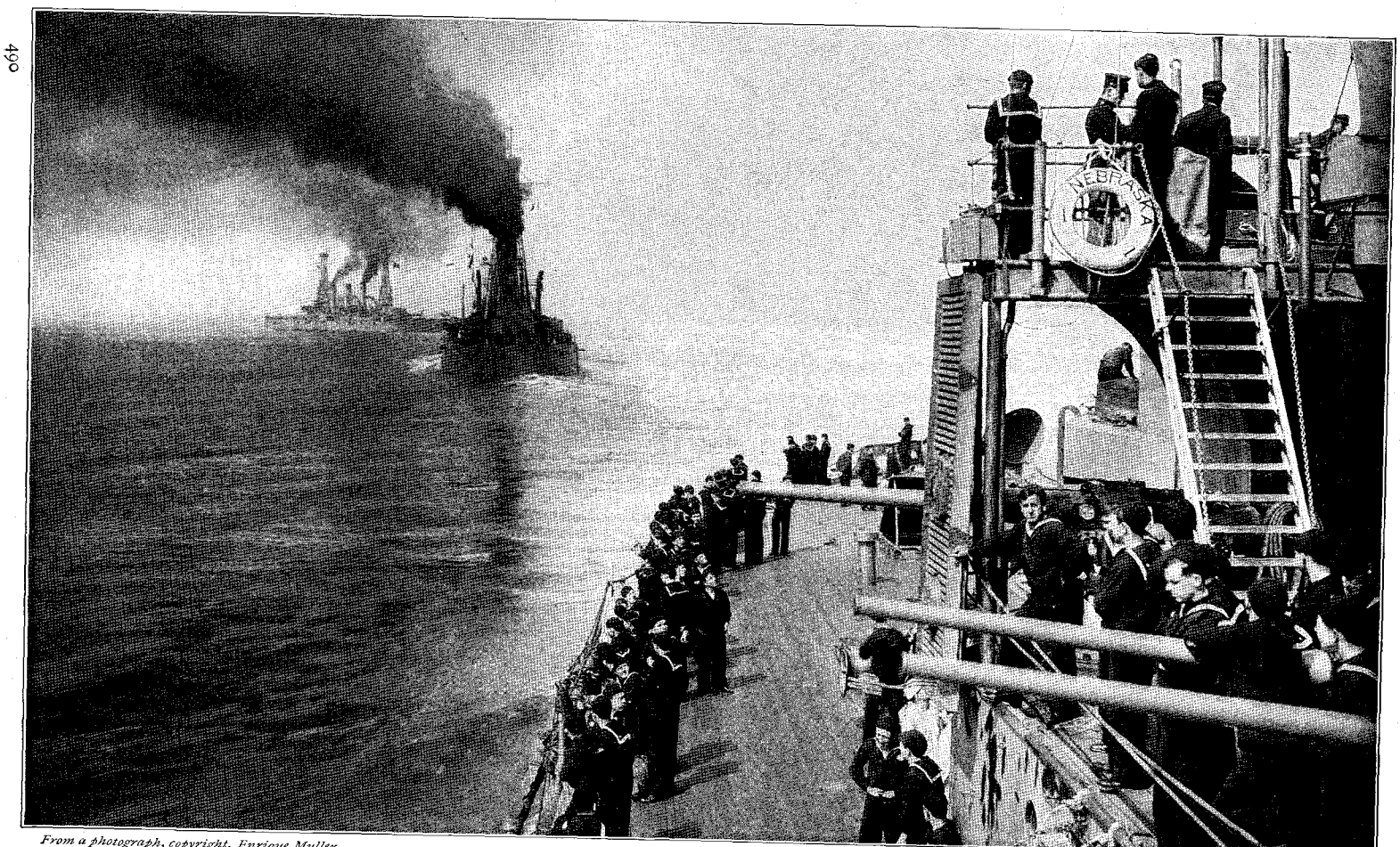

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Fleet exercises. Manœuvring at sea.

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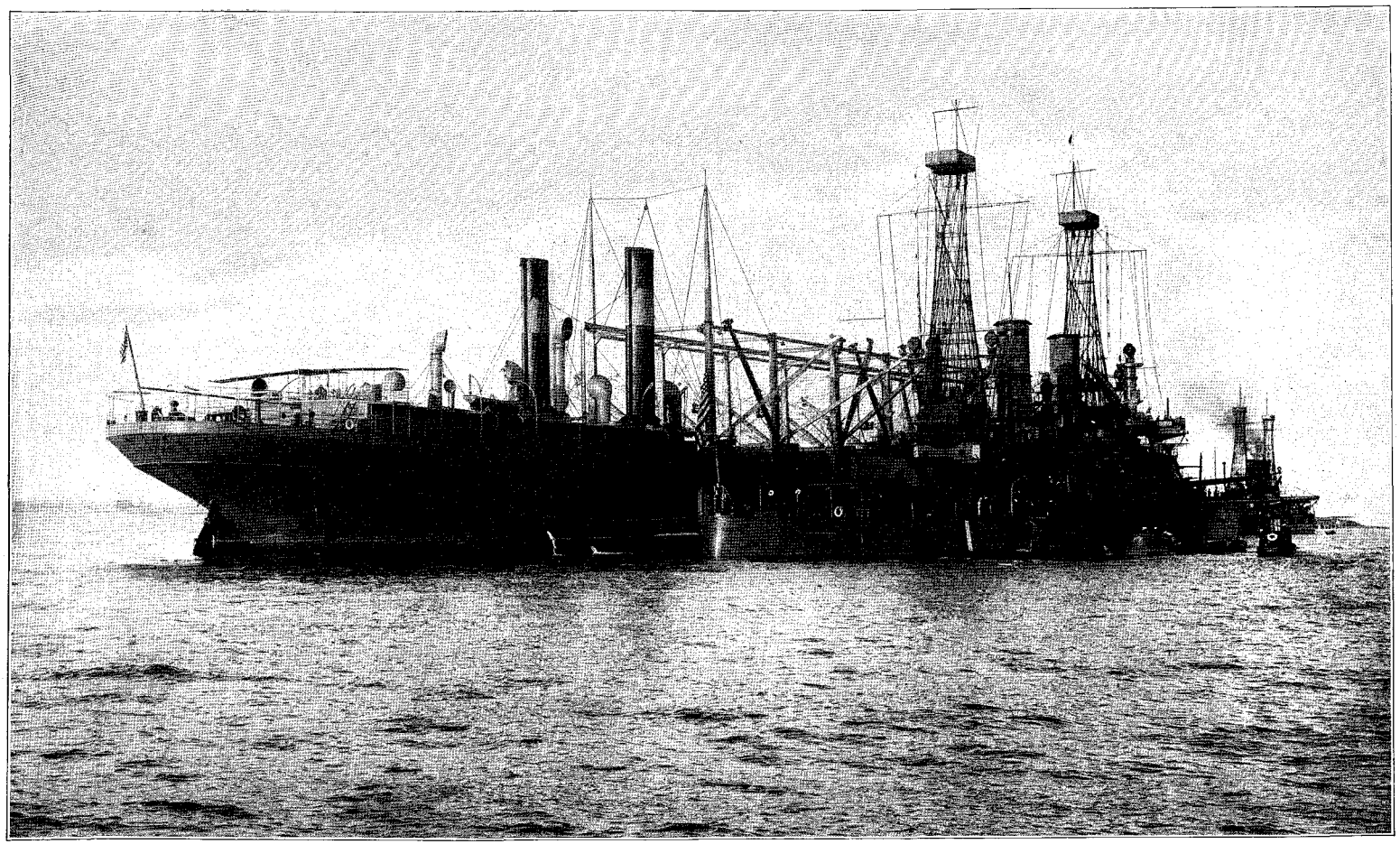

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The *Michigan* coaling from the collier *Cyclops*.

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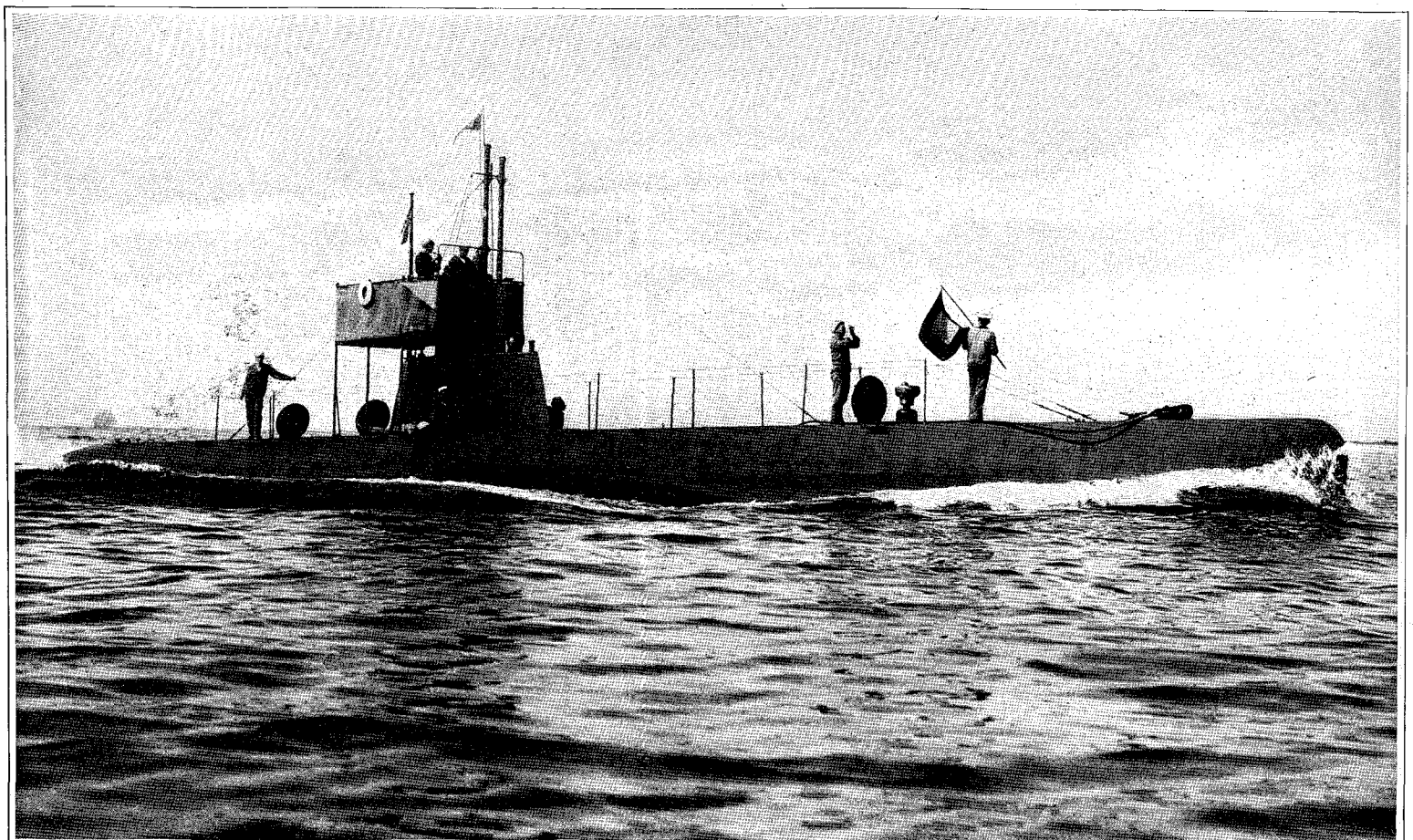

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The *Grayling*, one of the largest and latest submarines.

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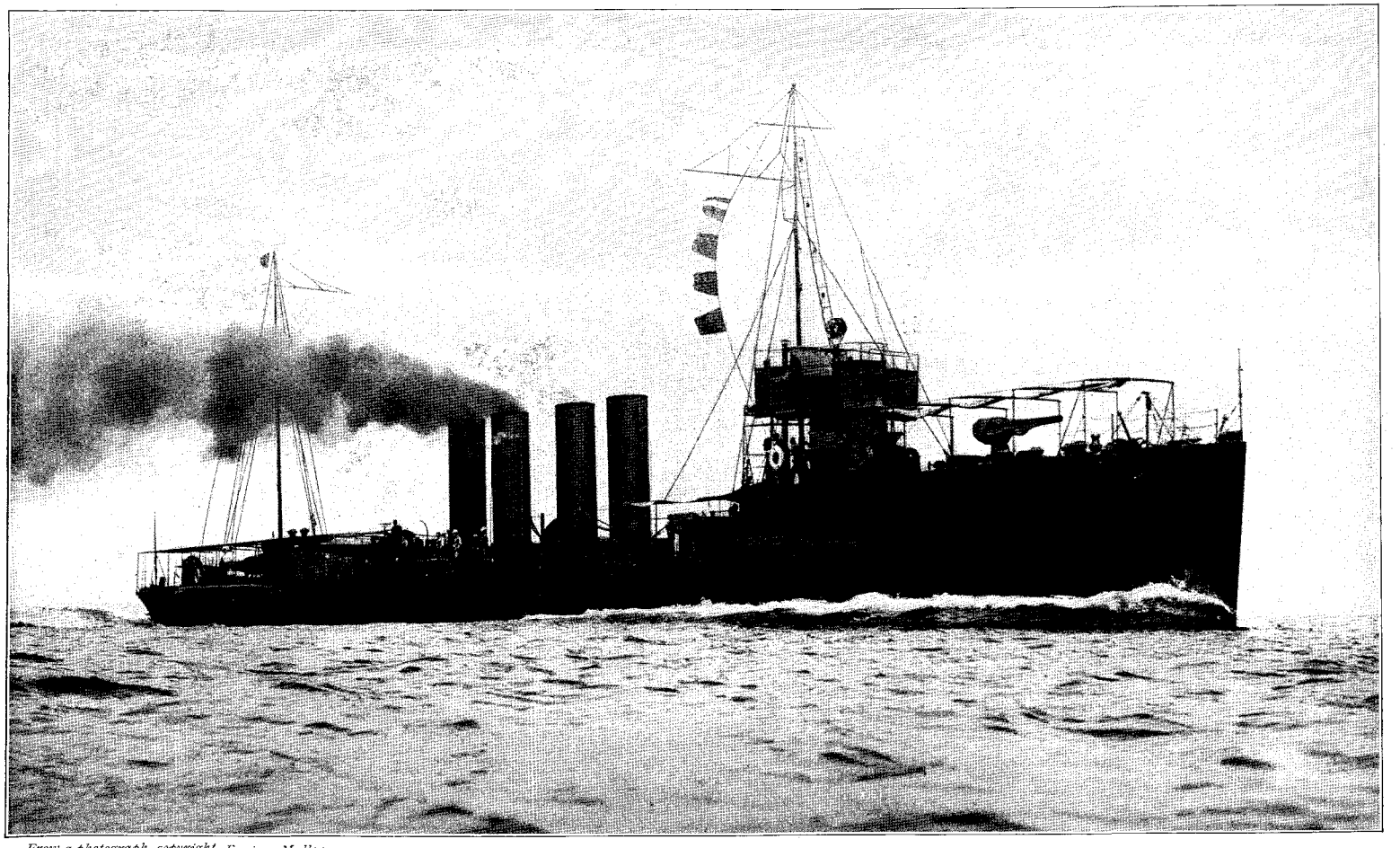

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One of the destroyers firing a torpedo. The torpedo can be seen in the air, just after its discharge from the tube, near the stern of the vessel.

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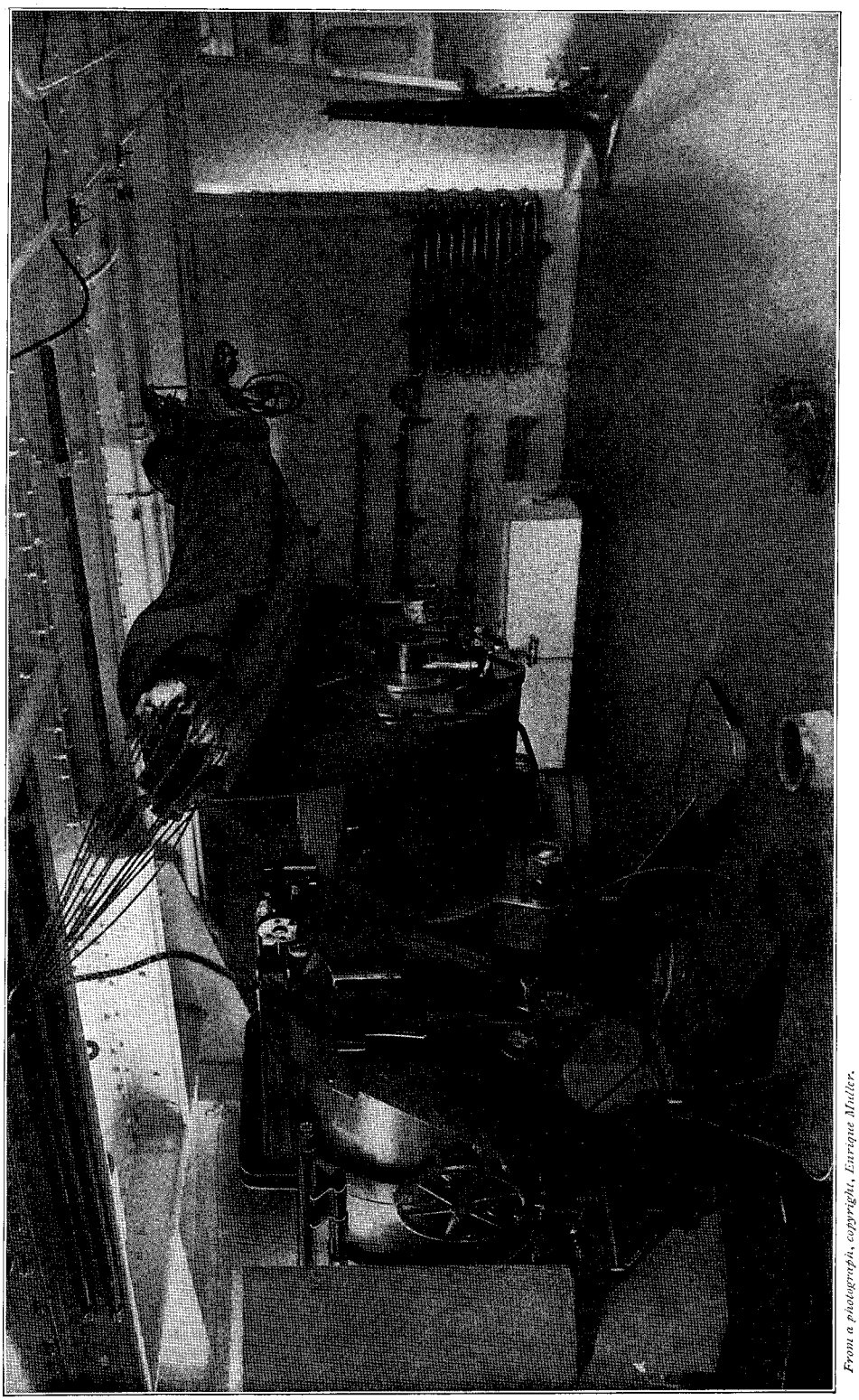

"Jack" sleeping by his gun.

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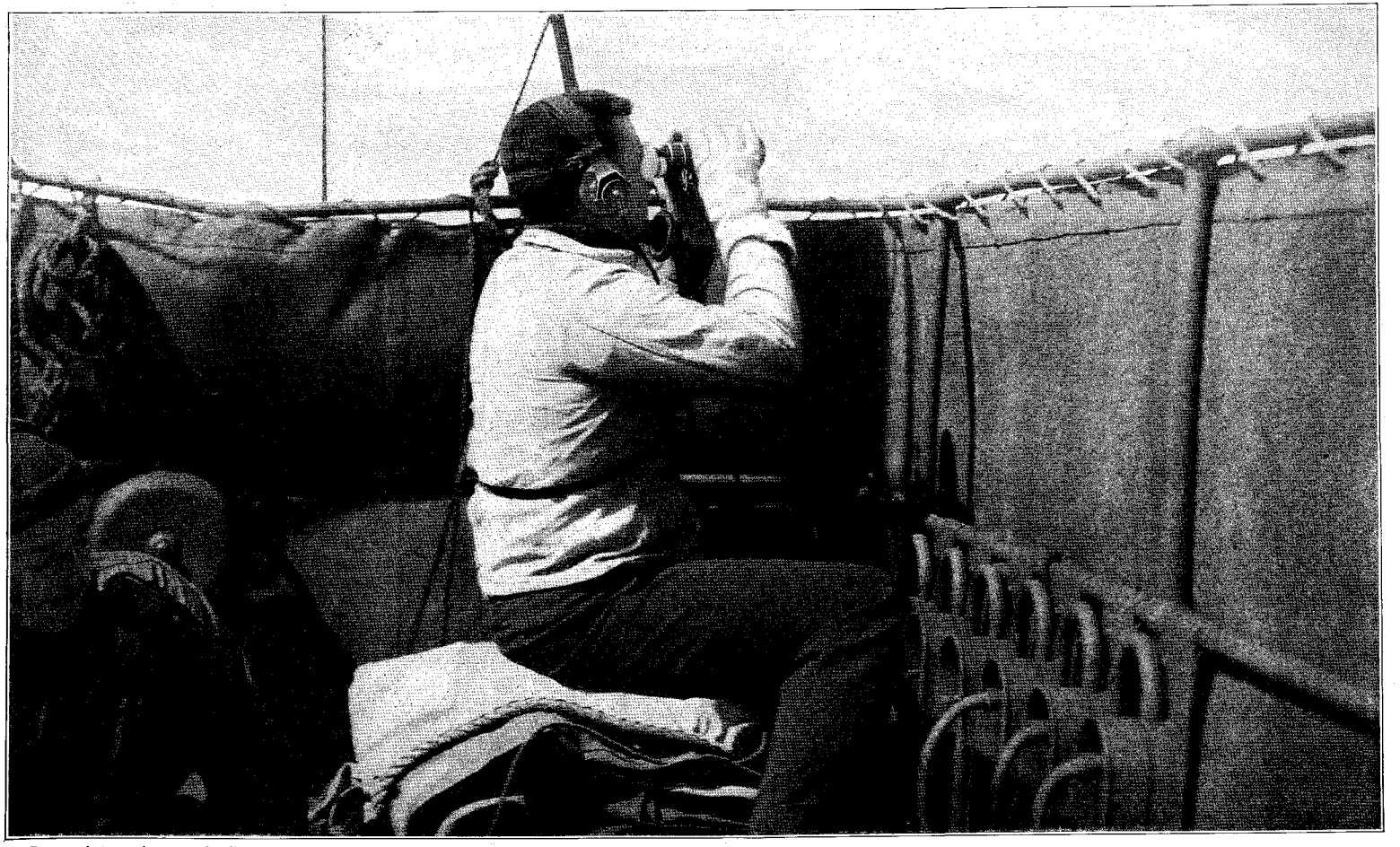

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In the top of the fire-control mast. An officer spotting the fall of shot during target practice.

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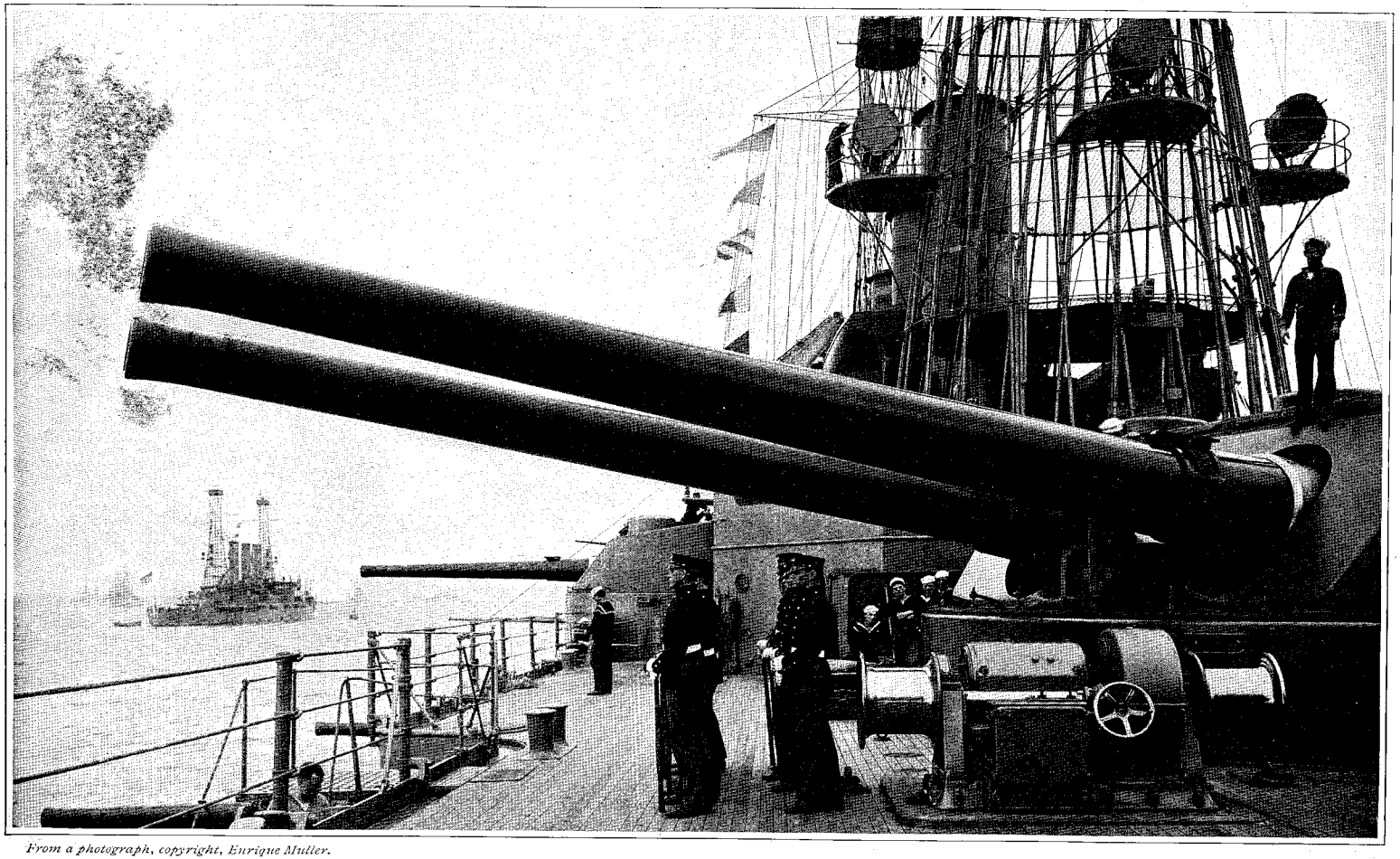

From a photograph, copyright, Enrique Muller.

The twelve-inch turret guns of the battle-ship *Minnesota.*

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From a photograph, copyright, Enrique Muller.

A destroyer making a run during battle-practice.

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From a photograph by James H. Hare.

United States bluejackets landing at Vera Cruz.

Occupation of the city by American forces, April 21, 1914.

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board ship besides scrubbing decks. But it is easily understandable that persons not in touch do not realize the diversity of occupations and duties required not only for the upkeep, but for the fighting efficiency, of a man-of-war of the present fashion. A word upon that topic may not be amiss. Take the dreadnought *New York*, for instance, with nine hundred seamen and seventy marines. To begin with, all that great number of men have to be fed; that requires cooks and bakers, of which there are eighteen besides the officers' mess attendants; and the distribution and serving of the food, and clearing away afterward, with the precise sanitary neatness rigidly required, has to be done by some fifty or more men, called messmen, who take turns at this duty for a month or more at a time, one to each mess of fifteen or twenty. All those men have their stations for battle and exercise, of course; there is not such a person as a non-combatant on board, the complement assigned to each ship being fixed by careful consideration of the stations that have to be filled in battle. Then, apart from the lighting of all the numerous compartments of the ship (two thousand five hundred electric lamps), there are the powerful search-lights to be maintained, and innumerable call-bells and telephones and other electrical instruments connected with the fire control, that is to say, for conveying from different points alow and aloft to every turret and gun and torpedo information as to the distance of the enemy and his apparent speed across the line of fire; also the running of the dynamos and the powerful motors for training the ponderous turrets and guns, and hoisting and ramming home the powder and shell; all that installation requires the constant attention of thirty-three electricians besides those detailed for radio (wireless) watch. The engine-room force, including machinists' mates and water-tenders and oilers and firemen, etc., sums up to two hundred and ninety-four men, who stand their watches while cruising at sea, and are kept busy in port maintaining a reduced number of steaming boilers, running auxiliaries such as distillers and ice-machines and bilge-pumps, repairing and maintaining the vast number of large and small engines of different kinds, running power-boats, etc. There are thirty-seven gunner's mates and turret captains in constant care and supervision over powder, gun-cotton, turrets, guns, and torpedoes. The artificer branch comprises the twenty odd carpenters, ship-fitters, boiler-makers, plumbers, blacksmiths, painters, etc., whose work may be said to be never "up." Men on special watch also include the quartermasters and signalmen, of whom there are usually at least four on watch all the time when not at battle stations; and what with the "wigwag" and semaphore and flag-signalling, those men have a busy time. The medical officers have seven permanent assistants—hospital steward and hospital apprentices; the latter is a queer name, but it means "nurses" really; and the band of sixteen musicians are in many ships instructed and detailed as additional surgeon's assistants in battle, to give first aid, and to carry the wounded to the dressing stations. The paper work on board is quite considerable, apart from the custody and accounting and issue of stores; twelve "yeomen" (writers) have a busy time keeping up with the demands. There are ten "masters-at-arms," that is, the police of the ship, picked from the seamen class, who are charged with the custody of men under arrest, the supervision of messes, and the preservation of order and discipline generally below decks. There are sentries always on post, at the gangways, ammunition passages, scuttle-butt (drinking-water), as orderly at the captain's door, and other posts; and guards of honor to be paraded when other commanding officers come on board, and on all occasions of ceremony. The sentry duty is usually assigned to the marine detachment, a gallant body of men usually placed on board the large ships of our navy, and also in the British and one or two minor navies, ready for quick transfer to the shore to meet any military emergency not requiring the full landing force; their uniform and essentially military character render them well adapted to sentry duty while they would be inexpert in general ship work. Sentry duty, however, is sometimes devolved upon the seamen for limited periods, in order to round out the completeness of their training and service; and this has been found to have a markedly good effect

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upon their self-confidence and bearing, while at the same time it forestalls a natural surprise and antagonism at seeing members of a different corps seemingly acting as the police, which, of course, they are not; nor would they wish to be so considered.

And so on. It is evident that there are not many men left to do the traditional but ever necessary so-called "ship work"—care of boats and manning them, handling anchors and chains and awnings, handling the log and the lead, steering the ship, daily cleaning of compartments and hull, "answering calls" to meet contingencies of all kinds and at all times. But all, be it remembered, all have their battle stations. These boatswain's mates, coxswains, seamen, ordinary seamen, etc., form the turret and gun crews and fire-control parties, and by their ceaseless drill acquire the skill shown in the wrecked targets in target practice, or recently at Vera Cruz, in quietly demolishing one building after another from which a dangerous fire was directed upon our landing parties.

And these same men should be and are now expert with the rifle also; the camp and rifle range at our naval station in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, have proved their value. For work such as that recently so well done at Vera Cruz, and often less noticeably in various parts of the world, each battle-ship and armored cruiser maintains a battalion of four to five companies of seamen, and one company of marines, besides the so-called "special details" of signalmen (operating also wireless outfits), pioneers, ammunition and gun-cotton parties, commissariat, ambulance parties, etc. Each division of four to five ships thus maintains a completely organized regiment of four to five battalions of seamen, and a battalion of marines. A normal fleet, then, consisting of sixteen to twenty heavy ships, manned by sixteen thousand to twenty thousand men, maintains a brigade of four to five regiments of seamen, and one of marines, or six thousand to seven thousand well-equipped and well-trained men, of whom many are sharpshooters; and the gunboats and small cruisers also have their landing-parties. Some of the companies are organized as field-artillery, with powerful three-inch field-guns. It may be remembered what good shooting those field-guns did at Vera Cruz. As a direct result of the procedure during recent years of giving to each regiment a week of camp life and rifle practice at the Guantanamo station each winter, our seamen and marines were able to capture that Mexican town with a much heavier loss to the enemy and smaller loss to themselves than would otherwise have been the case.

There are some who contend that seamen should not be specially trained for such work on shore, as battle-ships are not transports, and their crews should not be diverted from battle-ship work. That is all very well; but oftentimes we are confronted with conditions which do not sustain theories. When, as in Mexico recently, there are battle-ships present, but there is nothing for twelve-inch guns to fire at even if they could get close enough inshore to reach, but there *is* a town to be seized, and there is no time to lose in waiting for transports with expeditionary forces, then we may be thankful that the men trained in battle-ship work are also skilled with the rifle and field-piece. It would certainly be unfortunate if in such a contingency several thousand stalwart men had to look on helplessly because of their not being intended or trained to fight in that way; or worse yet if they had to be landed and, because of lack of training and practice, simply became food for the enemy's guns. If the men who captured Vera Cruz in last April had been as untrained and helpless as the great majority of the force that we had in Havana harbor ready to land at a moment's notice at the time of the first intervention in the autumn of 1906, there would have been a fearfully different tale to tell of our casualties. Fortunately, upon that former occasion, while all ready and sleeping on our knapsacks for some weeks, we were not called upon to land; the presence and readiness of that force (two thousand five hundred men) was sufficient.

It will be unfortunate for the fleet if anything happens to interfere with two or three months' sojourn each winter in the vicinity of that ideal drill-ground in Guantanamo Bay—even apart from the rifle and field-artillery practice, and short periods of camp life. There are many drills

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and exercises both afloat and ashore that can be held there that are of especially great utility for the great majority of our men who are not drawn from the seafaring class. As an instance: it seems an axiom that seamen should be able to swim; and yet during the two or three months spent there in the two winters of 1909 to 1911, no less than six thousand men of the fleet, who could not swim a stroke, became qualified in swimming fifty yards without assistance.

It is a simple fact that the seaman of to-day must, of necessity, be trained in warfare with virtually every known weapon. And he has come to be properly known now as a "seaman" rather than "sailor." Ships no longer sail. The term "sailor" carries one back to the days so delightfully portrayed in the novels of Captain Marryat and Fenimore Cooper; and it is suggestive of a rollicking, tarry-handed son of Neptune, with a quid in his starboard cheek, who gives his trousers a hitch, and says, "Shiver my timbers!" God bless the old-time sailor man. I loved him; as I also love the alert young seaman of to-day. Each was and is well suited to his time. The former has left his impress, his *cachet*, upon the history of the world. The latter is making a good beginning; apart from his manliness and courage, it is not too much to say that throughout the length and breadth of our land there is not a community more law-abiding, or possessed of higher ideals, than the crew of an American man-of-war.

The potential force of a battle-ship has been likened to that of fifty thousand men; and that is not an exaggeration. Without doubt, in a struggle between two great sea powers a decisive battle between two fleets of battle-ships with their concomitant groups of fast cruisers, torpedo craft, and all the rest, could well have as great influence upon the issue of the war as a crushing victory over an army of a million men. It therefore surely behooves us to have a fleet in the first place, and to have it ready and efficient in the second. Neither the building of an adequate fleet nor its training can be done when war has begun or is imminent. Both take time—more time, probably, than any war could last. I think that if the people of America will compel their representatives in the Congress to give us a fleet, they may and will remain confident that we will make it efficient.

So far I have been speaking of "*a* fleet." But there is something more contained in the term "*The* Fleet." It is more than simply the tactical name given to any one sea army. "THE FLEET" represents in the eyes and hearts of naval officers and men the great goal; in a word, it symbolizes the consummation of efforts guided by professional pride and service loyalty, and made possible by professional ability and untiring labor. It is hailed with enthusiasm by those who are in it and of it, and is looked back upon with affection by those whose connection has had to be severed.

Some five years ago a gratified delight surged through our great body of officers when it became known that the principle had come to be appreciated in Washington, and virtually announced as a policy, that "The Navy Department exists for the fleet." For years and dreary years it had seemingly been an accepted situation that the Jacksonian political maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," had been paraphrased for the navy in the maxim, "To the navy-yards belong the ships." In our representative form of government, it is perhaps natural that the interests of individual communities should be a matter of paramount concern to the gentlemen whom they have honored with their suffrages, and who may incidentally hope to be similarly honored again; and the advisability of securing remunerative work for their constituents, whether in repairing ships or constructing and operating dry docks, looms larger in the eyes of those legislators than hazy questions of strategic situation or of maintaining the skill of the fleet's personnel by allowing them to assist in work of repairs which otherwise would be done wholly by good voters at the expense of the Government. As is the case, so far as I can see, in all questions, there is a commendable middle course; but in seeking that middle course a safe guide will be found in the cardinal principle laid down five years ago—"The Navy Department exists for the fleet."

In this phrase the term "fleet" must be used in its full, broad sense, too. The

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Navy Department exists for the *fleet*, not merely for the *ships*. Ships do not make a fleet any more than a mob makes an army. A genius in command of a fleet, seconded by most able captains, can achieve but mediocre efficiency if not honored by sympathetic support at home. One very essential point, for instance, which may fail of general comprehension, is the keeping of the capital ships together always, and the frequent association in tactical work of all the units that would be co-ordinated in hostile operations. By capital ships is meant primarily the heavy battle-ships that constitute the first battle line in the tactical unit specifically termed the battle-ship fleet. A casual observer may see little need of what appears on the surface to be merely a continual parade, and may wonder if the individual ships or divisions could not better work out their particular needs of training if permitted to cruise independently. But that is a very erroneous conception. Fleet training, the culmination of all efforts toward preparedness for war, is a thing of itself, of major importance. It is not only in manœuvring and exercising in battle and other evolutions that benefit is reaped in fleet work; efficiency is enhanced to a marked degree by uniformity of methods, spontaneous and instinctive homogeneity in all the acts and practices that make up the activities of the fleet. It is surprising how quickly a ship or division is "spotted" as having been kept away from the fleet. Furthermore, fleet training does not interfere in the slightest degree with any other field. Ships and divisions while kept in fleet harness can still continue to exercise their people in the specific detail duties of their profession, and the crews will become skilled in those duties if not unduly disturbed and distracted by alien occupations; but if permitted or required to separate, although they may continue their exercises in individual work, they lose the co-ordinated training, the intimacy and sense of touch, and the efficiency of the whole becomes impaired. While they retain the excellent *esprit de ship*, they fail to acquire the *esprit de fleet*. As well practise eleven good football players separately and expect them to make an invincible team when brought together as to expect efficient ships to make an efficient fleet without constant fleet training and association.

Of course, to make it possible to keep the battle-ship fleet intact, provision must be made by our legislators for ships of proper design and draft to meet the various contingencies that are continually arising, especially such as have to do with shallow harbors and shelving coasts. Battle-ships should not have to undertake the work of gunboats, nor should destroyers be required to do prolonged blockade duty for which they are not fitted, and which is sure to wear them out and impair their efficiency for the service for which they were designed. Not only is such misapplication of energy expensive in its impairment of valuable vessels: it is unsatisfactory in that the work in hand is poorly done.

Another inviting but false channel of thought leads to the somewhat comfortable assumption that an admiral once vested with the title and power of commander-in-chief becomes, *ipso facto*, a skilled organizer, administrator, and tactician. This idea has had its extreme manifestation in the mistaken theory, which has been entertained at times and actually put into practice in some countries, that a fleet commander should habitually reside in the capital, in close touch with the Navy Department, and at certain times go down to a port and take the fleet out to sea for war manœuvres. No greater mistake could be made. It might be all right for simply the conduct of one particular game of chess; but that could be done with a chess-board. First of all, where would be the sympathy, the magnetic bond, that should unite the fleet-commander and his subordinates? Could Nelson's "band of brothers" have existed under such a dispensation? Never! To come down to what may seem to be more tangible reasoning, theories and blackboard demonstrations are of actual value only when sustained by experience and practised judgment. Those who command the fleet and the divisions and the ships in war should, as far as practicable, be those who have been training them. There should not at any time be any more changes or shifting about than are absolutely unavoidable in the admirals, captains, officers, and crews, however perfect

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each may be. The commander-in-chief himself needs to be in constant practice; there is no royal road to learning. It is related that a certain flag-officer who had commanded a division was asked if he thought he could command a fleet, and that he said he could best reply in the words of the man who was asked if he could play the violin, and who replied that he thought he could, but was not sure as he had never tried. No. Skill in command of a fleet does not spring spontaneously from experience in command of a division; although command of a division *in fleet* is a proper element in the training. There are not a few who think that command of a ship *in fleet* is better training for chief command than command of a division not in fleet. That depends largely upon the personal equation. But even an officer who has had good and successful experience in command of a fleet at a time a few years past is not, by that fact, insured immediate success in command again; a few years' interval will bring lack of familiarity with ever-changing conditions, ever-progressive development of tools; the new aspect of possibilities and requirements must be grasped; he must regain touch—and the fleet must gain touch of him. After all, he and they who defeat the enemy should share the laurel leaf with him and those who trained the fleet and all its parts; and, equally, the stigma of defeat may possibly lie also at the door of him and those who did not properly train the fleet as well as of him whose ability or nerve may have apparently failed at the crucial moment.

The accepted goal now is for everything and everybody to work like a machine; but the goal can never be completely attained; entire success in making machines of men is never possible. Perhaps that is just as well. None can refuse admiration for Napoleon's gallant general, Moreau, whose highest conception of duty was "Battre en brèche et monter à l'assaut à la tête de ses grenadiers"; and while we know that magnificent courage like that must be supplemented now by other attributes, we still recognize that, however machine-like we may become, the human element must enter now as it ever has. The fleet commander is human. The division commanders and the captains are human. The very ships are human, for they are what their people make them. It is as if the successful commander had his finger upon the pulse of each of his ships, just as the helmsman of old could feel that his ship wanted to luff or fall off. And the ships—they also can and do note both the heart-beats and the calm purpose of their leader, and are affected by it. A confident enthusiasm carries farther than simple determination tinged with distrust.

Fortunate is he who understands and has confidence in his subordinate brothers and is understood by them, and possesses their confidence.

Fortunate is the country that possesses men of that kind.

Our country is fortunate, for we have men of that kind.

OF OLD

By Edith Ives Woodworth

Of old I knew thee by a sun-swept hill;
Rose-hearted then that evening lea;
To-night again I touch thy quiet hand,
And strange, O love, thou art to me.

Afar, how deep the rosy uplands gleam
On cloudy sheep the plains enfold.
Touch thou my lips, and make my soul a star,
For we have loved, oh love of old.

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UNA MARY:

MEMORIES OF THE MIND OF A CHILD

BY UNA A. HUNT

III

MAMMY

WHEN I was nine years old my family moved to Washington, and there I lived until I grew up, a change of environment that did a great deal for Una Mary in giving her a broader horizon.

As soon as we reached Washington a colored nurse was engaged for us, Mammy. We are still her "family," and she works for us intermittently as the mood seizes her, dividing her loyalty between my mother and a convent of Roman nuns. She was so black that when she first gave me a bath, I rubbed my wet hand on hers, sure the color would come off. She was the old-fashioned kind of nurse, a real Mammy, and to please her I changed the counting-out rhyme we had used in Cincinnati:

"Eeeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe.
If he hollers let him go,
Eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

Mammy said there were no niggers since the War, only "colored pussons," so I changed that line to:

"Catch a fellow by the toe."

She herself had been a slave, born on a plantation down South, and brought up in the "Before the War" atmosphere, with all its typical affection, superstition, and plantation songs and stories.

"Oh, dem golden shoes!
Oh, dem silver slippers!
We's all a-gwine to wear dem
Walkin' in de streets ob gold,"

is a verse I remember from one song. Instead of lacing boots of calf, how those gold and silver slippers did appeal to me!

She told me stories about animals, the very ones that have been collected as "Uncle Remus," and there were many others I have never seen published. She had always heard them as a child down on the plantation, and there were also stories of the Saints, as she was a Roman Catholic.

When we first arrived in the city we went to a boarding-house kept by a Southern lady, and at the table were several typical politicians, the first ones I had ever seen in the flesh, and less superhuman than I had been led to suppose from Pat's descriptions of them. Two of them were Congressmen, and when I inquired for their roosters, as I had seen none about, they replied with a laugh that they were Republicans at that table and did not need roosters to do their crowing for them.

I lost all interest in them after that, and was secretly relieved, for surely Democratic Congressmen would be more what Pat had painted them to be, probably glorified versions of the "Colonel," for at the house there was also the traditional Southern Colonel, a Democrat, and, as I now suspect, a professional lobbyist. But at that time he impressed me greatly with his thick white hair, bushy eyebrows, frock coat, soft hat, and flamboyant collar. His manners were so elegant that he always addressed my father as "Sir," even after I had assured him that we had no title in the family, and he called me "Miss Una." I felt really solemn over that and was glad Mamma had let my hair begin to grow. It had already reached the round-comb length.

I often used to see the Colonel afterward sitting on a bench in the park, smoking a cigar, the curling smoke seeming a fitting atmosphere for his genial, expansive leisure. He habitually wore a carnation in his buttonhole, and when we met he always took it out and gallantly pinned it to my coat, kissing my hand when he had done so, just as if I were really the Prin-

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cess Una Mary. His ivory-headed cane, disguised as a riding-horse, was always at the command of my two sisters. Mammy highly approved of him and we were allowed to talk to him as much as we liked, though most of the other people in the park whom I thought looked nice, we were kept severely away from by Mammy's sniff of, "Huh, dat's no quality. Dat's jest po' white trash." I was always abashed by these social mistakes, and finally decided it was like my inability to hear omens spoken by the Sacred Tree—I evidently also lacked the instinct to recognize "quality."

After several weeks of hunting, a house was decided upon and in we moved. I disliked the house for itself, and it gave me a most forlorn, homesick feeling to see the Cincinnati furniture arranged differently in rooms that it had never seen before. It must all feel so lost. Things that had been side by side for all those years were, some of them, separated by the length of a room, or banished to a different part of the house. All the social relationships were broken up. It was as drastic as the French Revolution. The only spot that remained impregnable was the dining-room. The furniture there could not be shifted about. It all belonged together. And for the first two or three weeks the dining-room was my one refuge, the only room where Una Mary felt at home. There I used to stay camped under the velvet cloth that covered the table between meals—it was my paladin's tent—and make up stories, inspired by the little chinks of firelight that showed through the mica front of the Latrobe below the black marble mantelpiece. That fire was in turn my setting sun, setting in a bank of dark clouds—the fire where I burnt my witches, and later the heart of the Inferno, with eager, glowing Imps, and once the Devil himself busy among the coals.

The one joy of the house was the back yard, and here, in a shady corner, we made a wild-flower garden, for Washington was then so small that we could easily walk, even wheeling the baby-carriage, into the real country where we could pick wild flowers and dig up plants for our garden—we each had our own, my sister and I. I planted yellow and white violets in mine as well as blue ones and lady's-slippers and bloodroot. They were the great glory of the back yard, those two wild gardens, with the high red-flowered trumpet-vine that draped the side of the house above it. There was a peach-tree, too, beside it, that blossomed beautifully, and a gourd vine grew over the shed—the pink shed, the color of peach-blossoms, on the roof of which one could bask in the sun and enjoy a commanding view of all the other back yards in the block, even those that fronted on the next street.

It was in one of these that I discovered my future uncle, the man who soon afterward married my aunt, and was always one of my greatest admirations. When I first saw him from the shed roof he was sawing a board in his yard, and on his head, instead of a hat, he wore a red Turkish fez. I had never seen one before, and liked it, so I gave a hail to the wearer, and when he invited me over I dropped down into his yard and helped him carpenter while he told me about Morocco where he had recently been on a trip around the world. He was a geologist, a born explorer, and I loved his stories of travel; so that visit was the beginning of many back-yard calls. One day I cut my finger and he brought me home by the front door to explain to my mother, so the family began to know him, and very soon he had married my aunt and belonged to us.

It took a great deal of courage to jump down into the back gulf of the alley from the shed roof. A Real Girl once spent the day with me, and to show off before her I gathered all my courage together, shut my eyes and jumped. Then I dared her to follow. She was afraid, but refused to get down any other way, so for two hours she sat weeping on the roof until I, in desperation, told her that I had really been afraid to do it myself, which so cheered her that she jumped off at once quite fearlessly.

We jumped a great deal when we were out walking in the country, and my uncle, who often went with us, told us never to be afraid to jump across a hole just because it was deep. Depth had nothing to do with the question, which was solely whether or not it was too far across. It made no difference whether it was one foot deep or twenty. This struck me as a profound maxim for the whole of life, and

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I applied it so logically to climbing that one night I appeared at a third-story window of my uncle's house, a few houses away from ours, having walked along the copper gutter that ran the length of the block. The whole family was horrified, but I pointed out that I knew I could walk on the gutter, so what did it matter how high up it was? But my uncle, whom I had badly frightened, suddenly coming like a ghost out of the night—he was tying a necktie in front of the mirror and saw me reflected in it as I balanced on the sill—did not at all agree with this application of his principle.

Between our house and the next on one side there was a space, but the two houses were connected by a sort of Bridge of Sighs made by two large wooden closets suspended in air. One opened off my room and the other belonged to the next house, with a nailed-up door between. Why they were ever built I do not know, but in that closet hanging over space with its window toward our yard was my special lair, and here I always played dolls.

I had no friends the first year we lived in Washington. I missed Harry dreadfully, and as my sisters were too young to play with, my mother still ill a great deal, and my father very busy, I was thrown back upon myself more than ever, and playing with dolls, when she was not reading or "pretending," became Una Mary's absorbing occupation.

I had two favorite dolls, Elizabeth and Isabella. Isabella was made of French bisque china, as it was called, jointed at the shoulders and hips, had golden curls, and eyes that shut. She was given to me by my uncle-to-be, and was a person one could dress very fashionably, she had such innate style. I made her the most ravishing clothes, the sort I should have liked to wear myself.

In my closet there was an old Chinese basket as tall as I, the "Canton Basket," brought back by some sea-captain ancestor, and in it were kept all the pieces of cloth that were too large to go into the ragbag, and any of these I was allowed to cut up for dolls' dresses. I had to stand on a chair in order to reach down into the basket, and there, perilously tottering on a very rickety chair, I used to dive blissfully down, dragging up fascinating, unexpected treasures, bits of velvet, silk, lace, or muslin, of many periods and patterns, for the family since the days of my grandmother had kept their "pieces" in the Canton Basket. It was so deep I never got to the bottom except once. Then I leaned over reaching the full length of my arm, tugging at an end of apple-green velvet sprigged with flowers, lost my balance, out the chair jumped from under me, and into the basket I plunged head first, and was fished out by the legs by Mammy. Later, when I made my own instead of my dolls' clothes, I went to the basket each time I wanted a new blouse or trimming for a hat, until one of my friends said, "That basket of yours must be as close packed as the box Pandora opened." I have never liked any clothes as well as those I made from scraps from the Canton Basket.

My other favorite doll, Elizabeth, was bought one Christmas with money a cousin had sent me from California, the cousin who gave me my Minerva silver. I selected her myself. She had a kid body, bisque head and hands—one finger was gone when I got her—and for hair there was pasted on her head some brownish lamb's wool. She was not beautiful. I knew that quite well. And she was broken. I saw that, too, and pitied her accordingly, and no amount of argument on the part of my mother and aunt, who were with me, could persuade me not to buy her. She appealed to something deep within me the instant I saw her lying there among the ringleted blond and brown-haired beauties. She was as unlike a Real Doll as I was unlike a Real Girl, so we simply belonged together, and I loved her better than I did all the others, even more than I did my Big Doll brought to me from Paris who was the size of a real child, and the climax of all that Paris could achieve. The Big Doll was my great pride, but Elizabeth was my love.

I made all the clothes for my dolls and used to sew on them on Sundays quite as much as on other days. No one ever told me not to until Mammy came. She was perfectly horrified and told me that every stitch I sewed on Sunday I should have to rip out with my teeth when I got to Purgatory.

She drew very vivid pictures of Purga-

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tory, a place I had never heard of before, and she also touched lightly on Hell, a place she scarcely dared to mention above her breath, but which to me, from the little she did say, held a dreadful sort of charm, with the same fascination I found in an old book one of my friends had discovered in her attic, "The Tortures of the Spanish Inquisition." We used to read it by the hour, hidden under the cloth of the dining-table, which was as dungeonlike a place as we could find. From Mammy I heard, too, for the first time of the Devil, the King of Purgatory and Hell. He came to me as quite a new and delightful personage. I am sure Mammy loved the creeps and shudders the thought of him gave her. I did, and would have felt his loss deeply if any one had been able to persuade her that he was not real—I felt certain My Imp must be one of his near relations. Her description of the Devil was most realistic and detailed. I met him in his full glory of horned hoofs and forked tail, breathing brimstone and fire, running over the earth, eager and ingenious to create mischief, for it was mischief, not actual malice, that seemed his pleasure. As Mammy described him, it was really the body of the Devil animated by the spirit of Puck. Of course he was likable and at the same time a person so clever that it was a real triumph to circumvent him, and I got the best of him on the subject of Sunday sewing.

I had tried to rip out stitches with my teeth, thinking I would learn how to do it before I reached Purgatory, but found it was quite impossible. Not one stitch could I start, so I gave up sewing on Sundays until Mamma got a new sewing-machine. It was a Wilcox and Gibbs chain-stitch, the kind of machine I still feel all really nice people use, for as my mother said, "You may like people very much, but they are never your real friends unless they have had that machine in the family." I have since found it invariably true, and with it has usually gone Canton china, another essential part of the background of the thoroughly well-brought-up. I watched Mamma use the machine and tried it myself and found I could run it quite easily. Then I took one of the seams I had sewed, and chewed at it until I had started the end, when with one whiz of crinkled thread I pulled the whole thing out with my teeth! After that I did all my Sunday sewing on the sewing-machine, feeling it would only be an added pleasure to rip it out in Purgatory, and with a deep satisfaction at having gotten the best of the Devil.

Mammy also presented to me the quite new idea of modesty. I had only heard of it before from the two old ladies in the country who still secured it for themselves by wearing hoops. But this modesty of Mammy's was different. So far as I could gather, it displeased the Saints and the Devil to see naked little girls, and they could see them straight through the walls of houses everywhere except in bath-rooms—they seemed to have no objection to baths—and neither could they see them through clothes. So I learned a system of dressing and undressing under the tent-like shelter of my petticoat, a garment so small it only covered my head, but I had the optimism of the ostrich and felt my modesty secured. No reason was given for this dislike of nakedness, but to me it seemed quite plausible, remembering my old idea that Death pulled the skeleton out through a piece of bare skin. It was certainly best to be on the safe side!

I used to read a great deal to myself. My favorite book now was Howard Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood." I lived that, winter and summer, and in the life of My Country, Una Mary, instead of being a Princess in Disguise, became Allen-a-Dale, and Edward was Little John, while the Forest of Enchantment needed only a change of name to be ready made as Sherwood Forest, and it was very consoling to call The Imp the Sheriff of Nottingham, whom everybody combined to torment.

I used to read perched on the arm of a big chair that stood in the bay-window of the parlor, screened from the rest of the room by some large potted plants. A rubber-tree, of course, was among them, an inevitable part of the Boston inheritance. But the gracious lady of them all —I named her Renée—was my pink oleander-tree, my very own, which I had raised myself from a small slip brought me by Aunt Louisa, an old colored woman who worked for us and "enjoyed misery." It was in a bottle, its roots just starting,

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when she gave it to me. I took all the care of it myself, and when I was ten, it was taller than I and had twice been a cascade of pink flowers. How Una Mary had loved it! I used to wash and stroke the glossy leaves and carry single flowers, when it was in bloom, to decorate My Altar to the Virgin. The second time it blossomed was most opportune, for Mamma was going to have a party and the President's wife was coming, the beautiful young White House bride—almost a real Princess she seemed to me. I spent the whole afternoon washing each leaf of the oleander in her honor, for surely I felt that would be the first thing her eyes would light upon.

The whole house was full of the excitement of preparation. It was the first grown-up party we had given. The kitchen was sticky with cake-frosting and raisins. All the morning Mammy and I had stoned them, assisted by the baby, who got in everybody's way, but was called "Pudden en Plush" through it all, showing the state of amiability that prevailed, for that was Mammy's term of highest approbation.

Then after an early supper had come the excitement of dressing Mamma. Her wavy hair was done in puffs on top of her head, and she wore the heirloom brocade, the family splendor that had first been worn at a ball given by the Empress Josephine, and had been made over for each generation since. My grandmother had that winter sent it on to Mamma, with the other great family dress, the pink piña that was brought back by Perry's expedition to Japan. They are both still being worn, these dresses, almost as immortal as old lace. I wish we had pictures of them in their various incarnations. It would be a history of fashions for a hundred years. They are charming dresses to wear. They are so full of the ghosts of great and gay occasions, one seems to slip on the happiness that steeps their shining folds.

For the party Mamma had the brocade, which was itself a warm old ivory, made up with some green velvet and the lace fichu that had belonged to a famous belle of my great-grandmother's day who had had, so tradition said, forty proposals. I have the lace now, and I wish it might whisper to me some of the secrets it must know. It is such beautiful lace she would have worn it on many of the occasions when she proved invincible!

I thought Mamma looked simply regal when she was dressed and for the first time was absolutely satisfied with her personal appearance. Even Una Mary was satisfied, and The Imp was abashed into silence. At last her clothes did her credit, and for her at least the family curse seemed lifted and about to stay lifted, for there was an awe-inspiring dressmaker in Washington who gave me fashion-plates to cut out for paper dolls that were the supreme of elegance, and mamma could be dressed in copies of any of them.

I had to go to bed before the party began, so I tucked Elizabeth behind a portière with just one eye peeping out, that she, at least, might see it all. But Mammy, who helped pass the ice-cream, stumbled over her and kicked her under the sofa, so she never saw another thing, and from the upper landing where, wrapped in a blanket, I was listening, I heard Mammy say, "Dis house am certain hanted wid dolls. I done swept dis room myself!"

To the colored servants we owed a great many thrills. Mamma was ill most of the time, and my father was busy writing during his spare moments, so in order not to disturb either of them we had to be very quiet when we were in the house, except in our playroom which was off in a wing directly above the kitchen, and as Mammy was eminently sociable, we were quite as apt to stay in the kitchen itself. The best time there was just after dinner while the dishes were being washed. Then Mammy would sit beside the stove "pattin' juba" and singing a sort of wailing dance while I double-shuffled, flapping my feet in time to her song, as loose-jointed as any pickaninny, and Aunt Louisa and the cook jerked their shoulders and swayed their whole bodies to the rhythm as they kept on washing dishes. Their work over, Aunt Louisa would take out her pipe and begin to smoke while Mammy cracked chincapins or butternuts that had been sent to some of them from the country, and the real business of the evening began for me. Stories! Often I read fairy tales aloud to them, or, better still, they took turns telling stories of hants and Night Doctors.

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Of course I always wore a proper graveyard rabbit's foot around my neck. Mammy had provided me with that when she had only been with us for a week. I also wore, strung on the same string with it, a horse-chestnut to keep off rheumatism. The ideas of servants seemed more like Una Mary's world than any other grown-ups' point of view I knew, for no one else seemed to believe in talismans and spirits. Mammy had ghosts while I had Goddesses and Fairies, which simply meant that we moved in different social circles of the invisible world as we did in this, but it was all quite understandable. Even now I cannot bear to walk under a ladder.

Aunt Louisa had one ghost who particularly shadowed my imagination. He caught hold of your heels if you went upstairs in the dark. I have felt him reaching for me again and again, and have only just jerked my foot away in time, saying, as Mammy did when she "felt" a ghost,

"Debbil, Debbil, hole him back,
I's a Christian ef I's black,"

a charm that so far has always worked, for neither Mammy nor I ever actually saw a ghost, though often we had the "ghost feel" to our skins. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, cold shivers would run all over me and my hands would get damp and clammy, and Mammy said I had walked through a ghost. She often did in the dark, and she was sure a murder must once have been committed at the head of the back stairs, for she always felt that way when she passed there at dusk. She would have died rather than go down the back stairs in the dark, and the cook had heard moans coming from that direction. Aunt Louisa was a person who saw ghosts and it was only, we felt, because she slept at her own house that the back-stairs ghost was never seen. But always in the dark The Imp would remind me that It was there.

Night Doctors were even worse than ghosts. They stole the bodies from cemeteries and cut them up at the medical schools. They were responsible, really, for most of the ghosts in Washington, for a body that was cut up and destroyed left no resting-place for the soul when it came down from Purgatory, as most souls had to now and then to finish up their neglected Earth affairs. So it simply had to wander about a homeless "hant." Even better than dissecting dead bodies, the Night Doctors liked to kidnap living people and cut them up while still alive.

Aunt Louisa would never go into a department store because she said behind the counters there were trap-doors arranged by the Night Doctors, that flew open if you stepped on them, especially if you were a "Colored Pusson," and let you down into one of a series of underground passages that honeycombed the whole city, all leading to Ford's Theatre where Lincoln had been shot, and now the place where the bodies were cut up. Aunt Louisa knew one man who had escaped from there, but only after they had cut off one of his ears.

They also liked to get live people to pull out their teeth to make them up into sets of false teeth, for if they made up the teeth of dead people into sets, the mouths of the people who wore them would always be "hanted." Mammy said, "I ain't gwine run the resk of false teef ef I's 'bliged to gum my corn pone," and I was thankful indeed that all of my family had their own teeth. I carefully buried all of the first teeth I was shedding at this time to prevent their falling into the hands of the Night Doctors. I felt it might somehow react on me if they got hold of them.

We always went to as many funerals as we could. Mammy got me to look up the death notices each day in the paper, so whenever there was a really big funeral or any sort of Masonic or military one—Mammy would have walked her feet to the bone to follow a band—we might have been seen, without Mamma's knowledge, of course, standing in front of the crowd opposite the house, my sister, Mammy, and I, holding tightly to the baby's carriage, watching each detail from the arrival of the undertaker to the departure of the hearse, and almost always at the end of the long procession of hacks there would be a buggy in which sat two men. These, Mammy said, were the Night Doctors, who always came to funerals in order to follow and see where the grave was dug. Then in the night they could come and dig up the body. Sometimes, when the cemetery

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was not too far, we followed, too, and saw the group of people, the two men a little on the outskirts, standing about the grave while the casket was lowered into the ground. Tears of sympathy rolled down Mammy's cheeks as she watched, and if by any chance the body was put in a vault instead of a grave we rejoiced greatly, for then it would be safe from the Night Doctors.

Curiously enough, I got very little association with Death, and none of the horror the thought of Death had given me as a small child, from these funerals. They were simply a pageant, the service of a strange cult. They were the beginning of art for my youngest sister, for as soon as she could hold a pencil she began to draw cemeteries, and when she was three she made complete graveyards with stones cut out of paper so they stood up on the lid of a box, with holes behind them in which she could bury dead flies.

Death to me was quite different, seeming very vivid and terrible. A pet white rabbit had died. In the morning he was perfectly well, scampering about the yard when I let him out and eating from my hand. A few hours later I had come home from school and found him lying stiff and cold in the corner of his box, a leaf of untouched lettuce beside him. The full pathos of Death clutched my heart at the sight of the lettuce leaf, the poor little rabbit aloof and indifferent beside it, little rabbit as strange and remote from his real self as I should be if Una Mary ran away and left me only Una. I wondered if that was what had happened to him. Had his Una Mary gone and left him so broken-hearted that he had died?

We never missed any sort of public spectacle, Mammy, the baby-carriage, my sister, and I. Mammy had an instinct for them that almost amounted to second sight; so even when they were things we could not possibly know about beforehand, like fires, there we always were, arriving usually with the fire-engines. We also saw a number of negro fights in back alleys, Mammy first shouting to some one, "Is dey razors or pistils?" If it was pistols we stayed away, but razors we never missed. Fortunately we three children were too small to see much through the packed ring of spectators, but Mammy stood on the hubs of two wheels of the baby-carriage and got a specially fine view, and I was thrilled by the contagion of the excitement of the crowd and the wild rush at the end to "get away before the Cops come."

Strange were the places to which that baby-carriage penetrated with Mildred and me on either side of it, and thanks to Mammy our horizon was certainly broadened in many ways unplanned by our parents, and from her we all caught a great gusto for events.

It was on one of these walks that we went to Rock Creek to see a great Baptist Revival. The preacher stood on the bank dressed in a silk hat, black trousers, and shirt-sleeves, though it was November, and kept calling to the people behind him, "Come erlong breddren and sisteren, jest one drap under and yo gwine find yo Saviour here in de bottom ob de Creek." And then we saw them dipped, all dressed in very premeditated-looking white-ruffled muslins, and I decided never to become a Baptist when I saw the sopping, gasping creatures come out again. But Mammy admired it greatly and said she hadn't anything against being a Catholic, only she had once been "baptized by the Baptists fo' to be on de safe side and not go down to Hell becase I'd only jes hed my kinks sopped." This made me a little nervous, as I knew I had never been baptized in any way, but Papa, when I asked him about it, said it was not at all necessary. So I told Mammy white people didn't have to have it done—they went to Heaven, anyhow—only colored people had to be baptized, and if they were very black, I guessed it was best to be on the safe side and to be put in all over.

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DARIUS AND ALEXANDER

By Abbie Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

"DON'T be long!" she whispered. Then she blushed and laying a white hand for an instant on the young man's arm, she gave him a little push toward the library door.

He looked down at her from his magnificent height. "I won't," he said reassuringly, and subduing a slightly panicky feeling in the region of his diaphragm, he turned the silver door-knob and went in.

The young girl left outside was a very beautiful creature, coiffed and dressed in the latest mode. She looked like a charming portrait by Winterhalter. Her chestnut curls were arranged *en coulisse* as the fashion journals of the day prescribed, on each side of her laughing blue eyes, and her *bouillonnée* skirt, built of tier upon tier of mignonette-green flounces, like a silken La Scala, swayed and billowed in a delightful manner when she walked.

But she was not walking now—she had sunk down on her knees and was leaning against the door with her pink ear pressed shamelessly to the keyhole. Her piquant face expressed the liveliest happiness, which changed, as she listened, to incredulity and then to consternation. . . .

In those days it was fashionable for mothers to have their male offspring christened by names that resounded in war, religion, or art, such as Darius, Hannibal, Joshua, or Homer. Females were named more simply, as befitted their inferior position in the scheme of humanity—Drusilla, Jane, Maria, Dorcas. Thus it happened that the calm, white-haired, eminently unwarlike gentleman, sitting in his library and looking with such unnerving detachment at the young gentleman who had intruded upon his privacy, was named Darius—Mr. Darius Gwathmey. The younger man bore the victorious, unchristian name of Alexander—Alexander Imrie of New York. Among his intimates, however, the young man's baptismal name had been softened to "Lex"—a fortunate thing, as it suited his elegant personality considerably better than the imposing "Alexander."

He looked, indeed, anything but the victorious hero, as he waited anxiously upon Mr. Darius Gwathmey's deliberate speech. One would have said that the historic situation had been rudely reversed and that Darius was enjoying the rôle of conqueror. Very few young gentlemen, however, can manage to look masterful in the act of asking a coldly critical and eminently unsentimental parent for the hand of an only and motherless daughter. The situation was rendered more intolerable for young Mr. Imrie by the fact that the young lady—her delightful name was Drusilla—was an heiress. Not an heiress according to the New York standards of even those days, as the young gentleman inwardly assured himself with some warmth, but an heiress according to Western standards—according to Mr. Darius Gwathmey's standards.

In those days, when every one knew most of the really important things about you—whom you had married, how much money and how many children you had, and where you went to church—Mr. Darius Gwathmey was a well-known figure in both the commercial and social life of Louisville. He had married into one of the best pioneer families of the State, and by his own business shrewdness had developed and become the head of the infant tobacco trade of Kentucky. His big warehouses stood at the corner of Main and Preston Streets, from which angle of vantage he could waylay the farmers coming into town and buy up their tobacco crops at his own price. This and other business manœuvres had been so successful that by the time he was fifty-odd he was almost vulgarly rich, for

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the community in which he lived, and owned not only a handsome town house in the fashionable new Walnut Street, but a country residence out on the Bardstown road.

That young Mr. Imrie had brilliant prospects, being the elder of the two children of Mr. Peletiah Imrie, one of the safest and biggest private bankers of New York City, singularly enough, appeared to be rather a disadvantage in the eyes of Mr. Gwathmey. He glanced at the resplendent young man's clothes, at his foppish waistcoat of cream-colored cashmere with cascade necktie, cutaway coat of dark blue, and long, tight trousers strapped under thin shoes, with cold disfavor.

"Your future prospects of wealth are no more to me than your present social position," he remarked icily. "There are such things as a banker failing and a young man being disinherited. One or both of these calamities may befall you. As for the exalted social position in New York, to which you delicately refer as awaiting my daughter, contingent on her marriage with yourself, I can only say, sir, that she has her own social position in this community, and that it is second to none. However, I am aware," he held up a protesting hand as the young gentleman leaned forward eagerly to speak, "I am aware that to the sophisticated dweller in New York or Philadelphia or Baltimore such a western settlement as Louisville must seem the veriest outpost of civilization," and he smiled sarcastically.

"Then the New Yorker or Philadelphian or Baltimorean is laboring under a very erroneous impression, sir!" cried the young man, forgetting his nervousness for an instant and speaking with an ingratiating sincerity. "The town that holds your daughter must necessarilyseem the most delightful spot on earth to me, sir! But, putting that consideration aside, during the few weeks I have visited among you, I have met many men and women of the highest culture. Why, sir, we have no further to go than your next-door neighbor, Mr. George Keats, brother to the young poetic genius all England still mourns!"

"Possibly," returned Mr. Darius Gwathmey dryly. "I do not read modern poetry myself. What time I have for literature I give to the classics. But, sir, all this talk of wealth and society and geniuses is beside the mark. I am a plain man of business myself. I was a poor boy and by my own exertions I have accumulated what modest fortune I have" (it was in this deprecating fashion that Mr. Darius Gwathmey spoke in public of what he thought so highly of in private). "I've made *my* fortune, young man, and I won't have a son-in-law who can't make his. No hanger-on to paternal wealth will be welcome in my family, Mr. Imrie. Besides, I don't know anything about you, sir," he added with a brutal directness that struck the sensitive young gentleman as sickening.

There was a rustle of silk at the door. Alexander Imrie paled and then flushed; his dark eyes sparkled with annoyance. It was in the most questionable taste that this old gentleman should allow himself such liberties in speaking to an Imrie, even if he were Drue's father! The young man was fully aware of the importance of his father's position and his family connections. Mr. Darius Gwathmey wasn't. His insensibility was maddening. In those days, before the era of telegraph, cable, and five-day boats, New York and Louisville were farther apart than New York and Van Dieman's Land or the Cape of Good Hope or Terra del Fuego, or any other geographical extremity you can think of, are now. Unconcerned apparently by his ignorance and the enormity of his conduct, Mr. Darius Gwathmey continued to eye the disturbed young man coldly.

"I have no business record, as *yet*, to refer you to, sir," said Alexander loftily, swallowing his anger. "I have spent the year since my graduation from the College of Princeton in travel, *by my father's wish*"—he laid emphasis on the cause of his commercial delinquencies—"but as to my personal character and conduct, sir, I think your most strict investigation would reveal nothing of which I should be ashamed. I can refer you to your eminent lawyer, Mr. Nathaniel Fox, whose brother, Mr. Udolpho Fox, lives in New York and has been for years a neighbor and close friend of my father's. I fancy, sir, he will be willing to vouch for my

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respectability." The young gentleman spoke with a withering assurance. Mr. Darius Gwathmey seemed to be entirely unmoved.

"I need not point out to you that such testimony is practically worthless. Young blades do not confide their escapades to their father's old friends," he remarked briefly and with incredible callousness. "What I want is proof of your capacities and disposition. I want to be sure that if your father goes to smash in six months my daughter would have something more substantial to live on than her husband's reminiscences of a year's travel."

He pushed back his chair and drew out a big gold watch. The color sprang to Alexander's face again. Mr. Darius Gwathmey was intolerable, he told himself disgustedly. He marvelled that so perfect a creature as Drusilla could be related in the remotest degree to this monster of selfish egoism. It couldn't be possible that he—he, the son of Peletiah Imrie, banker and financier of New York, was being dismissed, his addresses rejected! The mere idea was unthinkable! He sprang to his feet.

"Mr. Gwathmey," he said, and he tried for Drue's sake to speak respectfully, "you shall have proofs of both my disposition and capacities. Perhaps the best proof of the former is the assurance, which I now give you, that, in spite of your objections to myself, I have not the slightest intention of giving up Drusilla. We are engaged and we are going to be married. As for my capacities—I shall endeavor to prove to you, sir, that I am not the *fainéant* you take me for!"

"I do not speak French, Mr. Imrie, and therefore I am unaware of the exact meaning of the term you employ in relation to yourself. But any proof that you can, by your own efforts, acquire a sufficient sum of money yearly to support a wife and possible family would be welcome. In the meantime, contrary to your assertions, I shall consider whatever engagement you may have fancied has existed between you and my daughter as at an end." He pushed back his chair definitively and rose.

Alexander, who had been at white heat, now grew positively cold with passion.

"I refuse to accept dismissal except by Drue," he declared with a calmness as icy as Mr. Gwathmey's, "and I know she'll never give me up. I shall cancel my passage to New Orleans, which I had engaged for to-morrow on the *Melpomene*, and go straight back to New York. I've had enough of travelling," he said bitterly. "You shall hear from me soon, Mr. Gwathmey!" He threw his fine head up haughtily and stared with glowing eyes at the older man. For the first time it seemed that young Imrie's warlike baptismal name had not been so illy bestowed. He looked the conqueror, every inch, and he outstared Mr. Darius Gwathmey, who moved slowly over to the front window.

"I hear Drusilla at the door," remarked that gentleman coldly, evidencing an acute sense of hearing almost indecent in a man of his age. "I had not meant that she should see you again, but I dislike a scene—a few words will not hurt, perhaps—" He threw out his hand with a gesture of magnanimous resignation.

Mr. Imrie advanced to the door and bowed low—for Drusilla's sake. Mr. Darius Gwathmey struggled with his instincts of hospitality.

"You will reach New York in time for Christmas, I trust. Best wishes for a happy one." He spoke grudgingly.

"Thank you," returned Alexander, and with quite a victorious smile he opened the door quickly and bowed himself out.

Mr. Gwathmey was not at all depressed by Alexander's brave bearing. As he gazed out of the window he felt reasonably sure of having dashed that young gentleman's hopes in spite of his asseverations, and as for Drusilla—it was before the emancipating era of women's colleges and the talk of equal suffrage and one moral standard, and he knew what a firm parent could expect of an obedient daughter. Had he been with Drusilla and Alexander in the front hall, he might perhaps have felt some disquietude.

She had had to move back quickly when Alexander opened the door so suddenly and she had sensibly made not the slightest effort to conceal the obvious fact that she had been listening. The young man possessed himself of both her hands.

"You heard and you won't give me up?" he demanded.

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"I heard and I won't give you up," she said, smiling dizzily. Alexander kissed her hands, one after the other. In those days young men were respectful.

"It was simply wonderful, the way you stood up to father!" she said adoringly.

"I thought of you and that gave me courage, darling," he returned modestly.

"But, Lex, you're not going away? I—I can't let you go!" She looked at the young man in piteous appeal.

"I've got to, Drue—I've got to make our fortunes quick, my darling."

"But how?"

His victorious air dropped from him. "Dear girl, how do I know?" he demanded ingenuously, and, in spite of the desperate pass to which they were come, such is the power of youth and good spirits that neither could repress a smile.

"You won't be long?"

"Not any longer than I can help, dearest Drue. I don't know just how long it takes to make a fortune," and the young man smiled ruefully again. In an instant he was serious. "After all, your father is right, you know, Drue, even if he was rather a brute about it. I ought to be sure of being able to support you before I marry you."

"What are you going to do about it, Lex?" demanded the young lady, who combined in her stimulating personality something of her father's hard business sense with a good deal of her mother's coquettish charm.

"What am I going to do? I'm going down instantly to Water Street to cancel my passage for New Orleans, and then stop at the Daniel Boone Coffee House to get a seat on the coach for Maysville, leaving to-morrow morning. In two days I shall be in Maysville, and in six more in Washington. I shall get a good horse at Mr. Quinn's livery and ride to Baltimore, where I hope to find one of Van Zan Leavett's father's boats in dock bound for Perth Amboy. If I do I ought to be in New York in ten or eleven days from now."

"And it will be Christmas and there will be nothing to do. You might as well stay here until after the holidays," argued the practical young lady.

Alexander looked at her and then he resolutely put the temptation behind him.

"Who knows? I may find something at once, and at least I shall feel that I'm not losing time. Besides, your father won't let me see you—he's in there now, impatient for me to be gone! Well—I'm going and I'm not coming back, even for your dear sake, Drue, until I can prove to him I'm not the good-for-nothing rich fool he thinks me!" For an instant he struck the heroic note again.

"I know you'll succeed—and soon," she said bravely, and she put up her fresh lips for his good-by kiss. Then she threw a fur pelisse about her shoulders and went with him to the front door.

It was one of those wonderfully mild, springlike days that surprised winter in Kentucky at frequent intervals in the early forties, just as they do to-day, and she stood on the stone steps in her thin silk dress until Mr. Alexander Imrie's elegant dark-blue coat and white beaver had disappeared around the corner into Fourth Street. She knew her father was glaring angrily at her from the library window and making signs that she was catching cold. But revolt burned in her breast, and after Lex had vanished she still stood defiantly looking up and down the street.

Everything seemed suddenly changed. Walnut Street, lately become the elegant, southernmost residence section of the city, appeared all at once to have lost its charm. Even Mr. George Keats's new house next door, and Mr. Prather's opposite, and Mr. Guthrie's and Mr. Ward's farther down, no longer seemed the luxurious mansions she had thought them. The gardens in front of her own home, designed with such art by Mr. Honoré's French gardener, were, for the first time, displeasing to her. She turned, closed the door, and ran up to her boudoir, where she had a good cry. Then she dried her eyes, began a long letter to Alexander, and felt better.

He arrived in Baltimore on the afternoon of the ninth day after leaving Louisville, and, putting up his nag at the Franklin House (with instructions to send the animal back the following day), he proceeded, without loss of time, to the old Pascault wharf, where to his entire satisfaction he found Mr. Leavett's packet, the *Arrow*, Captain Andrews, ready to weigh anchor for Amboy, and Van Zan

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"I shall endeavor to prove to you, sir, that I am not the *fainéant* you take me for!"—Page 513.

himself, by great good fortune, in the captain's room.

The young man sprang to his feet at sight of Alexander.

"Zounds! Thought you were in New Orleans, Lex," he cried, and grasped Imrie's hand delightedly.

Young Leavett was as handsome, elegant, and well dressed as Alexander. They made a fine-looking pair as they stood there shaking hands.

"I've got things to tell you, Van," said Alexander, and he glanced significantly at what was to be seen of the captain's back, as that gentleman hung out of the cabin window shouting directions to his first mate below.

"Come with me," said Van Zan, and he led Alexander to the owner's cabin.

They talked it all over, and Van Zan was as interested in Drusilla and as sympathetic, and as indignant over Mr.

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Gwathmey's unnatural conduct, as even Imrie could ask, only he couldn't see a way out of the difficulty any better than Alexander.

"It won't do me a bit of good to ask my father for a hundred thousand dollars, even if he gave it to me," said Alexander gloomily. "Old Gwathmey wants me to *earn* it, by Jupiter! Think of the injustice, Van, of asking a young fellow like you or me to *earn* a fortune! Drue's hair would be white—you ought to see it now, Van, the richest brown!—before I could earn enough for us to live on. . . . I might go into the bank—but of course my father would want me to begin at the bottom."

Young Leavett shook his head. "No good that way, Lex," he said. "It would take a hundred years to get anywhere. You'll never impress the old gentleman by a clerkship in your father's bank. It's got to be something sudden and—and brilliant."

"But *what?*" demanded Alexander.

Van Zan shook his head again.

"Don't know. Wait and talk it over with my father." He grinned ruefully. "He's always telling me how I could make *my* fortune—if only I had his energy and brains!"

Alexander did wait, for the very good reason that, try as he would, he couldn't for the life of him evolve a scheme out of his own head for getting rich immediately. Even a year seemed an interminable time to his impatience. He had visions of Drusilla dying, of Mr. Gwathmey forcing her to marry some one else, of her love for himself turning to contempt at his inability to prove to her father that he was the stuff of which great financiers are made.

For a day and a night he tortured himself, and then, late in the afternoon, they sighted New York. In view of the fact that it was Christmas Eve and that his two passengers were eager to get to their homes, Captain Andrews decided to sail on past his berth at Amboy and land the two young gentlemen at the Neptune Wharf, where Mr. Leavett's Atlantic packets lay when in port.

It was snowing hard, but Lex and Van Zan, muffled up in heavy coats and capes, stood on the deck, impatient to land as soon as possible. The fast-falling snow made it difficult to discern surrounding objects, but as the *Arrow*, driven before a cold wind, sailed swiftly up the bay, young Leavett made out the familiar outlines of one of his father's packets just dropping anchor.

"By thunder! there's the *Ariadne* from Liverpool!" he cried. "She's just hove to! Come on, Lex, we'll go over and hear what news Captain Amity's brought in!" and almost before the *Ariadne's* anchors had hit the water the two young men were off to the other ship.

Lex followed Van Zan as he ran up to the captain's cabin. But that gentleman had scant leisure for them.

"I've got important news for Mr. Leavett and I must go up to the house at once to see him," he said, buttoning up his greatcoat.

"Very well," returned Van Zan; "then we'll all go together."

The three plunged into the storm and were soon at Saint John's Park, where stood Mr. Leavett's new mansion, brightly lighted, for night had completely fallen by now. They mounted the snowy steps, and a vigorous ring at the bell quickly brought the servant, who admitted the chilled gentlemen to the warmth of the library.

Mr. Leavett was up-stairs, whiling away half an hour in his wife's boudoir, but when he heard that Captain Amity was waiting for him he came down instantly. In those days there was no foolish ceremony between the owner of a big line of packets and his captains. Mr. Cyrenius Leavett had been a supercargo himself, had worked his way up (helped mightily by his marriage with Miss Caroline Van Zan, the heiress, daughter of old Nicholas Van Zan), had become head of the enormously rich firm of Leavett & Minthorne, and founded a line of packets that traded in a dozen different ports, foreign and domestic. He was one of the men who had helped to put the expression "merchant prince" on every one's lips in the early forties. The *Ariadne* was one of his largest vessels. She traded between New York and Liverpool, carrying to that port cargoes of Kentucky tobacco, rice, New Orleans sugar, molasses, ravens-duck, and large quantities of oil and candles of the New Bedford brands. The man who

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Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

"It was simply wonderful, the way you stood up to father!"—Page 514.

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was responsible for such valuable consignments was an important person to Mr. Cyrenius Leavett and was treated accordingly.

"I'd prefer to tell you my news first, Mr. Leavett," said the captain bluntly, "and then if you think best for the young gentlemen to know—why, that's your affair, sir, and none of mine."

"Very proper, captain," replied Mr. Leavett, and at a look from him the two young men withdrew to a small room back of the library where they were out of earshot.

In five minutes Mr. Leavett was at the door, beckoning to them.

"The *Ariadne* has made the quickest trip on record and Captain Amity's brought good news. Come in, boys," he said, looking mightily disturbed in spite of his words. He closed the door and the four gentlemen stood about the centre-table under the French chandelier the *Havre* had brought over on her last voyage.

"Tobacco's gone up four cents on the pound in Liverpool—if I had five thousand hogsheads of Kentucky tobacco in our warehouses in South Street instead of fifty, I'd make a fortune!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Confound it, Amity! to be caught short on tobacco at such a moment!" and he fairly groaned.

Alexander looked at Mr. Leavett. He was thinking. His first thought was: "If I had only known this ten days ago, when I was in Louisville, I could have bought up all the tobacco Mr. Leavett wants." His second thought—and it was so startling that it turned him dizzy and caused his heart to pound against his ribs—was: "If I can beat the news back to Kentucky, I can do it yet and make my fortune!"

He leaned across the table and spoke rapidly to Mr. Leavett. His excitement was so great that he really leaned for support, but fortunately it looked as though he merely meant to be emphatic.

"I've just come back from Louisville in ten days, Mr. Leavett. I can get back quicker, if necessary. If I can beat the Southern Mail and had the money, I could buy you all the tobacco in the place at the present rate!"

Mr. Cyrenius Leavett flung him an astounded look. He turned to Captain Amity.

"By Jupiter Ammon, captain, the boy's got a great idea! This is Christmas Eve—the news is certain not to be made public until the day after Christmas—we've got a day's start of the Mail and we may be able to do it! Van, ring the bell for a servant. Tell him to go on the run up to Broome Street and fetch Mr. Minthorne. We must prepare letters of credit!"

"And Lex will make his fortune!" shouted Van Zan, springing to his feet and pounding Alexander on the shoulder. "And at old Gwathmey's expense, too, of all ways! Drain his life-blood! Buy every hogshead in his warehouse and show him who knows how to make money on tobacco!"

"What does he mean?" demanded Mr. Leavett testily, impatient at the noise and mystery. Alexander explained the matter in a few words.

"'Twill serve the old fellow right!" chuckled Mr. Leavett delightedly when he had heard him out. He had married an heiress himself, and appreciated Alexander's situation. "You shall have the profits on two hundred hogsheads, my boy, and that ought to start you on a very pretty fortune. And now to business!" he said as Mr. Minthorne entered, out of breath and in ill temper at the suddenness of his summons—ill temper that was quickly mollified, however, when Mr. Leavett developed to him Alexander's plan for making a vast sum of money.

He fell jubilantly to work with Mr. Leavett and by eleven o'clock letters of credit for three hundred and sixty thousand dollars (a big sum of money for those days) had been made out in favor of Raphael & Son and J. S. Menoweth & Company, commission and forwarding merchants of Louisville, and bearing instructions to buy tobacco as long as there was a hogshead, in first hands, in the city.

Alexander and Van Zan helped with the copying. Amity had been despatched back to the wharf, early in the evening, with instructions to the *Arrow's* captain to hold himself in readiness to take Mr. Imrie to Amboy at daylight—the first of the series of costly manœuvres to reach Louisville ahead of the Southern Mail.

"Damn the expense, boy," said Mr. Minthorne pleasantly, "and spare neither

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Almost before the *Ariadne's* anchors had hit the water, the two young men were off to the other ship.—Page 516.

yourself nor your horse-flesh. We've got to beat the Mail—and that makes me think," he added in a sudden panic, "who's got the money for the journey?"

No one had thought of it and no one had nearly enough. It was eleven o'clock Christmas Eve and snowing hard. Of course all the banks and all the brokers too were closed up.

"How about Imrie?" queried Mr. Minthorne. "He usually keeps a good deal of money by him, as I happen to know."

"Give me the check," said Lex. "I've got to go to the house to see my father and get fresh clothes. If he hasn't it, he will go up to the City Hotel with me and get the money of Willard," and folding the check in his wallet with the letters of credit, he plunged once more into the storm.

Mr. Imrie was glad to see Alexander,

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even after that young man had taken away eight hundred dollars of his ready cash, and still more delighted when he learned the nature and cause of his sudden journey, and most delighted of all when he discovered that his boy was in love. In the early forties men rejoiced when their sons fell in love and stormed when their daughters did, just as they do to-day.

"If she's half as handsome as you say, Lex, I'll have your mother's emeralds reset for her and I'll fasten them about her neck myself!" he declared.

He was so pleased with the whole thing that he got himself out of bed at five o'clock the next morning, Christmas though it was, dressed, and walked down Broadway to the wharf with Alexander. It was still dark and snowing hard, but as they drew near Vesey Street they heard the Christmas chimes ringing and met a good many of their friends walking—people didn't take their horses out on Christmas Day then—to the early service at Saint Paul's.

They turned briskly down Partition Street and in a few minutes were at the Neptune Wharf, where they found Captain Amity awaiting Alexander's arrival to put off for Amboy.

Eight days later, at daybreak, Alexander Imrie walked into the old Louisville Hotel. By hard riding from New Brunswick down to Washington, bribing stage-coach drivers on the National Road to Wheeling and paying Ohio River boat captains from fifty to one hundred dollars *not* to tie up and take on freight, he had beaten the Southern Mail by a day and a night. It was due to arrive the next morning, but two hours after Alexander had bathed and shaved he had presented his letters of credit and orders to purchase tobacco to Mr. Raphael and J. S. Menoweth & Co. in their offices on Main Street opposite the Bank of Kentucky.

"I have reasons for wishing to be unknown in the transaction until after it is put through, Mr. Raphael," said Alexander at the conclusion of the interview. "Have your buyers attend to the matter quickly, quietly, and put it to your account and Menoweth's. I make only one stipulation—they are first to get hold of Mr. Darius Gwathmey's tobacco. I want every hogshead in his warehouses! Clean him out, Mr. Raphael! After that they can go for the others!"

By night Raphael's and Menoweth's agents had bought up four thousand and odd hogsheads of tobacco, an unprecedented sale for those days; Mr. Gwathmey's warehouses were empty, and Alexander had made the beginning of a fortune. He sat in Mr. Raphael's little back office and received the agents' reports as they came in. So quickly had they done the buying that not one of the half-dozen tobacco merchants in the city had suspected the coup or put up his price. It had been a big transaction and the profits would be enormous. After all, it had been wonderfully, magnificently easy, thought Alexander jubilantly as he pored over his calculations of the approximate gains. The figures were so large they made him a little dizzy and in spite of his best efforts they all added up to—Drusilla.

At nine o'clock that evening Alexander rang Mr. Gwathmey's door-bell and on inquiry learned that the master of the house was in.

"And just ask Miss Drusilla if I may have the honor of seeing her in the library in half an hour?" he added to old Cæsar, the darky butler, who had opened the door and who, scenting romance, was grinning broadly. He deposited his beaver and greatcoat in the hall and entered the library.

Mr. Darius Gwathmey seemed more surprised than pleased to see Alexander.

"I thought you were in New York, Mr. Imrie!" he said, and he rose in astonishment.

Alexander smiled tolerantly.

"It is the first time, during our brief acquaintance, that I have ever known you to be mistaken, Mr. Gwathmey. However, I *have* been in New York since I last saw you, but I am back—at your request, sir."

Mr. Gwathmey stared from under his heavy brows.

"I fail to understand you, Mr. Imrie," he said coldly and, pushing forward a chair for Alexander, he reseated himself beside the table where he had been putting down figures on a sheet of paper.

"It is not possible, sir," said the young

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gentleman regretfully, "that you can have forgotten so soon the very natural and laudable desire you expressed to see any proof I was able to offer you of my ability to make a living for Drue and myself. To-day, Mr. Gwathmey, I have earned a sir," continued Alexander with ingratiating honesty, "as the Southern Mail will be in to-morrow morning with the intelligence brought over by Mr. Leavett's boat, the *Ariadne*, and it is now too late for you to profit by it. I, however, was fortunate

He leaned across the table and spoke rapidly to Mr. Leavett.—Page 518.

trifle over eleven thousand dollars. Would you consider that a proof, sir?"

Mr. Gwathmey eyed Alexander in astonishment not unmixed with apprehension.

"You will oblige me by speaking in plain terms, young man," he said peremptorily.

"It is what I most desire," returned Alexander suavely. "Mr. Gwathmey, tobacco has gone up four cents on the pound in Liverpool. I do not mind giving you this valuable piece of information now, enough to-day to buy up some four thousand hogsheads at the current price of five and a half cents. The approximate net earnings for Leavett & Minthorne, whom I represent, will be," he referred to a memorandum which he drew from his pocket, "something in the neighborhood of two hundred and forty thousand dollars. My personal earnings, the profits on some two hundred hogsheads, are eleven thousand odd hundred dollars, as I told you."

Mr. Darius Gwathmey jumped to his feet.

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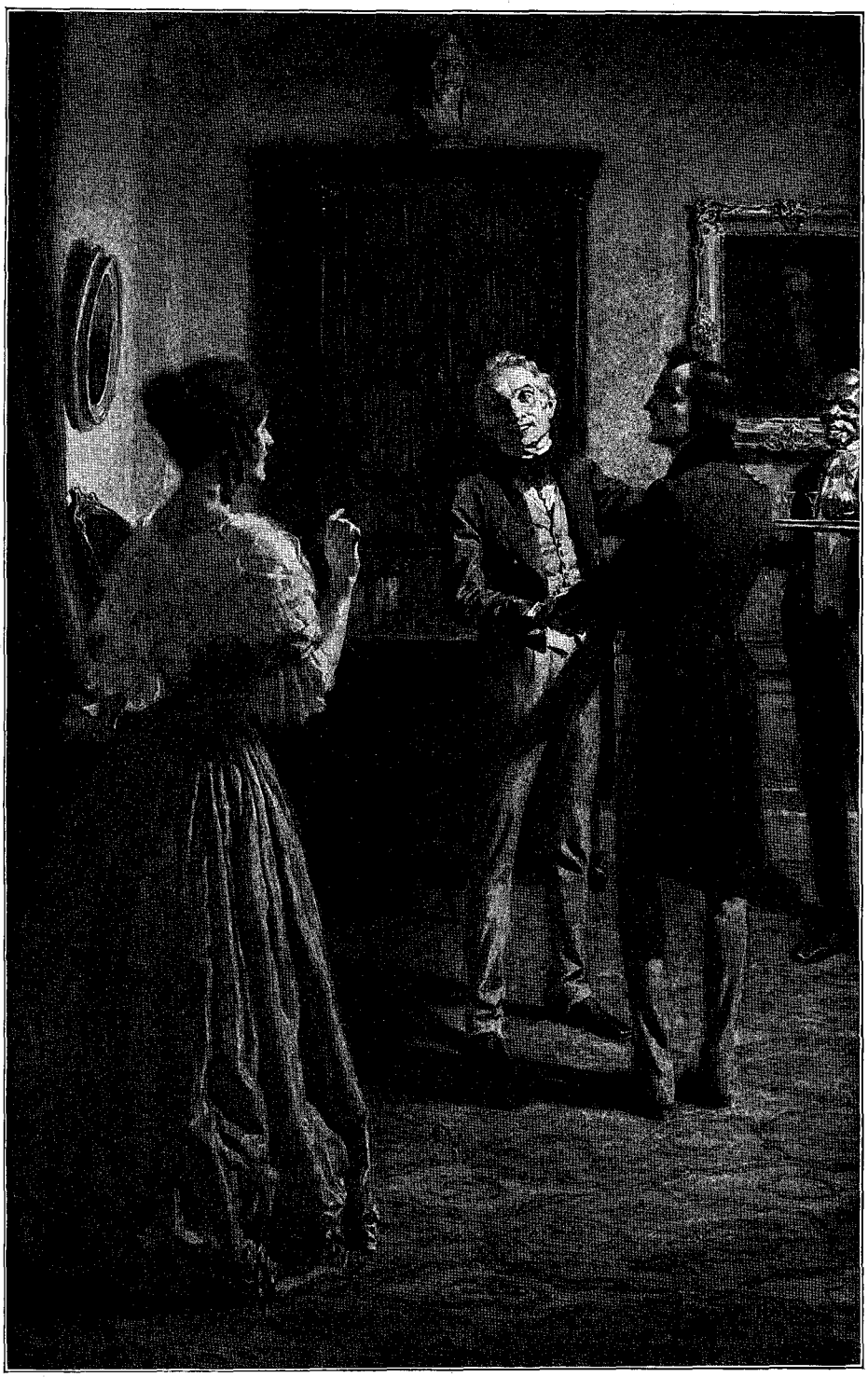

Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

She was stricken dumb by the amazing and beautiful tableau.—Page 523.

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"Damn it! it's impossible!" he shouted. "You're mad, young man!"

"No," said Alexander pleasantly, "only successful." And then he added politely, "The best part of it—to me—is that I have the pleasure of owing a great deal of my good fortune to you, Mr. Gwathmey—Drusilla's father. We got the largest part of our tobacco from your fine warehouses, as you know, sir."

"It's—it's an infernal outrage!" thundered Mr. Gwathmey.

Alexander raised astonished eyebrows. "An outrage?" He shook his head rebukingly. "Oh, no—only a stroke of business, Mr. Gwathmey—for Drue."

Mr. Gwathmey groaned aloud. "Damn it! To think of selling at five and a half when I might have sold to-morrow at nine and a half! I've lost a fortune!"

"Really you ought not to complain," said Alexander with a touch of severity. "You haven't lost a fortune, you know, and you've made quite a respectable sum of money. You've sold one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of tobacco"—he referred again to his memorandum. "I expect it's the biggest day's business you've ever done, Mr. Gwathmey."

Mr. Darius Gwathmey shook an enraged fist in Alexander's calm face.

"Confound it, sir, how dare you say such things to me?"

"If I didn't dare say a little thing like that," replied Alexander pleasantly, "how could I dare ask you to give me Drusilla?—and that's what I am here for, Mr. Gwathmey!"

For a moment Mr. Gwathmey's countenance was purple with passion. He glared at Alexander, who bore his scrutiny without flinching. And suddenly, even in the midst of his anger, it struck him how different this quiet, self-possessed young gentleman was from the nervous youth who, only three weeks before, had asked him for Drue. Success had done it, he told himself bitterly. And, in spite of the bitterness, an unwilling admiration for the young man before him slowly surged over Mr. Darius Gwathmey—admiration and a solid conviction that there was no use trying to withstand him. He had beaten him at his own game and in double-quick time. Of such a young man it were better to be an ally than an enemy. History was vindicated, with this agreeable difference—both the conquering Alexander and the conquered Darius wished to be friends.

Mr. Gwathmey looked at Alexander. What his expiring anger prompted him to say was, "Young man, you've got the best of me and I can't forgive you!" What he actually did say was, "I like you, boy!" His clenched hand fell, a rare smile lighted up his usually cold face, and, walking over to the chimney-piece, he pulled the bell-rope that hung there.

"Tell Miss Drusilla to come to the library," he said to old Cæsar, "and bring the '32 Amontillado."

Ten minutes later, when Drue, palpitating with excitement, floated across the threshold, she was stricken dumb by the amazing and beautiful tableau that met her sight—her father and Alexander standing in the middle of the floor in very much the attitude of the two amiable gentlemen on the seal of Kentucky, while Cæsar hovered in the background, bearing a tray with glasses and a decanter of the famous Spanish wine.

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ARMAGEDDON—THE FORGING OF A GREAT PEACE

BY SIR HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

FOR forty-three years dust-stained and rain-soaked crape has hung about the statues of Alsatian towns in the Place de la Concorde. To-day one of them is garlanded with flowers. Even the pope's mule, in Daudet's famous tale, only saved up its kick for seven years. France has "nursed her wrath to keep it warm" for nearly half a century, and never was she less disposed to shed her blood for the *revanche* than when the mysterious force whose finger-print is history suddenly flung her manhood to the eastern frontier, from which a fragment of it surged over into Alsace and turned Mülhausen back into Mulhouse.

There has not been a week like that from July 28 to August 4 since man inhabited the planet. From Tuesday to Tuesday something like nine millions of men started in arms to slay one another. Nearly all the greatest armies and navies in the world are ranging for battle. Imagination fails to unify such a situation—we state it, but we can form no picture of it. Anybody who has lived through an earthquake will remember that in the midst of it his mental bewilderment was much the same as it is to-day. What has brought about this sudden upheaval of the nations?

In 1908 Austria, in defiance of international treaty, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the two Slav provinces placed by Europe under her guardianship in 1878. That was a blow to Slav ambition which Russia, the supposed protector of the Slavs, was not in a condition to resent by arms, and the anger of Servia was negligible. In the Balkan War Bulgaria took the great onset of the Turkish army, and defeated it. Servia surprised everybody by her successes on the battle-field, but she had no such task as Bulgaria. At its conclusion, however, she demanded, not without justice, a revision of the territorial arrangements made by the allies before the war. The simplest statesmanship on Bulgaria's part would have been to meet Servia's claims with fairness, and so perpetuate the precious Balkan alliance. Instead of doing so she listened to Austria's counsel, refused an arrangement, and declared war. Austria left her to her fate, Russia induced Roumania to coerce her and seize some of her northern territory, and Servia and Greece easily defeated her. That was the end of Bulgaria for the present and the magnification of Servia. But, though Austria would not help Bulgaria, she still thwarted Servia by inducing the Powers to create an autonomous Albania out of mutually hostile races, and thus cut off Servia from the sea, and the farce of the kingship of Prince William of Wied as "Mpret" did not alter the situation to Servia's advantage. There was left, therefore, a victorious Servia, thwarted in her dearest ambitions in spite of the great additional territory she had gained. The whole Balkan Slav race thereupon became one vast organization of intrigue for Slav unity, with Servia as its centre—necessarily at the expense of Austria. And Servian intrigue means assassination—as witness the murder of the Obrenovich dynasty, which caused Servian diplomatists to be refused admission for a time to civilized capitals. The murder of the heir to the Austrian throne and his consort was the next step. This plot was hatched at Belgrade, the six bombs and four Browning pistols were handed to the conspirators at Belgrade by a Servian officer, the bombs were hand-grenades from the Servian military arsenal, and the assassins were helped across the Austrian frontier by Servian customs officials. Naturally that outrage was the limit of Austrian tolerance, and in any reasonable measures for present punishment and future protection she would have had the sympathy of Europe and the world. She chose, how-

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ever, to impose conditions of such extravagant humiliation as to render their acceptance obviously impossible; she announced war upon Servia within forty-eight hours if they were not accepted; when Servia "positively crawled" in humiliation she refused to modify her conditions by a syllable; and she turned a deaf ear to the appeals of England, France, Russia, and Italy. Yet it was perfectly clear that war upon Servia would bring Russia into the field, that Russia's action would involve Germany, that Germany's action would involve France, and that France's action would probably involve England. Austria, therefore, was prepared to plunge all Europe into war rather than suffer the slightest modification of terms to Servia unprecedented in the history of European diplomacy.

The explanation of Austria's action will clearly be the key to the present state of Europe. What was it?

The British Government has just issued the diplomatic correspondence of the Foreign Office from July 20 to August 4, consisting of seventy-seven despatches and conversations passing between Sir Edward Grey, foreign Ambassadors in London, and British Ambassadors abroad. If this key can be found anywhere, it must be there.

I have read and re-read these despatches with the greatest care, and I find any conclusion but one impossible. Take, to start with, Sir Edward Grey's remark about the Austrian ultimatum: "I have never before seen one state address to another independent state a document of so formidable a character." Next the Russian Foreign Minister's remark to the British Ambassador: "Austria's conduct was both provocative and immoral; she would never have taken such action unless Germany had first been consulted; some of her demands were quite impossible of acceptance." Next the note of the German Government to the British Government—and it should be remembered that a formal note handed in like this is a much more weighty communication than any diplomatic conversation: "The course of procedure and demands of the Austro-Hungarian Government can only be regarded as equitable and moderate." Next the remark of the Russian Foreign Minister to the British Ambassador, as reported by the latter to Sir Edward Grey: "He assured me once more that he did not wish to precipitate a conflict, but that unless Germany could restrain Austria I could regard the situation as desperate."

Two days later the German Ambassador in Vienna expressed the following views to the British Ambassador, and this is important and significant:

> The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs would not be so imprudent as to take a step which would probably result in many frontier questions in which Russia is interested, such as Swedish, Polish, Ruthene, Roumanian, and Persian questions, being brought into the melting-pot. France, too, was not at all in a condition for facing a war. . . . As for Germany, she knew very well what she was about in backing up Austria-Hungary in this matter.

Again, Sir Edward Grey spoke on the following day to Austria as follows: "It seemed to me that the Servian reply already involved the greatest humiliation to Servia that I had ever seen a country undergo." The next day the Russian Foreign Minister, after an interview with the German Ambassador, telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey these plain words:

> The Berlin Cabinet, who could have prevented the whole of this crisis developing, appear to be exerting no influence on their ally. The Ambassador considers that the Servian reply is insufficient. This attitude of the German Government is most alarming. It seems to me that England is in a better position than any other Power to make another attempt at Berlin to induce the German Government to take the necessary action. There is no doubt that the key of the situation is to be found at Berlin.

On the same day the German Ambassador in Paris stated to the French Foreign Minister that "Austria would respect the integrity of Servia, but when asked whether her independence would also be respected, he gave no assurance."

On July 29 the British Ambassador in Berlin informed Sir Edward Grey that the German Foreign Minister "denied that the German Government has recalled officers on leave, but as a matter of fact it is true." And meantime the German Ambassador in Vienna was blowing the spark, by hints that Austria would take Salonica, and the British Ambassador there telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey: "I fear that the Ger-

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man Ambassador will not help to smooth matters over, if he uses to his own Government the same language as he did to me to-day." And Sir Edward Grey told the German Ambassador that he "had begun to doubt whether even a complete acceptance of the Austrian demands by Servia would now satisfy Austria." On July 30 the British Ambassador in Vienna telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey:

> Although I am not able to verify it, I have private information that the German Ambassador knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before it was despatched and telegraphed it to the German Emperor. I know from the German Ambassador himself that he indorses every line of it.

Finally, on the very day before Germany declared war on Russia (July 31) the Russian Government sent out the following formula as a last effort to find a peaceful issue:

> If Austria will agree to check the advance of her troops on Servian territory; if, recognizing that the dispute between Austria and Servia has assumed a character of European interest, she will allow the Great Powers to look into the matter and determine whether Servia could satisfy the Austro-Hungarian Government without impairing her rights as a sovereign state or her independence, Russia will undertake to maintain her waiting attitude.

Within a few hours Germany had declared war.

All this time Sir Edward Grey had not ceased to work for peace. He had proposed a conference of Ambassadors in London, mediation by Great Britain and Italy, and direct conversations between Austria and Russia. To all these Russia and France and Italy had agreed. To all of them Austria and Germany had returned evasive or negative replies. As a last effort Sir Edward went so far as to promise Germany an understanding with England to safeguard her from an aggressive policy by France, Russia, and England in the future. No greater offer than this was possible to British statesmanship. The remarkable despatch containing it should be read in full. It was addressed by Sir Edward Grey to the British Ambassador in Berlin on July 31:

> You should . . . add most earnestly that the one way of maintaining the good relations between England and Germany is that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe; if we succeed in this object, the mutual relations of Germany and England will, I believe, be *ipso facto* improved and strengthened. For that object His Majesty's Government will work in that way with all sincerity and good will.
>
> And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately. I have desired this and worked for it, as far as I could, through the last Balkan crisis, and, Germany having a corresponding object, our relations sensibly improved. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals, but if this present crisis, so much more acute than any that Europe has gone through for generations, be safely passed, I am hopeful that the relief and reaction which will follow may make possible some more definite rapprochement between the Powers than has been possible hitherto.

This frank and memorable offer was made on Thursday. On Friday it was read to the German Foreign Minister, who "received it without comment," and asked for it to be left as a memorandum, "as he would like to reflect upon it before giving an answer, and his mind was so full of grave matters that he could not be certain of remembering all its points." On Saturday Germany declared war.

Only one conclusion, as I said, can be drawn from all these despatches. It is that the German War Staff had decided beforehand that the favorable moment for war had come, and that the relations of Austria and Servia furnished a suitable pretext. It cannot be supposed that Austria would take a step imperilling the peace of Europe without consulting Germany beforehand, and it is certain that if Germany had desired to do so she could without difficulty have caused Austria to modify her demands for the sake of European peace. The key, therefore, to the action of Austria is the word "Germany."

But this answer at once prompts another question. Why should Germany choose this time for war? What can she have seen in the situation to-day more favorable to her chance of success than that of last year or next year? The answer is not very difficult.

To German statesmen the great danger and the great obstacle is not England, and not France, but Russia; in Europe

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danger, in Asia Minor an obstacle. And the progress of Russia during the last few years has been remarkable—in commerce, in finance, and in military power. Every year that passed saw Germany relatively less strong on her eastern frontier. There would quite certainly come a time when Russian pressure would grow intolerable. The alternatives would then be war or sacrifice of cherished ambitions—and the war would be worse the longer it was postponed. And Germany's readiness for war was probably at the highest point it could ever reach. She had made available for war service as many men as she could ever get; she had raised by a forced levy on national wealth as much money as she could ever hope to secure; and the burden of militarism was beginning to produce dangerous symptoms among her people. Moreover, the deepening of the Kiel Canal was completed a month ago. The moment was, therefore, favorable at home.

It seemed no less so abroad. In Russia a dangerous strike had begun, and a fresh revolutionary outburst appeared probable. In France the gravest constitutional crisis for many years was only stopped for the moment by the formation with much difficulty of a makeshift Government, and the President and Foreign Minister were abroad. England, too, was faced with the gravest internal situation in her history because of Home Rule and Ulster (Ulster rifles were supplied from Hamburg), and the King had stated that "to-day the cry of civil war is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people." It seemed improbable, therefore, that England would have any stomach for foreign adventure. Finally, affairs in Austria seemed to counsel action. Her venerable Emperor cannot be expected in the natural course of human life, as his recent illness showed, to add many more to the sixty-six years he has spent upon the throne, and the heir to his troubled heritage, now that the strong and obstinate Franz Ferdinand is gone, is young and inexperienced. Certainly the help that Austria could give in a great war would never be more than it is to-day, and might conceivably be very much less.

In this connection it must be realized that the German plan of campaign of the "war on two frontiers," the possibility of which has for years been before her, has been to hurl a mass of men upon France through Belgium, strike France to her knees in two or three great battles, spread destruction everywhere by ruthless means, and then turn the bulk of her forces round and transport them to her eastern frontier before Russia had completed her mobilization and was ready to strike. Unlikely as this may seem, the German staff confidently considered it to be within their power, and not a few competent foreign observers also thought it possible.

This, then, being the military plan, the condition of foreign countries, as seen through German eyes, furnishes the reason why the German war lords chose this moment to strike. They disregarded Bismarck's advice, and the keystone of his policy—never to quarrel with Russia—advice repeated by William I almost on his death-bed. They thought (1) that, if Russia could not again be bluffed into keeping out, she was never likely to be less strong than now; (2) that Austria would never be more strong, and her value as an ally might be greatly lessened at any time; (3) that France was in no state to act with unity and promptitude; and (4) that England would not fight, partly because a Liberal Government would not plunge the country into war, and partly because, even if she desired to do so, the danger of "civil war" would prevent it. Italy was at least to mobilize enough men to keep a great French army paralyzed on the Alpine frontier, and the resistance of Belgium was regarded as negligible.

These clumsy and purblind calculations have been speedily falsified. Russia "called the bluff" instantly, and her vast masses are gathering in Poland and Galicia. France rose as one man and faced war with equal determination and dignity. The Belgians, with a courage that has thrilled the world, marching to the old song—

> "Ils ne vont pas dompter
> Le fier lion de Flandre"

(it will be remembered that *Quentin Durward* was told that "the men of Liège are at once the fiercest and the most untamable in Europe")—have rolled back the German advance with huge losses, thus up-

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setting the time-table of the German advance, and destroying all hope of catching France half-prepared. The Ulster anxiety dropped instantly out of sight, and Mr. John Redmond, in a speech which the Manchester *Guardian* described as "worth a good-sized battle-ship," used these never-to-be-forgotten words: "I say to the Government that they may to-morrow withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland," since "the coast of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons, and for this purpose armed Nationalist Catholics in the south will be only too glad to join arms with the armed Protestant Ulstermen in the north." I have never heard such cheers in the House of Commons as greeted this speech. Thus, as a child might have foretold to Germany, the old disloyal saying that "England's danger is Ireland's opportunity," came true in a new and noble sense. All contentious business ceased in Parliament, and estimates for over a hundred millions sterling, which ordinarily would have meant days of debate, were voted in five minutes. The British fleet holds the North Sea and the Channel in a grip of steel, the home land has never been so united in purpose, the British dominions are unanimously affording magnificent help, and the British Army, probably the best-trained and the best-equipped military force of its size in Europe, will have shown where it is and what it can do long before these lines are in print. Its position and plans I must not discuss at this moment. Finally, as M. Hanotaux has pointed out, German diplomacy chose for its war-pretext precisely the one issue that was certain to split the Triple Alliance, namely, the issue which involved the future control of the Adriatic. Italy has consequently persisted in her neutrality. She could not possibly have done otherwise without risking an anti-government outbreak, and the *Chasseurs Alpins*, the magnificent body of men who ordinarily guard France's Italian frontier in the maritime Alps, are facing Germany in the Vosges or the Ardennes.

It is now important to consider for a moment what caused England to throw herself into this war. The reluctance to go to war in a Continental quarrel was deep-seated and traditional. To "fight for Servia," as some people saw the situation at first, was abhorrent. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., chairman of the Labor Party, rose and uttered a dignified protest in the House of Commons—with the result that the Labor Party was split from top to bottom and he has resigned his chairmanship. Even the Cabinet was for a time acutely divided, and on the fateful Sunday a break-up of the Liberal Ministry seemed not impossible. That a complete and determined unity of opinion was finally and so speedily reached in the ministry and the country was due in no small part to the amazing ineptitude and duplicity of Germany's diplomatic procedure, which placed her attitude and aims beyond doubt.

It was known on Monday morning, August 3, that Sir Edward Grey would make a full statement that afternoon. The House of Commons was crowded to its utmost capacity—it cannot hold all its members—even a score of chairs being placed upon the floor, and I have never known such tension and expectancy. Sir Edward Grey is perhaps the most restrained and the coldest speaker in the House. By temperament he loathes and dreads exaggeration and rhetorical sentiment. Whereas the ordinary orator hesitates sometimes in seeking the strongest word or the most effective phrase, Sir Edward Grey is apt to pause and almost stumble in his speech from seeking the simplest word or the expression farthest from exaggeration or mere sentiment. On this occasion he was a man whom none of us had ever known before. Obviously he was exercising the severest self-restraint, yet now and again passion blazed in his face and rang out in his words. The reason was clear. Not only was it due to the deep conviction with which he viewed the fateful moment of his country's choice of peace or war, but even more to the fact that he, a man to whom simple honor in private and public dealings is as the air he breathes, had been dealt with by Germany in a spirit of cunning, and had been approached with an offer implying that he might be bribed into a dishonest security. "If, in a crisis like this, we run away from those obligations of honor and interest as regards the Belgian treaty, I doubt whether, whatever ma-

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terial force we might have at the end, it would be of very much value in face of the respect we should have lost." To every one who heard Sir Edward Grey utter those words it was clear that the die was about to be cast. In proposing the vote of credit of £100,000,000, three days later, Mr. Asquith fitted the adjective to the German proposal—which was, as he said, that behind the back of France we should have assented to the seizure by a victorious Germany of all her colonial possessions, and have bartered away to the Power threatening her our plighted word to Belgium. "What would have been the position of Great Britain to-day . . . if we had assented to this infamous proposal?" The terrible word "infamous" fell like a bomb upon hearers already strained to the utmost—and their answering cheers detonated like an explosion. And the country as a whole, now that the facts are understood, has come to share the almost unanimous view of the House of Commons. Nobody talks of "fighting for Servia" any more; those who declared that war would be "a colossal crime" are silenced by the facts; every intelligent person realizes that the war is not so much between Germany and Austria on the one side, and England, France, Russia, Belgium, Servia, and Montenegro on the other, as between civilization, with free, peaceful development for both great and little nations, and the satisfaction of an insatiable and intolerant military ambition for "world power." In fact, the allied nations are fighting, as American telegrams show, to our thankfulness, that the American people also clearly understand, for what Mr. Gladstone called "the common interests against the unmeasured aggrandizement of any Power whatever."

How comes it that the Germany of science and industry and culture, the Germany that so many, like myself, have learned to know, to admire, and to feel almost affection for, thus stands to-day, surrounded by a ring of enemies, without a real friend in the world, unmasked in an ambition, to destroy which every European nation except Austria is ready to draw the sword?

The answer is to be found in the effect of the teaching of men like Treitschke and von Bernhardi. A group of eminent Germans, backed by a thousand less known, have preached for a generation the doctrine that it is the proud task of Germany to impose German civilization and German culture upon the world, that every other nation is decadent and "barbarian," that Germany is powerful enough to accomplish this divine task, and that all considerations of international law, social obligations, or treaties must yield to the necessity of fulfilling at any cost and by any means her paramount destiny.

Here are specimens of these teachings: "The maintenance of peace never can or may be the goal of a policy." "The inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessing of war, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development, must be repeatedly emphasized." "What we now wish to attain must be fought for, and won, against a superior force of hostile interests and Powers." "We must not hold back in the hard struggle for the sovereignty of the world." "Our next war will be fought for the highest interests of our country and of mankind. . . . 'World power or downfall!'—*Weltmacht oder Niedergang*—will be our rallying-cry." These quotations, taken almost at random from the only book of the kind I happen to have where I am now writing, von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War," could be expanded a thousandfold, and illuminated by scores of contemptuous and insulting epithets flung at England and other nations. They accurately and adequately summarize, however, the teaching which has permeated the mind of modern Germany. This is a comparatively new growth. It did not exist when I was a student at Leipzig. But for a long time now I have been conscious that at the back of their minds my German friends, sincerely filled with personal good will, cherished a kindly contempt for my own country, as for one whose work in the world was done, whose vigor was sapped by wealth and play, and who was inevitably destined to yield her empire in due course to the people whose knowledge, whose courage, whose national discipline, whose pre-eminence in the arts of peace, and whose invincibility in war inevitably destined her for the future sovereignty of the world. The brutality of her soldiers in Belgium (if one-tenth of the tales of it

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be true), her behavior even to the sacred persons of foreign ambassadors, her contempt for public law, and her utter disregard of solemn treaty obligations are but the reflection in action on a small scale of the overbearing pride of her national outlook.

It has had its natural result. The neutrality of Belgium, for which we are nominally fighting, only means that we are defending the outpost. In reality, we, and others, have taken up the sword to prevent a development of German ambition which, if not checked, would be fatal to us all in the end. If Germany defeated France she would acquire territory and ports a few miles from our shores, and no treaties or engagements would stop her from establishing at least suzerainty over Holland and Belgium, while the seizure of the French colonies would give her naval bases in many seas. War with England would then be her next step, under conditions a thousandfold more unfavorable to us. As Lord Cromer has pointed out, Napoleon III was lulled into security by Prussian assurances in 1866, while Austria was crushed at Sadowa, and he paid for it at Sedan four years later. So it would have been with us had we failed to stand by France to-day.

"World power or downfall!" It will be downfall—not to the Germany of industry, of science, of criticism, of literature, of culture, but to the Germany dominated and led—a large part of it very reluctantly—by Prussian militarism, Prussian autocracy, Prussian ambitions, Prussian "blood and iron." Europe *must* conquer, or liberty, as we understand it, will perish from the earth on this side of the Atlantic.

And when at Armageddon the forces of good have prevailed over the forces of evil; when the German people, having learned that the politics of the drill-sergeant, which imposed such heavy burdens upon them in peace, led them but to disaster in war, rise in their wrath; when the trumpets blow the last "cease fire" over the graves of tens of thousands of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons of weeping women—what of the terms of peace? They will be heavy. They must be such as will make war impossible for long enough to reach the time when the peoples of the world will demand that war shall cease forever. Among them, let us hope, will be the condition that no new German fleet shall be created; that the frontier fortresses shall be dismantled; that the annexed provinces, or such parts of them as desire it, shall go back to France; that Schleswig shall go back to Denmark, and the Kiel Canal be neutralized; and that after a century and a quarter "the fair land of Poland," then "ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader," as Balfe's famous song has kept the story alive, will, we may hope, be reunited into an autonomous country again; and that a great league of peace and peaceful development will be formed. It is intolerable and unthinkable that the world should be exposed to the horror and the ruin of war in every generation of mankind.

And it will not be the map alone that will be altered. The people will make many a new demand of their rulers and governors. In England, for instance, men will remember that the Government in a week took over the control of the railways, established national sea insurance, fixed the price of food, raised a hundred millions sterling, and dropped the disputes of party politics; and they will ask why, if these things can be done in time of war, they cannot be done, for ends at least as good, in time of peace. And on the Continent other questions will be asked—and answered by those who ask them.

So, "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," we must assume victory.

Doubtless dark days lie ahead, but we must assume it because of our determination that, now the seventh angel has poured out his vial into the air, by the heavy hammer and in the hot fire of Armageddon there shall be forged at last a great and an enduring peace.

August 15, 1914.

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WIND IN THE PINES

By Barry Benefield

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

OLD MELSCHOTT drove his wagon up to the station at ten-fifteen, though the train was not due until eleven-thirty and was always late; but he wanted to be sure he was there when Myrtle came back. If he should, by any chance, be a few minutes late, she might think he was being revengeful because she had run away with his farm-hand and been away four years.

Besides, in the infinitesimal little town a half a mile down the red hill there was nothing and nobody to interest him particularly now. Coming to Luling the previous day, and spending the night in the wagon-yard, he had got up early and done his complicated Christmas shopping, including laboriously equalized presents for both Myrtle and Lydia.

His shopping worries were over. He was wondering whether Myrtle, being now forty-five and perhaps worn with remorse and work, were not getting gray and aged; and telling himself that he must not forget to say that she looked fine and fit no matter how she really looked; and resolving that he would act just as if she were returning from an innocent visit somewhere; and trying desperately to prepare for the passionate, jealous-hearted woman's meeting, down home, with Lydia, of whom she did not know, yet.

The sight of the small green station, through which Myrtle and Luther had no doubt passed in their flight four years before, roused a flare of anger from ashes within him that he had long since thought dead. For a moment he charged himself with being a too soft-hearted fool for jeopardizing the peace and comfort of the tender, trusting Lydia.

Still, he knew that if he had a son or a daughter—if Myrtle had had any children maybe she wouldn't have hated them so much—if he *had* a son or a daughter, and they had written that they were homesick, he would also have said to them, "Come home," no matter where they were, or what they had done, or how many others had come in to fill their places, or how much strategic fighting he would have to do to make their coming and their stay as pleasant as possible. And surely she that *had* been his loyal wife for eighteen years— Besides, no matter what had happened, he wanted Myrtle back; only he could *not* give up Lydia now. Lydia he felt sure of; Myrtle filled him with fear. But he was master of his own house.

Old Melschott was not old, very old; he was forty-nine. The epithet had been applied to him by the predominating Anglo-Saxon population of the lower Arkansas county, partly in affection because of his patient, unvarying amiability, partly in derision because, in spite of his twenty-six years on a farm among them, he was still slightly foreign, different from them, therefore inferior. The touch of his Teutonic fathers yet lingered in an occasional turn of speech, and in a naïve habit of deciding on a course of conduct in accordance with reasons entirely his own, and no others, and stubbornly sticking to it.

The tall, thin, brown-faced farmer stopped his wagon in a dusty grove of scrub-oak trees near the station, and getting down broke a bundle of fodder before each of the mules. He slapped their necks gently, and the big awkward animals rubbed their noses against his shoulder, making away down in their throats the mule's rare approximation of affectionate purring. The little black fice dog, so fat and aged that her watery brown eyes bulged out of her faintly gray face, stood before the mules barking in feeble asthmatic jealousy.

"Come, Sister," Old Melschott said, bending down and giving her a compensating pat. "We go to the station now. Somebody comes to-day. You know,

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hey? So-o! You are glad already? That is good, Sister. Also we make her glad—if we can."

There was no sun, and the cold December wind, spiked with the freezing moisture in the air, cut Old Melschott to the bone, and he yielded now and then to an attack of coughing. Through the window of the waiting-room he saw a red-hot stove, but he stood his ground outside, stamping his feet and rubbing his hands; for he had a vague fear that, if he went inside, the train might rush in and discharge Myrtle before he could get out to her, so that for a moment she would be disappointed and worried.

He was presently proud of his caution. A lonely member of that tremendous universal army of train-gazers drifted through the grove of trees and rested his long, leaning figure against the station wall several feet away. His eyes rested fondly on the rails in front of him, and on them his imagination slid quickly away to far, mysterious, fascinating countries beyond the distant rim of black forest. After a while he roused himself, effortfully dragging his imagination back to prosaic Luling.

"She goes a-tearin' when she do come," he said grandly, as if somebody had questioned the prodigious powers of the north-bound "Cannon Ball."

"So?" said Old Melschott uneasily. "But she always stops here, ain't it?"

"Yeah, she stops—*if* there's anybody to git on or git off. But she don't stop nowheres long; except, I reckon, maybe in big cities—Little Rock, Pine Bluff, an' the like of them."

The red stove inside the waiting-room wasted its sweetness on desert air, for the two gray-bearded men stood their ground outside, blowing white shafts of warm breath upon their cold hands, anxiously awaiting their boyhood sweethearts.

The train-gazer's swift sweetheart gave notice, finally, of her approach. A dim whistle came floating through the woods from the south.

"Smith's Crossin'," the ardent gazer interpreted, lifting himself from against the wall of the station, his greenish-sallow face all aglow with excitement.

Presently there came a series of louder whistles.

"Cow on the track," he said, listening in the strain of suspense at the feminine "Cannon Ball's" adventurous flight northward.

Then there were two short, snorty, saucy whistles.

"Dead cow," he pronounced with the restraint of infallibility, no grief in his voice, only passionate triumph.

The dull roar of her progress through the wooded flats to the south of the town was suddenly still.

"She waits at the J. P. & T. T. crossin'," said her lover, mortified that *she* should have to wait at a dinky lumber railroad's intersecting track. But presently she was roaring on again northward. She sent ahead three long blasts.

"My God! She's got a passenger for here!"

When the furious little engine stopped, wheezing, panting, clanking, in front of the Luling station, the gazer ran forward to be as near as possible to her dear cylinders and marvellous round wheels that had travelled and would travel so far beyond the rim of the black forest. The station-master rushed out with a truck to the baggage-car. Old Melschott, caught in this tidal wave of activity, went racing along the two passenger-cars looking eagerly up at the faces staring out of the windows.

"Fred!" He heard it back of him, and turning, saw Myrtle standing by the steps of the first coach. Going toward her, he wondered whether he had a right to kiss her.

"Hello, Fred," she said when he came up to her. Her voice was hardly above a whisper, and she was scrutinizing his face anxiously. "How is your cold, Fred?" She merely held out her hand to him. "Are you doin' anything for that cough, Fred?"

"Hel-lo, Myrtle!" Old Melschott almost shouted, beaming upon her. "Ach, me? I am fine. How are you? I *am* glad to see you again, Myrtle. You are good for the sore eyes. You look *fine*, Myrtle, finer as ever. See! Sister is glad also. See how she yump up, Myrtle?"

Paying no attention to the feebly frolicking little dog, twisting her mouth into a faint smile, the faded blonde woman handed him her suit-case and stood by his side, intent on getting away from the station as soon as possible. They hurried toward the wagon, leaving the forlorn

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train-gazer sadly watching his fiery little sweetheart getting in motion to leave him.

On the way out to the grove of trees, clear-cut figure of which she—and he—had been so proud. And there was an indefinite slovenliness about her clothes and

"She's got a passenger for here!"—Page 532.

Old Melschott noticed, sorrowfully, that Myrtle's pale hair *was* getting gray, that her skin was sallow, that there were baggy puffs under her big blue eyes, and that a flabby fatness was breaking, here and there, the clean lines of that splendid hands and hair that surprised him. He had thought that no matter what happened Myrtle would always be fastidiously tidy. He wondered what kind of work she had been doing since she and Luther had gone their separate ways.

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But he determined not to let her see that he was disappointed. Anyway, if she stayed on the farm long, she would have a chance to pick up. Maybe she only needed a rest—yes, he was *sure* of it—to become the massive but magnificent Myrtle of the old days. And he was glad that she would not need to do the cooking, or the washing, or any hard work.

But he was not talking enough. "Attention, Friedrich!" he shouted in his mind to himself. "You say somethings now, or she sees that *you* see and be pained."

"Look, Myrtle!" he said enthusiastically, pointing to the two mules. "See Kit and Lucy; yust the same, yust the same as when——"

"I ran away, like a dog."

"Ach, no, Myrtle; I say as when we bought them—except a little older."

"Five years older, Fred, five years. They were three then. It don't seem like mules change their looks much, as people do. They go on gettin' old without nobody noticin' it, then they die."

There was something disturbing in the brittle yet faintly tremulous tone of the big blonde woman, who was wont to be so independent and self-reliant; and Old Melschott hurried to help her into the wagon and wrap her up warmly in a blanket. When she had convinced him, finally, that she was comfortable, he smiled up at her, rubbed his hands happily together, muttered "So" several times as if the first stage in a joyous undertaking had been satisfactorily achieved, and bustled around hitching up the traces and wagon-tongue that had been let down for the greater comfort of the mules during their wait.

Presently he was up on the seat beside her, Sister and the trunk were in the back part of the wagon, and the journey home had begun. He noticed fearfully that Myrtle scrupulously kept a space of a few inches between him and her. He remembered the night, twenty-two years before, when he had brought her home from the wedding in the church. *That* night——!

He wondered if Myrtle had heard anything about Lydia. Only three letters had passed between him and Myrtle: the one, a month before, in which she had said that she had been by herself for nearly four years and that she was homesick; his answer telling her that his house was always open to her, that he would welcome her, and that she must not hesitate to send for money if she needed it, because he had done even better than usual on the farm in the past few years; and then the third, in which she had merely stated when and by what train she would arrive. He had said nothing about Lydia. He had been afraid to trust himself to tell of her in a letter. It would be better, he had thought, to wait until he and Myrtle met at the station.

Nor could he say anything now. He would wait until they were all three together. His uneasiness was growing. The dread of having made a horrible, foolish mistake that might hurt both Lydia and Myrtle was pressing heavier on him every minute. It occurred to him that some of the gossiping neighbors might have found out Myrtle's address and written to her. He wished that she would not sit so far away from him, and so straight and silent and hard. But he *must* say something. He braced himself.

"Myrtle!"

"Yes?"

"You look fine, finer as ever."

"Don't, Fred, please!" Raising her right hand in her old imperial manner, she swept his words away. He could not compel himself to attempt the conversation again. He waited, once more making desperate efforts to visualize the meeting of the passionate Myrtle and the gentle Lydia.

A mile below the station the wagon rolled out into the gray sandy road leading to the farm, twenty miles southward. Suddenly the big, shabby woman faced around to him, forcing an aching, wavering smile upon her lips alone.

"Fred, how many other old stray cats an' dogs an' things have you got around the place now? I remember you used to take in ever'thing that come along."

"No cats an' dogs, Myrtle, no tramp ones." He took up the conversation quickly, glad to drag his mind for a moment away from the terrifying problem drawing closer every time the mules took a step. "But I been afraid about Sister. She gets old, Myrtle, and weak. Sometimes, at night, she wakes me up trying to get her breath, there by the foot of the bed. Her lungs and nose get all stopped

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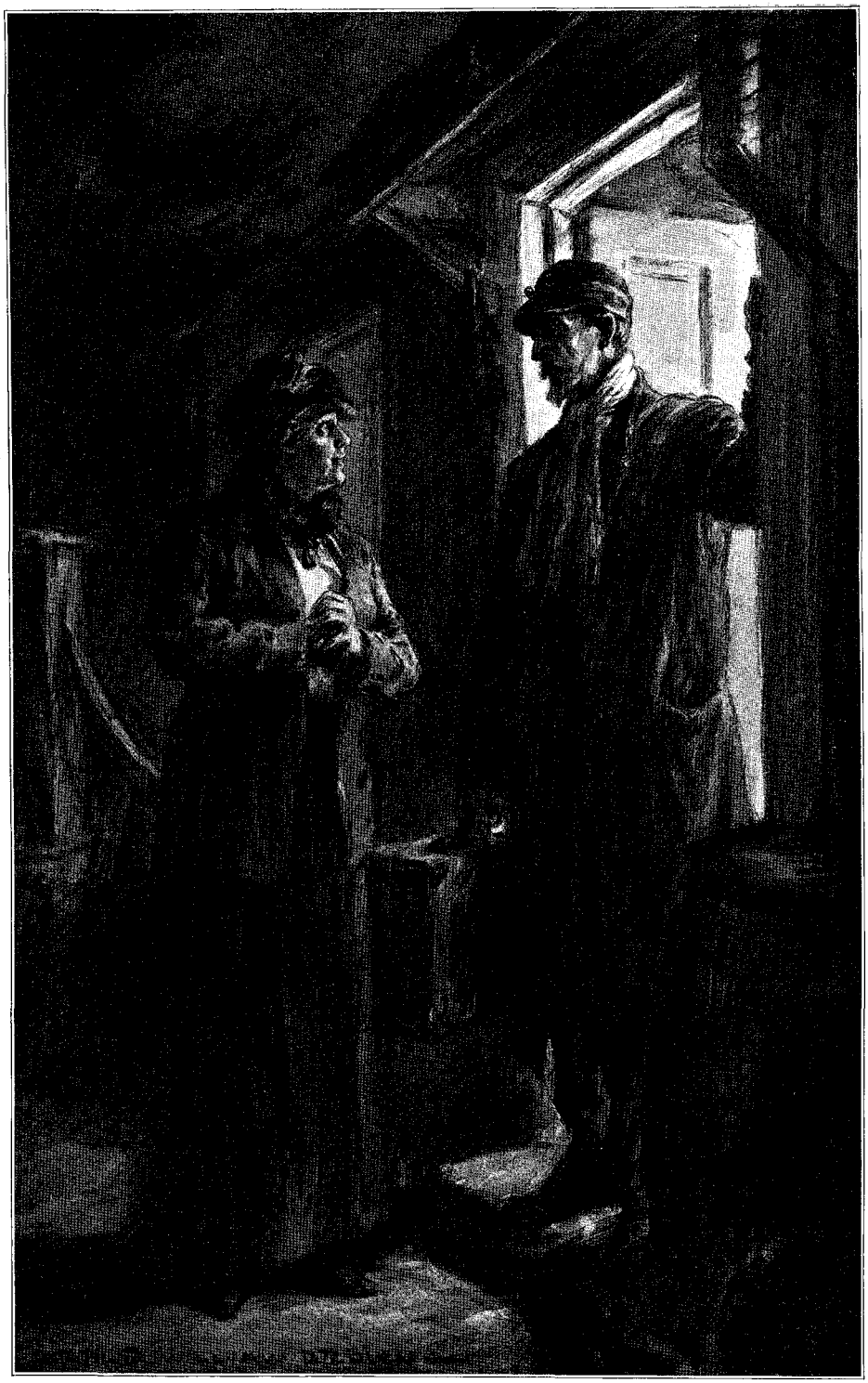

Drawn by Arthur William Brown.

"You go on in, Fred, please. . . . I'm goin' to run down to the boat-landin' to see the lake. I got to have a look at it this minute."—Page 540.

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up, so the breath must fight its way out and in. But I buy some liniment that helps her over the hard places when I get up and rub it on her."

"Dear little Sister!" The faded, blonde woman looked back at the old dog lying on some fodder in the rear of the wagon. Having heard her name spoken, Sister lifted her bulging, watery eyes and wagged her tail weakly in the dry corn leaves. "Yes," the woman went on, "she *is* gittin' old—too."

"Also," the farmer hurried to say, in order to keep going the safe conversation, "your red game rooster, Myrtle, he breaks his leg off, the left one. It gets caught in the garden gate, he snatches it off before I get to him. I make him a wooden one, and now he lives and walks and fights like the same little red devil yet."

"He's gittin' on, too, then. He was a year old when——"

Old Melschott's strategic enthusiasm about the rooster was lost. She asked no questions about her favorite young rooster, nor about any others down there at home among the animals about which it was so safe to talk. The woman beside him had again lapsed into brooding inattention. Her rough, red, ungloved hands lay folded in her lap. The wagon was getting well out in the country now, and she was staring straight ahead of her down the gray ribbon of road wavering through the forest. The cold wind wrenched savagely at the few old dead leaves yet clinging frantically to their trees.

"Myrtle, are you cold?" asked Old Melschott after a while. "I think I feel you shiver."

"No, I ain't cold, Fred."

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Better let me get out and make a fire by the road here, Myrtle. It is long after twelve o'clock now. I got some lunch for us in that tin bucket down there in the wagon by your suit-case. Then you could get warm, and eat at the same time. What do you say, Myrtle?"

"Fred, I want to git *home*."

She fell again into silence, her eyes greedily watching the road unrolling in front of her. Old Melschott clucked the mouse-colored mules into a jingling trot. Gradually the road was rising out of the timbered lowlands. The swamp-oaks and stunted cypresses were giving way to taller and taller pines.

All at once the drooping woman raised her head, her muscles instantly straining tight as if to help her eyes to see and her ears to hear. A long black wedge of wild ducks slid swiftly across the sunless sky, trailing their far faint whisper of winter across the fields and woods.

"This ain't the first time I been homesick, Fred," she said in a level monotone as if she were merely continuing an old, old conversation. "But I never could git up spunk enough to write to you, Fred, before. It wasn't fair to you, it seemed like; an' it ain't fair now, neither; but——"

"I am mighty glad you come back, Myrtle."

"When we left that night, Fred, we started straight for New Orleans. After two weeks down there I never seen no more of Luther. I went my way, he his'n. He was no good, nohow. My God, Fred, how *could* I—! Ne'mind that, though, ne'mind that. Well, I had to git somethin' to do. It was hard to find, work was, Fred, at first; an' I got homesick right then, Fred."

"Myrtle——!"

"But I jes' *couldn't* write, not much, not a whole letter. We sneaked away that night an' got out of Luling on that early mawnin' train for New Orleans. Nobody that knowed us never seen us. I had a woman in the boardin'-house where I was to subscribe for the *Luling Phonograph*, so as I could git the news from home without nobody knowin' where I was.

"Fred, I seen that little piece you had the correspondent from our Sue Belle Lake section put in, sayin' Mrs. Melschott was gone to Maine, where her grandmother was sick. Then I seen the others that said I had to stay with her a while longer to nurse her, because she had done become a chronic invalid, an' had no other relatives, an' was so sick she couldn't be moved. Because you done that so soon after we left, Fred, I knowed if I come back it would 'a' been all right with you.

"An' because you done that, I 'lowed, too, that I could come on home without nobody knowin' what had been done by

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me to you. I cain't tell you, Fred, how many times I set down to write a letter, but I never could bear to finish it, before. an' took what talkin' was comin' to me from the neighbors when they found out, jes' to be near home, our home, Fred.

"An' you *do* need me now, Fred, don't you?"—Page 541.

It wasn't fair to you, it seemed like; an' it ain't fair now, neither; but——"

"I am mighty glad you come back, Myrtle."

"If my folks hadn't 'a' died before I left I would 'a' come back to them Things down there in New Orleans was all the time remindin' me; it seemed like ever' day *somethin'* would set me to thinkin' back an' forwards.

"They eat a lot of fish down there, Fred; an' I—I cooked in a restaurant for

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over a year—I never fried one but I thought of them we used to ketch out of Sue Belle Lake right there in front of our house. They never tasted as good as *our* fish, Fred.

"In the summers it was awful hot down there, a lot hotter than it is up here; an' the mosquitoes are terribul. Our mosquitoes up here ain't nigh as bad as them, Fred. They have two kinds. The wind blows one kind up from the Gulf; then it turns around an' blows another kind in from the swamps behind the city. Both are mighty bad. Sometimes in the summer I'd have to set up in bed an' fan an' fan 'em off me, though we did have mosquito bars. I'd jes' set there a-fannin' an' a-fannin' an' a-wishin' I was home, Fred."

"Myrtle, please!" Old Melschott raised his hand as if to ward off something, and turned his head away.

"They ain't got no trees like ours, Fred, down there. Them squatty little pa'ms settin' around ever'where made me want to see an' listen to our old tall pines again. Fred, if a body puts his hands over both ears, he can hear, any time, how the pines sound away up in their top branches where the wind is always blowin'. I reckon it's the blood always runnin' in the veins does it, Fred, like the wind is always blowin' through the branches away up yonder. I reckon I ain't a cryin' kind of woman, Fred, but sometimes, in the restaurant an' the laundry an' the other places where I worked, when I would close my eyes an' put my hands over my ears an' hear the wind in the pines, I'd jes' have to do it.

"I kept *The Phonograph* comin' in somebody else's name all the time, except for about three months las' summer. Always after Christmas times I'd see that the correspondents from all the little settlements out in the woods were sayin', 'Ploughin' is the order of the day now,' or 'Ever'body is plantin' corn,' or 'There seems to be a good stand of cotton.' Then I'd remember how it all looked an' felt up here in the spring. I always did like spring, Fred, better than any other time."

"Myrtle——!"

"Many a time of nights, Fred, when I'd git home, in January an' February an' March, I'd jes' set by myself in my room a-thinkin' backward and forward. Seemed like I could jes' see the field back of our house by Sue Belle Lake all ploughed up a-waitin' for the seed; so clean an' black an' fresh, lookin' like it wanted the sun to shine on it an' the seed to drop in it an' the rain to fall on it. An' I could see the chickins an' the turkeys runnin' over the rows huntin' for bugs an' things. An' I could smell the land; an' hear you say, 'Gee, Kit, gee.' In the spring up here it always seemed like ever'body an' ever'thing was havin' a good time.

"Yeah, Fred, I knowed all about our Sue Belle Lake section that a body could git out of *The Phonograph*. I bound I can tell you the names the girls put at the end of their pieces about our settlement. 'Twinkle Star' wrote it up for over a year. Then 'Bright Eyes' done it for nearly two. Since then 'Old Maid' took it, an' has been doin' it ever since.

"An' I watched *The Phonograph* clost, Fred, to see if you got sick, or anything. Last year I came mighty nigh rushin' home regardless. 'Old Maid' wrote in her 'Sue Belle Notes' a piece about you like this: 'Mr. Fred Melschott is on the sick list.' But I done been away so long then that— An' I didn't know if somebody else wasn't in my— Anyhow, I waited; an' then the next week 'Old Maid' said: 'Mr. Fred Melschott is up an' out again. He said it was jes' a small cold with a hackin' cough.'

"An' ever' winter I'd git skeered about you, Fred, an' your cough. Whenever I'd hear the wild ducks flyin' acrost the sky givin' the sign of winter comin', I'd say to myself, 'Now Fred will be ketchin' cold again an' havin' that nasty little old cough, because he *won't* take keer of hisself.' You know you won't take keer of yourself, Fred, less'n somebody makes——"

"Ach, Myrtle, I been all right," he interrupted to reassure her, "somebody makes——"

He stopped suddenly. He was committing the mistake he most feared. He did not dare look at the woman there on the seat beside him. He felt that she was drawing even farther away from him than she had been, and that she was shrinking up in the dingy black dress that covered her.

"Who, Fred?" Her voice, in pitiful

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disproportion to her size, crept around her shoulder to him. "Who is it, Fred? Do I know her? I thought, comin' home, that if anybody had taken my place—But then I was shore no one had, because I watched *The Phonograph* so clost an' I never seen nothin' about it. Seems like I'd 'a' seen it in the paper if anything had happened.

"But then maybe it was in them three months that I never seen *The Phonograph* at all. I told you I had watched all the time except for about three months. That was las' summer. That was while I was in the hospital sick with typhoid fever. I had a terribul time, Fred. I was in the charity part of the hospital. They looked like they kind of got tired of me after the fever was gone, but it didn't seem somehow like I could git my stren'th back so as I could go out an' work. It hurt, Fred, not to be wanted, an' a body bound to stay, anyhow. Ne' mind that, though; ne' mind that—now. Who is she, Fred?"

He felt her waiting. He decided to tell her all about Lydia at once: how it had come about; how he had been lonesome, and had not heard from her, and could get no track of her; and how though no one else *could* fill *all* the place left vacant by her, still— No, he couldn't tell her yet. He knew he could not manage the words rightly. He would mix things up. Myrtle would likely as not jump out of the wagon and disappear again, going into more unnecessary hardships. She was like that.

He recollected what she had just said about having been sick, and not getting her strength back. No, he would not take the slightest chance until he had to; he would wait; that would be best. Lydia, he knew, would meet her more than halfway. He knew now how much Myrtle loved the old place down there by the lake, and all the woods and waters around it. Maybe when they were all three together, when she was back home, it would come out straight. Anyway, there was nothing to lose by waiting; there might be in telling now. But how to hold her off in the meantime? He must think that out quickly.

"Who is she, Fred?" He heard her voice ask it again. "Why didn't you write me? Why did you let me come back, like a' old stray dog. It's charity, it's hard, when a body ain't needed, when she cain't do nothin'. Stop the wagin, Fred. I'm goin' back to town, back to New Orleans. I ain't goin' home."

"Why, it's only old Ann Weaver," he hurried to say. That was half the truth, anyway. "You remember, Myrtle, the old negro couple that rented a little piece of the Leete place next to ours. Two years ago Simon dies, an' old Ann is homeless. She is sixty-five then; the cabin in our back yard is empty; and so——"

"You took her in, of course. Oh, Fred!"

She laid her hand on his arm with a touch of tenderness that made him tremble. He knew that she was looking proudly at him. The undertaking ahead of him was looming larger and more dreadful every minute.

"Well, now I'll look after *her*, Fred. She must be old an' weak now, an' I'll make it all up to her, Fred. Would she make you go to bed when you had a cold? *Could* she, Fred?"

"Yes, she could."

"Well, anyway, I notice you've got a little cough right now. But then she's so old; I reckon she done the best she could. An' I'll more'n make it up to her, Fred."

"You will rest yourself, Myrtle. You been working too hard. Why didn't you write sooner? You been sick. I been thinking it was good that the cooking and everything could go on being done just as it has, lately. And you can rest and enjoy yourself. You are tired, a little. I can see it now, though I couldn't at first."

"Yes, maybe I am tired, Fred, jes' a little. But I am well an' strong now. I want to work. I been settin' out in my mind all the things I'm a-goin' to do. I aim to make up for the time I been gone, Fred. I don't want my place filled, none of it."

The wagon had reached the crest of a sandy land ridge, and the cold wind of the late afternoon cut across the two big figures on the high spring-seat. Old Melschott tried to smother a slight attack of coughing.

"There!" said his watchful companion, almost exultantly. "I knowed it. You've got to stay in bed all day to-morrow, an'

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I'll make you hot lemonades. You see, Fred, if you will only stay in bed *one* day we can git a good enough holt on that cold to strangle it. Oh, yes, we can; we used to, you know. If you don't, though, you know it will hang on an' on till warm weather comes."

"Ach, Myrtle, I am all right!"

"Yes, that's what you always say. Do you know why I wrote that letter, Fred, at last? It was because I seen that what 'Old Maid' wrote about you in *The Phonograph:* 'Mr. Fred Melschott is on the sick list with a cough an' a cold.' I waited a week, but she never said you had got rid of it. Then I heard the wild ducks flyin' acrost the sky. So I wrote; I couldn't he'p it this time. That was over a month ago, an' that cough is still with you. Won't you do what I say—jes' to kind of please me, Fred?" She laid her hand on his arm appealingly.

"Yes, I will, then." But he had a shuddering suspicion that the next day he would be driving her back to town.

At sundown the wagon was turning out of the main road into the by-road leading to the Sue Belle Lake neighborhood, three miles east. There would be no more farms now until the edge of the settlement was reached. Above the road the gigantic pines leaned over, touched, and whispered to the passing night wind.

"Fred!" said the woman by his side after a long silence.

"Yes, Myrtle?"

"I won't never need to put my hands over my ears to hear the pines no more."

"I hope not, Myrtle."

It was after dark when the sure-footed mules, turning a sharp bend in the wooded road, swung into view four little golden squares of light against the black curtain of night. Old Melschott was trying desperately to visualize what would happen within the next hour behind those windows. The woman beside him, whom he could but dimly see now, was trying happily to visualize all the things she would do in that house to make up for the four hideous years gone by. Old Melschott heard her whisper something.

"What is it, Myrtle?"

"Nothin', Fred. I jes' said, 'Home!'"

At the front gate a negro boy stood waiting to take charge of the wagon and team.

"I heerd you all comin', Mr. Fred," he explained. "Aunt Ann say to tell you all supper is ready, an' ef you all don't come right away the biscuits will be ruint an' there'll be trouble from her then. That's what she say. You know how she is, Mr. Fred. I done made a whoppin' big fire in the dinin'-room, like you tole me to."

When the farmer had helped the tremulous, excited woman down from the seat she started away from him. "You go on in, Fred, please," she said. "I'm goin' to run down to the boat-landin' to see the lake. I got to have a look at it this minute, *some* kind of a look, even if it is dark. I'll be right back."

She moved off down the descending path, disappearing quickly in the dark.

"Oh, Fred!" she called back.

"Yes, Myrtle? Don't stay long. It's a good supper; all the things you like best—turtle-soup, roast wild duck, sweet potatoes, cider——"

"Blow the old deer horn, Fred, when you want me right bad."

Answering three long blasts, anxious blasts, of the horn fifteen minutes later, she came back up the hill, and found Old Melschott waiting by the front-yard gate.

"I get uneasy, Myrtle," he said.

"About me, Fred? Shucks, the lake wouldn't hurt me. I kind of feel like nobody an' nothin' would hurt me to-night. Did you worry about me, shore 'nough, Fred?"

She slid her arm into his, and they walked up the path toward the golden lights, as closely as on that other night twenty-two years before when they were married.

There were three places set on the dining-room table. Old Melschott remained inactive before the steaming tureen of turtle-soup; he kept tapping softly on the table with the end of a fork, and waiting and listening.

"We have company, Fred?" asked the woman across the table, looking hard at him.

"She comes now." He stood up.

There were light footsteps in the adjoining spare room. The door opened and a small white hand came feeling around the jamb. Then a little girl came out into the light, standing up very straight to maintain her precarious balance, tilting her chin up and shaking her head as if the mist of black hair about

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her forehead and temples were impeding her steady gray eyes.

"Uncle Fred?" she called.

"Yes, Lydia."

Reassured, she moved along the wall, and stopped, and walked straight across the room to the table, facing them instinctively in the right direction.

"An' so this is Aunt Myrtle," she said. "I am afraid. Uncle is afraid. Maybe you won't like me. I am blind."

The big blonde woman slipped out of her chair on her knees by the side of the table, and the little girl walked forward and put her arms around her neck.

"You like me, then, Aunt Myrtle," pronounced Lydia, finally. "I see it in your arms when you hug me that way. I like you, too. See, uncle, *she* likes me, so I won't have to try hard, like you said for me to do, to make her do it."

"So-o!" said Old Melschott, rubbing his hands together triumphantly. "Also Lydia makes you like her, Myrtle? I am glad. I been afraid. I think all the time you hate children. And my little Lydia —ach, I like her, Myrtle, I like her, too. So-o! And I thought you did not like——"

"Oh, Fred! If we'd 'a' had one, then I——!"

"*You* remember her, Myrtle. She is Nick Jamison's Lydia, across the lake. Last summer he dies, then they are sending her away to an asylum, she is only ten years old, so I ask for her. Also last month when you write I am afraid, so afraid. Ach! but now my little Lydia makes you like her, so quick, so quick. I been afraid. I am glad."

"Fred!" the kneeling woman called across the little girl's shoulder.

"Yes?"

"An' you *do* need me now, Fred, don't you?"

"Ach, Myrtle, you see! We all need one another. I been afraid. Now I am glad. So! Come, then, Liebchen! The soup gets cold."

The next week, in the "Sue Belle Notes" of the *Luling Phonograph*, "Old Maid" said: "Mrs. Fred Melschott is in our midst again. She has been away in Maine nursing an invalid grandmother, who at last has passed to her heavenly home. Welcome home, Mrs. Melschott! We have missed you."

ABROAD WITH JANE

BY E. S. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IV

OUR speculation in lodgings we owed to a private discussion between Jane and Mrs. Osborn, at the hydro, on the best means to keep husbands resigned and complacent in London. Jane had tried a London hotel for me for three days and was not entirely satisfied with that provision. To be sure, there were other hotels and we considered them, but it remained in her mind that Mrs. Osborn, out of an experience of several months in England, had concluded to cage her learned husband in lodgings, and she gradually came to think that what might suit Osborn would be as good a gamble as another for me. So she got the address of the Osborns' lodging-house and wrote from Paris and engaged rooms.

The rooms were the second floor of a house on Half Moon Street. All Half Moon Street seems to be lodging-houses and has been so, I suppose, for the better part of a hundred years. Ours were three rooms on the second floor, a fairly good front living-room with a fireplace in it, and back of it a wonderfully dingy bedroom and a ditto dressing-room. It was a violent change from the bright little modern hotel in the rue de Rivoli where everything was fresh and up to the date. Noth-

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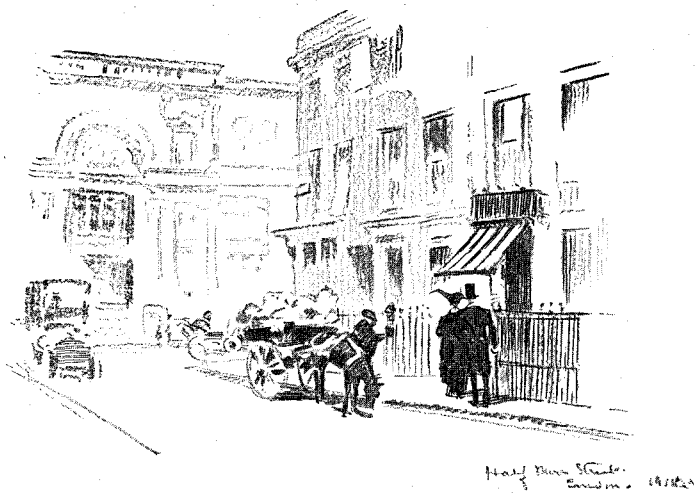
ing was up to the date in these lodgings. There was a bathroom which had been built on in the rear at some period when the intrusion of bathrooms on civilization could no longer be ignored, but it was a rather primitive convenience. "This will never do," I thought as I looked about. ironed. Anyhow, we would not move that day.

Neither did we move the next day. The lodgings grew on us. This is a fairly garish world for travellers, and the lodgings were so far from garish that they made a grateful perch from which to fly



All Half Moon Street seems to be lodging-houses. — Page 541.

Nevertheless we had dinner in our front room, and it was a sufficient dinner and agreeably served by an obliging man. The Osborns were next door and we went in to see them and received their apologies for having been instrumental in attracting people of our luxurious habits and large expectations into lodgings so much less stylish than we were. But theirs were no better, or very little, and that was reassuring. We went home and tried the bed. It was not pretty but it developed no characteristics that were prejudicial to sleep. It was a fairly good bed, and the rooms held our trunks, and the bacon and eggs that I had for breakfast were satisfactory and the coffee was no worse than European coffee in general, and the man Henry was so attentive and so obliging and spoke the language of his country so much more precisely and elegantly than we did, that after breakfast a sentiment of resignation began to obtain in my mind, and I put some of my belongings into the bureau drawers in the dingy dressing-room, and negotiated with Henry to take my best hat somewhere and get it out on sallies of inspection. The soft-coal fire and *The Times* and the leisure of one's own abode were consoling in the morning, and again at eve. Henry brought me a latch-key and that was homelike. At my request, the second day he brought various bottles and decanters of intoxicants and ranged them on the sideboard where their mere presence accomplished an infusion of hope into the atmosphere. Conversation between Jane and me over our food was less restrained than in a hotel and when I had to be admonished it could be done without drawing the attention of the British nation to my mistakes. So altogether, and quite contrary to my first expectations, we got to like our dingy lodgings very much, and for the perfectly sound British reasons that they were comfortable, restful, and agreeably private.

Moreover, Half Moon Street, pleasantly reminiscent to me of Henry Hudson and his river, is the very heart of Mayfair. There may be dingy lodgings in New York that are comfortable, but there is no Mayfair in New York, and if there were the lodging-houses would have

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been crowded out of it long ago to make room for apartment-houses or something modern. And there is no respected lodging-house habit in New York that I ever heard of, and therefore no advertised skill in making lodgers who might be in hotels consider that they are happier in lodgings.

Besides, lodgings are fairly cheap; a good deal cheaper than the best hotels, and I guess that would hardly do in New York. I hear they are fading fast out of London, too, before the march of the great ogre improvement that even London does not wholly escape.

I suspect that the great charm of London for us Americans is that it has not all been improved yet, and is still considerably a second-hand city. The fine junk-shop atmosphere of it was a poultice to my spirit. New York, what one sees of it, is so new! Our whole blessed country is so new—so much newer than it was when I first began to notice it. It seems as if four-fifths of it, as I knew it fifty, forty, thirty years ago, had either been scrapped bodily and carted off, or else altered, rebuilt, piazzaed, planted out, built out, or abandoned. Who can have associations with anything in a land so terribly exposed to improvement as ours is? What is there left of what we had when we were young except the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, and improvers have revised the first and flouted the next and daily denounce the last as the chief obstacle to "progress."

Being in those lodgings, with a fortnight still to spare before we started back to re-engage in the battle of life, was like camping out in the best picture-book in the world, free every morning to get up and go out and turn a page or two. For to the average untutored American like me London is the best picture-book because we start with more knowledge of it than of any other great city overseas. One begins to learn London in Mother Goose and keeps on in school and presently in the newspaper. We would know Jerusalem in somewhat the same way if it had lasted better, but Jerusalem is con-

The leisure of one's own abode was consoling in the morning.—Page 542.

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siderably changed, I understand, since Bible times.

Jane and I took our London very easy this time; took it together or independently as happened to be convenient. We did not fill our time with engagements. Some English friends came in one day from the country and we lunched together and they took us to see some things that they thought well of—the Tate Museum, the Roman Catholic Cathedral. We went to the country and spent a Saturday with an Anglo-American farmer, and saw his marvellous black pigs; we went to Oxford for a week-end visit, and on another Sunday we went to Hampton Court with Cousin Althea after she had come to town, but for the most part we stuck to London and London streets and did the thing that came to hand when we got ready. The next best thing in London is the National Gallery, or the Abbey, or the Tower, or the British Museum, according to taste, but the best thing in London is London. The forest is better than any of the trees or all of them. It was that, the forest, that I most wanted to see and get the feel of. A taste for it is born in us, I do not doubt, but until my own generation no member of my family had gratified it for about two hundred years. It was pleasant to get the feel of London again after so long. Down the street was Piccadilly and the Green Park somewhat disfigured by the reposing bodies of the unemployed on the grass; up the street and around the corner through Becky Sharp's Curzon Street, was Lansdowne Passage leading by the back way to all the shops. Why should people go to the north and south poles and the Amazon when such a link as Lansdowne Passage can be discovered right in London? I was very much pleased with that passage. I liked it the best of any street. It was the most retired and it got you soonest where you wanted to go. I met its proprietor one morning sweeping out the leaves and bought a right of way, good until recalled, for sixpence. And with a shilling on another day I placated the warden of the Albany so that he let me walk through that hallowed place where lodged so many of the heroes of Victorian romance. People still have chambers there, especially (though, I believe, no longer exclusively) bachelors. It is nothing to see, but everything to remember and imagine. Some of the best spectacles are of that quality.

And there was St. James Square, that I discovered on the same day that I located Pall Mall—Pall Mall that would be nothing much to look at if it were not for "the sweet, shady side" of it that runs in your head out of Captain Morris's verse. If this world were really our home St. James Square would be an admirable place of habitation. A long three-story house in the corner of it, with five or maybe seven windows across its front, looked particularly desirable to me. Somebody said it was the town house of the Duke of Norfolk. If that is true, and if, when I go to London again (if ever), the duke is taking lodgers, that is where I shall apply to be lodged.

And of course, at the present rate of progress toward real, blown-in-the-glass democracy all dukes may be letting lodgings in a few years. All through those London days I was haunted by the persuasion of impermanency—that I was looking at a show whereof the revision was rapidly proceeding, and that the Day of Judgment would be exhibited to the spectators on the next film but two. Our home? This world our home? Nobody that reads the newspapers can feel that it is any more. The saints have never felt so, and now even the sinners must be coming to a solemn sense of the transitoriness of facts. I kept feeling glad to be seeing London and all the rest of England while it was still there; glad to be in time to remember the garland of Greeks around the top story of the all-but-sacred Athenæum Club, the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall" as aforesaid, the Haymarket, the Embankment, the Passage (as noted), Cromwell's statue which may hold over into kingdom-come, the Stock Exchange, admitting with modest self-deprecation that The Earth is the Lord's. Why hadn't our Stock Exchange, so lately rebuilt, penetration enough to put up an admission of that sort where the uplift could read it? We have Washington saying his prayers on the steps of the subtreasury, but that won't avert anything. We have two vast and splendid new railroad stations in New York and not a pious line, that I remember, on either of them. After

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all, the English are more religious than we are. They have always clung to the more lingering forms of destruction, and it may be that London will still be sitting there getting ready for the millennium and grumbling about it when New York has fetched loose and is off, glittering through space in the tail of a comet.

And it is a very nice town while it lasts. Oh, yes, delightful! There again the rate at which they have been modified since the beginning of this century, there will be a great deal to say, and a whole assortment of new novels will have to be written to tell about the change in life. It is recognized that in our country money is much less awesome than it was in '98, and that captains of industry have shrunk in their relative dimensions until they look nowadays not so very much bigger

Conversation . . . over our food was less restrained than in a hotel . . . —Page 542.

one remarks the results of that process which has left such impressive marks on Paris: the process by which folks who know good things provide and collect them for the eventual satisfaction of miscellaneous come-afterers. So seems to have come very much of what makes London attractive: the great houses set in ample spaces, like the Duke of Devonshire's seasoned, weather-beaten habitation that fronts on Piccadilly and looks as if it grew there. So came the Wallace Collection, and doubtless nine-tenths of all the other collections in London. So came Hampton Court and the places of that sort, and under operation of death duties and income taxes devised for the distribution of properties, there must be a great deal more coming and coming pretty fast. If people's ideas about property continue to be modified for another fifteen years at than some of the college presidents. I judge that the prestige both of money and of rank have undergone a corresponding shrinkage in England. A duke is still a duke, and rich people are still rich, but people say, "How long will it last?" and begin to examine the new bases of estimation, and wonder how far the pendulum will swing this time before it starts on its return. Human inequality has been used to find its recognized expression chiefly in disparities of possessions. Reduce those disparities, as is now being done, and how will inequality express itself? It will find ways; no doubt at all of that; but what will they be? What satisfactions will they yield? What kind of hereditable permanency will be devised for them? Are the ministers going to be great men again after the millionaires and the peers have been levelled? Or are the ministers

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to give place to social workers? A funny world this is, especially just at present, and no more in London than elsewhere does one escape its humors.

But the old order is not gone yet, and I doubt that it is going so promptly and completely as some prophets and some signs and wonders predict. Habits of mind with centuries of custom behind them are pretty stubborn and change by slow processes of modification. Tax laws and death duties may spur them; great changes in life like those that have come with machinery, and compelling force of international competition, may push them out of the ruts they love and block return, but the final result is not eradication but adjustment. We still expect more or less of what we are used to, and shape our lives to that expectation. When the uplift has shot all its bolts, I guess some people will still be rich, and knowledge and leadership and character will still take toll, and those who have less will still accommodate themselves, more or less, to the powers or wishes or needs of those who have more. With the command that men now have of the forces of nature there is no visible limit to production. Improvement in the intelligence and condition of the mass of men anywhere must naturally increase production and that means increased wealth, so that a better distribution may reasonably result in there being so much more to distribute that even apparent losers by the change may make up their losses. Immensely beneficent are the compulsions of need. People seem to develop only just so much sense and energy as they must to enable them to live as well as they are used to or a little better. How much new sense and energy the prospect of want and the German competition may develop in the English is something worth waiting to see. They have all the modern tools of hand and brain, and know how to use them, and severally and collectively they will not lose their place in the world without a hard try to keep it.

The Anglo-American farmer whom we went to visit—English father, Boston mother, and American wife—had a thousand acres of land, mostly flints, which produced wonderful black pigs, as mentioned, and cows and other crops. Our friend's house was new and had plumbing in it, but the land was old and had habits which he gave himself faithfully to fulfil. After lunch he put on flannels and spent all the afternoon with a team of his employees playing cricket against a team of somebody else's men. Wages were low, I thought, on that farm—fifteen to twenty shillings a week—but there went with them, besides I don't know what house and garden privileges, this possibility of cricket if one was good enough. The cricket was nice. There was afternoon tea in a tent—another edifying habit. Our friend gave attention to farming and seemed to do it with ability. He had forty or fifty laborers and farm-hands, and said he didn't run behind much on farming operations. I judged that what he had really bought with those flinty acres was the privilege of organizing life for two or three hundred persons. That seemed a fairly agreeable form of social service if one could afford it. His pigs were beautiful, but the real crop that his acres yielded, so far as I could see, was farm-hands' families; the pigs and cows and profits and losses being only incidents of the main employment. I don't know that he realizes that his business as a farmer is raising farm-hands. He did not show me his farm-hands' families; he showed me his colored pig families—various in age and number and most attractive—and that made me feel that his idea was that chiefly he raised pigs. I suppose all of us have rather imperfect estimates of what we are really engaged in raising in this life, but it seems to me not only that the most important product of English farming must naturally be farm-hands, but that the most important product of all the industries is folks. I think I observe at home that the industries that maintain and produce good people help the country, and those that don't, hurt it; that the factories that support a good life among their workers are an asset, and those that are operated by miserable people who live in squalor are a nuisance; that the mines that maintain good and free communities are helping progress, and those that don't are hindering it. So perhaps it is not being far ahead of the times to conclude that the most important product of all work is workers, and

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that the pigs, the grain, the cloth, the coal, the rails, are all, in a way, by-products of labor, important, to be sure, and lawfully profitable if a profit can be skimmed

tained that he is "some doctor," though I could not have heard that in England, for I am sure no self-respecting British person would so express himself. But Sir

We stuck to London and London streets and did the thing that came to hand.—Page 544.

off of them without detriment to the main article produced.

But, as I said, people are apt to have erroneous ideas about what they are really doing and to lose sight of the end in the intensity of their attention to the process. There was Sir Richard Holter, whom Jane and I visited over Sunday at Oxford. I would not dare assume that Sir Richard has delusions about anything, but, whatever he thinks, he gives out that he is a professor in Oxford University. Well, he is; and he does profess a little, I believe—does light instruction, as you might say, two or three hours a week. But his great line is the direction of human life. I understand he doctors a little on the side, and I have heard it main-

Richard comes out to the States now and again, and I may have heard it there. I went about with him for a day and a half and wherever he went he was always directing life, and wherever he touched it it seemed to go lighter and more blithely.

It was not term-time when we were in Oxford and the studious youths were not there, but a dirigible war-balloon dropped in about the time we did, and camped on a college common over Sunday, and that filled up the place a little. I was glad to see a dirigible, though it seemed a mighty modern bird to be resting in the grounds of Oxford University. Sir Richard showed me the Bodleian, and its new and admirable device for storing books. It had too

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many—all the great libraries have too many—and instead of crowding in an enormous library to hold them it dug out a large hole under a venerable building near by, put stacks in it, connected it by a suitable passage, and there they can have a million books or so, available, harmless, and inoffensive to the landscape.

Next day he took us to church in Christ Church Cathedral—a duodecimo cathedral but very worshipful—and afterward showed us many things—rooms, halls, chapels, windows, more libraries, and the like, venerable and edifying. And after lunch, with one of the kind and handsome ladies of his family he motored us twelve or fourteen miles over to Ewelme, where about five hundred years ago, when our forebears were still inhabitants and part owners of England, the Earl and Countess of Suffolk founded a "hospital" for the care of a dozen or two old people and built a church beside it. There it all is as they left it, and the countess's effigy, very handsome and perfect, on her tomb in the church. Sir Richard directs the life of the hospital *ex officio* as one of the details of his Oxford occupation. The Earl of Suffolk is not buried there. He got into politics and his body was not recovered.

On my own hook I viewed the Oxford monument to Thomas Cranmer, who was burned, as you will recall, for his religious views. Interference with people's religious views being out of date and prohibited in our Constitution, reformatory zeal in our blessed land has been diverted from points of doctrine to habits. I don't know how far it may go, but there seems to be almost as much room for disparity of view about beverages as about dogmas, and it was sustaining to me to see that monument standing to a man who adhered to what he thought was good for him.

Down the street was Piccadilly.—Page 544.

Jane and I both felt that we had really got results from our visit to Oxford and our observation there of how life may be profitably directed. We had still a week or more in London. Our cousins had come over from Paris and put up in a near-by hotel, but succumbed to the idea of lodgings and moved over to Half Moon Street into apartments somewhat grander than ours. My old friend Burns and his family transpired from the Continent, and they too arranged themselves in lodgings near by. It was homing time. The learned Osborn had been for some weeks like an arrow on a drawn bowstring, giving himself exercises in patience, hiring a chair daily in the Green Park and reading there; reading the Greek poets at night while his wife with her brother restored her balance at the theatres. Mayfair became a neighborhood that showed familiar faces, and London grew more and more companionable. People lunched with us and dined with us in our dwelling,

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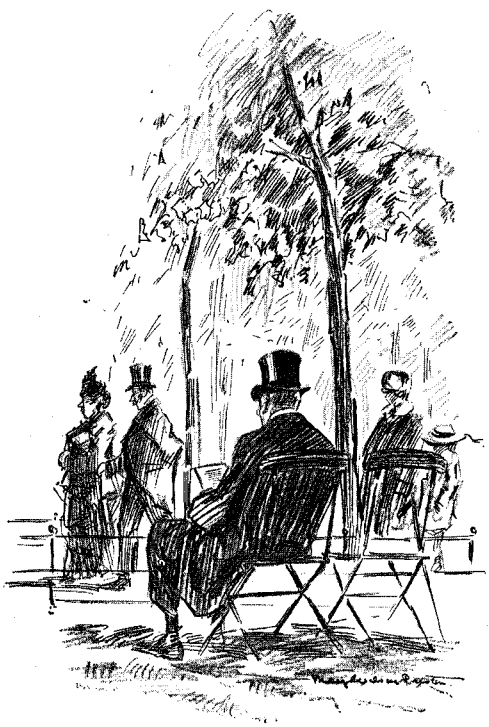
and we with them. We shopped a little, bought ourselves some clothes, and a few garments suitable to bedizen our offspring,

Green Park somewhat disfigured by reposing bodies of the unemployed.—Page 544.

and other British products to carry home, always with fearsome consideration of what the collector of the port of New York would do about it. There was no more packing up and getting to a train and distracting the mind over the details of resettlement somewhere else. It was all so easy, and so tranquil and so pleasant, that I began, unconsciously, to experience those subtle sensations of "having a good time" for which inquirers so habitually inquire. Just around the corner opening on Curzon Street there was a queer backwater called Shepherd's Market—or by some such name—where there was a fruit-stand, and a news-stand, and a flower-shop, and a third-class bar-room, and some other shabby emporiums, and there we used to go to buy flowers to send to people or adorn our own rooms, and newspapers, and fruit to carry home to help out the intemperate decoration of our sideboard. It was a real neighborhood that nestled around that hidden market. Alas, I hear that the market even now has been condemned for immediate improvement and is to be built over by something tall and modern, and our lodging-house man told us that the entail had nearly run out on the lodging-house property and that it was all in danger of being scrapped and modernized. There will be mourners when that happens, but anyhow it served our turn.



Hiring a chair daily in Green Park.—Page 548.

Every day my examination of London continued. If it was a desultory morning inspection on the way perhaps to

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Shepherd's Market . . . there we used to go to buy flowers.—Page 549.

Bond Street or Savile Row, I went off on foot through the Passage. If I aimed further, Henry's ready whistle summoned a taxicab from the line of them in Piccadilly. One day Jane and I had a call to make in Chelsea, and being there I adventured an inspection of the empty dwelling of Thomas Carlyle. It is interesting to any one who has read Froude's "Life," but needs furniture, and might be helped perhaps by wax figures of Thomas and his Jane and the cat, and maybe of Emerson and Tennyson visiting him. Empty houses that people once lived in are apt to induce despondency in visitors.

I went to the Abbey and the Tower, and to all the galleries and into some churches. I looked at the monuments wondering, as people do, about the wherefore of York Column and whether Prince Albert of the Albert Memorial was the greatest of all Englishmen as his populous and imposing monument implies. It covered so much ground and was so crowded with sculptures, and the gilt cross that topped it was so effulgently impressive, that it seemed to me that in the great bounty of her bereaved affection the good Queen had rather overdone her offering, and done the memory of her virtuous prince a doubtful service in making his merits seem so to outshine the fame of all the other British worthies.

And the York Column! The oftener I saw it the more I wondered whom it was all about and why a hero so impressively commemorated by so tall and fine a monument on so notable a site should have had so little pull with history. If it had been the *New* York Column I could have

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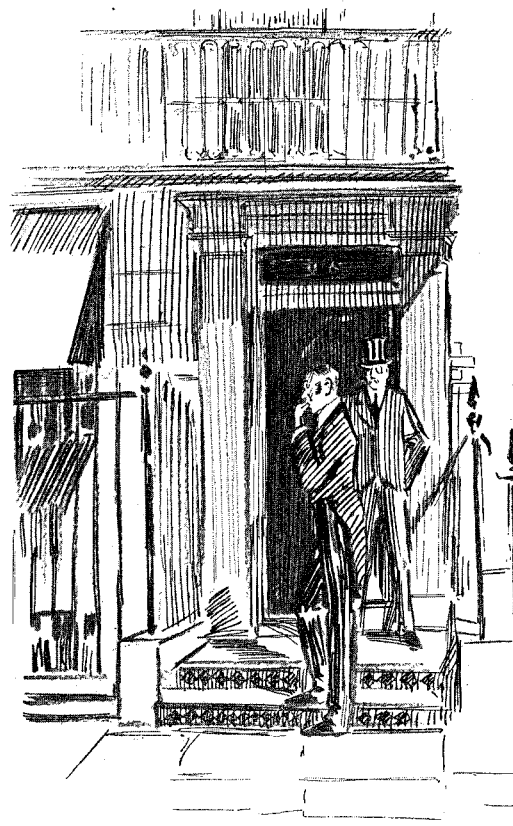
understood it, for certainly New York has been of some value to London both by its disbursements there and by its large provision of contrasts which emphasize all the London values. But there was no New York about that column. It concerned a Duke of York as to whom the word seems to be, "No further seek his merits to disclose." I believe he was in a fight somewhere, but the monument was practically all I could discover about him. After a long time I came to see that both these monuments were justified, that they were worth their space and sites and all their elaborations, and that they were honorably and appropriately British and belonged where they were. One is the monument to the Good Husband, the most useful man of all, often the greatest saint and hero, a man considerably taken for granted and ignored, but about the best asset in the male line in all the British civilization. And the other is the monument to the Man Who Sat Tight, ate and drank and lived his life, doing whatever obscure duties came to him to do, and avoiding advertisement. After all, that is the kind of man that has made England. It is dogged that does it, and I suspect that Duke of York of doggedness. That was Wellington's quality except that his duties happened not to be obscure. The monument to Nelson is all right. It takes occasional variations of the type to make a great people, but the Good Husband and the Man Who Sat Tight seem certainly in this hour of the world to be the men fittest for British emulation.



Henry's ready whistle summoned a taxicab from the line in Piccadilly.—Page 550.

The clock struck the hour of release for the learned Osborn. I went to bid him good-by and found him joyfully assembling his luggage. I began to feel sorry for people like the Burnses who had no steamer in sight and intended to stay on. Then suddenly it was our turn, and our cousins, who were to follow shortly, were seeing us off on a steamer train, and we were buying books and looking about curiously to see whom we knew and admiring the abandoned fashion in which two respectable elderly ladies were puffing at hang-down cigarettes in their train compartment.

We found acquaintances aboard the ship; the weather was good; we ran through a corner of the Grand Banks by daylight and saw scores of fishing-schooners. The morning was the seventh and a fine morning when we came up the bay.

"Come, Jane! Come, Jane! There are the children!" and there they were on the dock by the side of the gangway ready to beam on their mother. And she so fine in the habiliments of Europe, so rested, so restored in spirit; and myself, so glad to have been, so glad to get back, so well repaired, and *had* had a good time—actually *had!* It all flashed through my mind at once—*her* plan, *her* grit, *her* persistence, *her* patience; took me out, did me over, brought me back! What a hero! What a hero!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERY autumn when I chance to be in one little country town some nine miles off the railroad, I read the placarded announcements of the annual "World's Fair" soon to be held there. And every time this title gives me a fresh thrill. At first it seemed to me magnificently audacious. "World's Fair," indeed! It is only the orthodox County Fair. And yet—as I have happened to attend it and others like it year after year—I have come to recognize an appositeness in the title. After all, it is their world's fair, the one time in the twelvemonth when the routine of their environment is suddenly changed and broadened until it seems to touch the world outside for an instant.

The Spirit of the Fair

And it is well to be reminded occasionally that while cities have their endlessly throbbing monotony of work and play, other places and peoples are enjoying the special merrymaking assemblages which fill the sky for them. Every autumn such gatherings are held all across the countryside—gatherings fraught with wide-spread economic and social significance.

Lowell doubtfully begins an essay: "Will it *do* to say anything more about Chaucer?" And one may feel somewhat the same in writing of the fair. Its many scenes and aspects have been harped upon. However, it means so much to so many thousands every year that its kaleidoscopic scenes have deeper import than the merely pictorial.

Yet, what a picture it is, this gala period of the autumn when the County Fair or cattle show—call it which you will—comes bustling into existence! On a certain day a level stretch of meadow, usually ringed by a track for the "trotting," suddenly bristles with life. The farmers with their rigs swarm down upon it. With them come their wives and children, and—more necessary to a successful fair—their cattle and horses and poultry and farm "truck." The fair grounds take on a festal appearance, while mingled lowing, bleating, grunting, and cackling fill the air. In Floral Hall, as it is always called, are the fruits of the season: mammoth squashes and pumpkins, startling ears of corn, apples as big as your two fists, and such domestic triumphs as preserves and patchwork quilts. In pens radiating about the grounds is the live stock. There are mild-faced sheep and grouchy old rams, philosophic cows and omnipotent bulls, porkers of impossible whiteness. Horses poke their noses from the box-stalls on the lookout for the possible lump of sugar. And the genial owners who have brought these animals together roam about in calm happiness, yet all the while shrewdly prospecting for a sale or "swap." Babel rules. The pop-corn man and lemonade boy vie with the barker for the Fat Lady and the cheery soul who invites one to ring a cane or to "get a good cigar" by sounding the gong in the sledge-hammer strength test. I never could succeed in winning one myself, but a sturdy young farmer once presented me with a specimen of the eleven he had just acquired, and after two puffs I realized that there are advantages in not being a Hercules. Certain pale gentlemen with glossy black mustaches (a suspiciously intense black) have games which require a revolving wheel, walnut shells, or three cards. And the light-fingered gentry are hard at work. The racket is increased by the bell in the judges' stand calling back the horse in the 2.28 or 2.20 classes from countless false starts. Such are a few of the elements which make this democratic gathering comprehensive in its appeal—the youngster's paradise, the good wife's recreation, the farmer's mart.

To the sophisticated onlooker all this may seem dull and essentially meaningless. But the County Fair is at once more festal, stimulative, and far-reaching than any other annual event in rural circles.

To youth, first of all, the fair is an event to be dreamed of—before and after. Even the girl finds something to interest her. With the innate keenness of feminine instinct she sees the occasion in its entirety.

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Almost unconsciously she grasps its significance better than her brother, and is allured or disgusted by it all, as the case may be. Not so the small boy. For him it has unalloyed zest. He revels in every minutest detail, for to him it means life. Particularly if he has never travelled, it catches him in a spell as the trudging pilgrims were lured by Vanity Fair. All he sees seems typical to him—of what he does not know, but that only enhances the interest. It would be pleasant to gloss his feelings with sentiment; unfortunately the fat-jowled gamesters are to him mighty city men, quite representative; the bedizened dancers of all nations—from Camden or Fall River—are marvels of exotic grace; the barker before the tent of the three-legged calf surpasses in silver-tongued fluency the home preacher. The old-time balloon ascension and parachute drop has given place to the aeroplane; but the boy's wonder remains the same. At the feet of the orator of the occasion, perhaps a congressman or governor, he thrills open-mouthed, among the clouds. Even the circus does not stir him more deeply than this. For weeks after the event he dreams, awake or sleeping, of what he saw and heard. It would be hard to say how much the country boy's strange unrest and passion to leave home, as yet unanalyzed and unarrested by sociology, is abetted by this annual glimpse of the world outside.

The woman is more normal. She inclines to the philosophic mood, regarding the fair as a part of the year, like hay-making or Grange meeting. To the farmer's wife it stands as the horse-show to some of her urban sisters. She makes the most of the occasion for dress, bustling about laden with gossip, and taking due pride in the achievements—in agriculture or stock-raising—of her lord and master. And perhaps she also has won a blue ribbon for her crochet-work or jellies in Floral Hall.

The man is more like his son. He can hardly keep up with the constant pressure upon his interest. Even election day is less diversified for him. He oscillates from the business of driving his "pair" before the judges to filling his pockets with those unutterable cigars at the strength-test machine. Every day of the fair, from dawn to dusk, finds him on the grounds. He voices his views to his fellow townsmen, and listens to theirs. The spot is at once recreation-ground, mart, and forum to him. And let it be recorded that, as a rule, in spite of volubility, shrewdness, credulity, or gullibility, he is never more of a man.

So the fair strikes home to old and young alike. I admit it has its unpleasant foibles and actual vices which may not be condoned. But in the main it is as healthy as each community which fosters it. Its annual periodicity gives it something more than the merely galvanic influence of the isolated fair designed to celebrate some special event or person. A normal outgrowth of its environment, it comes with the season of harvest, springing from the very life and conditions of the folk about it. For my part, I am always suspicious of the democracy in any community which rates itself above the annual fair.

NO longer proud of our science, we are humble in it. Science, far from sneering at the unknown, reaches out a hand to her sister, Intuition, and looks with kindness even on roving Superstition, who used to be taboo. Science has turned catholic. "Who knows," she confesses, "what I may be discovering to-morrow? It is just possible that those careless, illiterate neighbors of mine, Mistress Myth and Mistress Presentiment, may have picked up somewhere, somehow, that godly Truth whom I would meet politely, with all proper credentials, in the college library." We may not return to Nature nowadays—at least, we are almost all of us on speaking terms with her. And if the nineteenth century was the age of invention the twentieth is the century of tolerance.

Dreams

Take "Dreams," for instance. I have just been fingering Henri Bergson's slim little book with that title—gossamer pages not wholly mangled even by the translator. Take this passage from the very first page—at once an introduction and a definition:

"A dream is this. I perceive objects and there is nothing there. I see men; I seem to speak to them and I hear what they answer; there is no one there and I have not spoken. It is all as if real things and real persons were there, then on waking all has disappeared, both persons and things. How does this happen?"

Bergson's simple words have in them

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something of poetry—in suggestion, at least; and if they be not so poetical as Shakespeare's about

> "the children of an idle brain
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,"

at least they have the merit of being true, which Shakespeare's, in this instance, positively haven't. For the dream is *not* "child of an idle brain"; is *not* "begot of nothing but vain fantasy" (certainly not if one accept any part of Freud's theory of memory and repressed desires); is not—as Dryden would have us think—only an "interlude which fancy makes." Yet Bergson's elaborate "explanation of the mechanism of dreaming" (which I don't purpose to discuss) is rather remarkably hinted at in Moore's description of the dream as

> "Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
> Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
> In trance or slumber, round the soul."

Yes, the poets (when they let themselves go) are, indeed, our best interpreters, and when Aldrich likened the dreamer's release from reality and reality's stern censorship to the flight of the lark

> "So high in heaven no human eye can mark
> The thin, swift pinion cleaving through the gray,"

he knew full well the immemorial belief of the soul being a bird that escapes the body in sleep, and soars in flight and travel, and has far journeyings and many unregistered adventures, and returns at last to enter into the body once more just before we are awakened by Policeman Day. The peasants of Transylvania fear to let children sleep with open mouths lest the soul that has wings like a bird fly out and never return from "the merciful town"; and then the little body must wither and die and the parents grieve for their nestling. Our own Germanic ancestors made no secret of it that the soul quits the sleeper's mouth as a bird or, more prosaically, a little white mouse. No wonder we children dreaded to be left alone in the dark! Suppose some evil spirit (as children, we knew all about *them*) prevented the little white mouse from creeping back in time for our waking! Not only that: suppose something purely physical happened to our little white mouse in its nocturnal scamperings; suppose a night-bird swooped down upon it, or another, bigger mouse vanquished it in deadly combat over fragrant cheeseparings, or—shivery thought!—what if Tabby didn't know our own particular white mouse from the unlicensed pilferers of the pantry shelf! Small wonder if some of us still dread cats daytimes and by night as murderous creatures of mystery—sinister and prowling and inimical guests at our very hearth.

When I laid down Bergson on "Dreams" I took up a volume by Dr. J. G. Frazer, who has recently been knighted—"The Golden Bough"—and read there of savage concepts of life and sleep and death. It is a fascinating study: direct and unpretending and infinitely evocative of wonder. Dr. Frazer tells of the Guinea negro and how, if he wakes with sore bones, he knows that his soul has been thrashed by some stronger soul, while the bodies of both were sleeping; he tells of the Indians on the Gran Chaco, who think that vagrant spirits of dead men may return to life if only they can enter the person of some hapless sleeper during the pilgrimage of the sleeper's soul. Then there is always the possibility that your soul may thirst o' nights and transform itself into a lizard and enter some water-jar to drink its fill; and in that case what hope is there if the owner of that water-jar, or any other heedless person, claps the cover on and imprisons the lizard and thus prevents your ever waking up? The night-time world is a place of treachery and as complicated as the world of sunshine:

> "Sleep hath its own world,
> And a wide realm of wild reality,
> And dreams in their development have breath,
> And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy. . . .
> They do divide our being."

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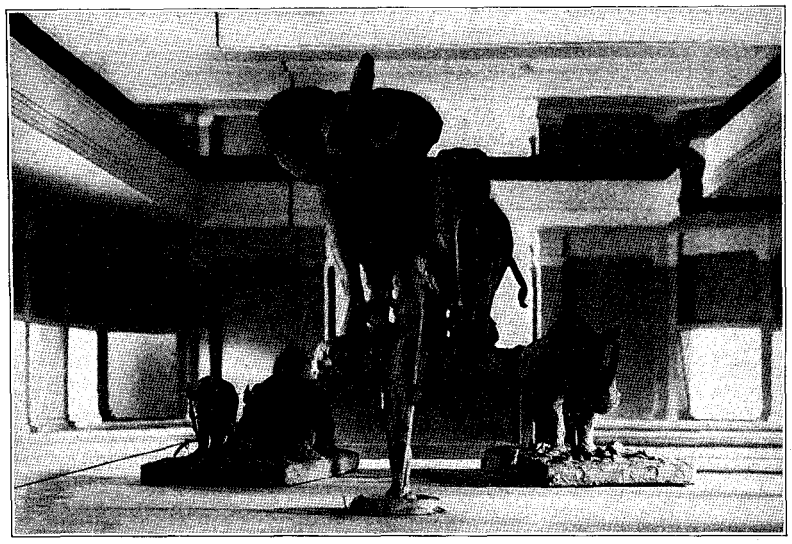
·THE FIELD OF ART·



Model of African Hall in the Museum of Natural History, New York.
Showing main-floor installation from the entrance.

THE ARTIST-TAXIDERMIST AND THE GREAT AFRICAN HALL OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

THE art of taxidermy has now attained a dignity which attracts to its service the most eminent animal sculptors. Mr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, says: "Carl E. Akeley is the leader of the new movement, the first sculptor in this art, the first taxidermist to approach the art from the standpoint of a sculptor instead of from the standpoint of simply filling out the skin, and his great contribution, that which I am sure will make his name endure, is that every one of his animals is first modelled as if the model were to be the completed thing itself." Under the new dispensation the taxidermist is required to be a hunter, a naturalist, trained in all the details of the new and improved methods, and a very good animal sculptor—with all the knowledge, experience, and instinct that the latter implies. Thus equipped, and having probably shot and skinned the quarry which he now proposes to endow with a factitious immortality, he begins by modelling its semblance in clay, with the exact proportions of life, and in the pose, the appearance, that his zoological-artistic instinct decides to be the most appropriate. It is the wild animal that Mr. Akeley reproduces.

Elephant tracker.
Sketch model for bronze fountain.

It is by his development, if not creation, of an art that this sculptor-taxidermist is, very largely, able to plan and carry out what is really an imposing demonstration of the natural features, flora and fauna, of a continent in the great African Hall of the completed Museum of Natural History, on Central Park West, New York City. The main entrance, reached by a stately flight of steps, will land the visitor on the second story of

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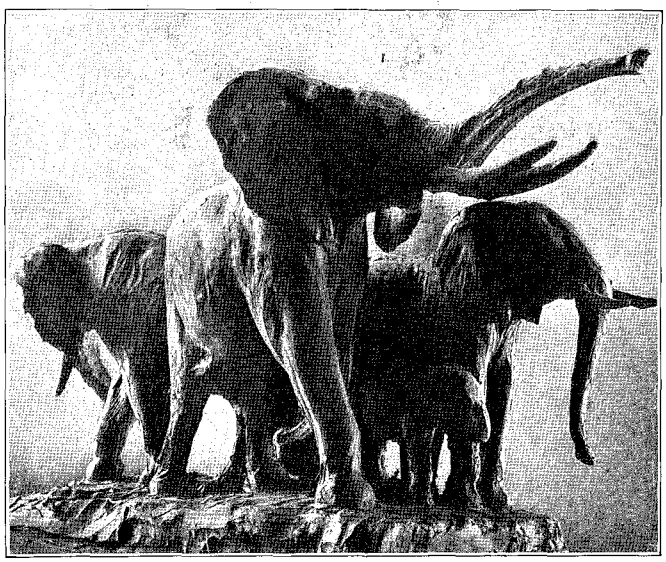
the building; from this entrance he will pass into a large hall, or entrance foyer, and from this entrance and this hall he will see directly through a great open doorway into Mr. Akeley's long and high African Hall, with his great elephant group—the huge bull tusker, eleven feet in height, advancing with flapping ears and uplifted trunk—presented in the open doorway as in a frame. "It is



Sketch model of central elephant group in African Hall.

suitable," he says, "that the elephant should dominate the hall since it is typical of Africa, is the largest land mammal in the world today, and one of the most splendid of all animals of past or present." On either side in advance, to right and left, will be seen another formidable group—of black rhinoceri, the bull standing and the cow and calf lying down; these, and all the many animal groups in the hall, are monuments of the taxidermist's art, specimens secured in the Dark Continent, very frequently at the risk of life, by Mr. Akeley and others of the museum's hunters. The human element will be furnished by a life-size figure in bronze, in the centre nearest the doorway, of a slim, smooth-skinned dusky youth, one of Mr. Akeley's Kikuyu elephant-trackers, carrying his barbed spear, standing on a rock in a pool of real water, and throwing his head back to drink from a leaf; and by a similar fountain figure at the western end of the hall, a Kavirondo girl pointing with her rounded young arm in the direction of the elephant herd. Both these statues are Mr. Akeley's. The visitor entering the hall and passing the great groups will see that a smaller, male elephant completes the family of four in the centre, he facing the west; and the guarding rhinos at this end, disposed like those at the other, are of the white species. "As a result of late developments in the technique of taxidermy," says Mr. Akeley, "we are able to treat these pachyderms so that they will not suffer because of lack of protection under glass." It is proposed to keep the floor of this spacious hall clear of other figures or groups, but these constitute merely the prelude to the presentation of the landscape and the inhabitants of the mysterious continent.

Mr. Osborn thus sets forth the conditions which led the museum to embark in this great enterprise:

"Africa is the only continent which preserves entire the life of the earth before man entered it as the destroying angel. It is still a living picture of the 'great age of mammals,' to use the telling phrase of Louis Agassiz, as it existed in all its grandeur before the age of man.

"Although the African natives, for centuries, and even for thousands of years, have subsisted upon these wonderful animals, they have made very little impression upon the remaining life of the Dark Continent.

"The whites, beginning early in the last century with the introduction of firearms, have devastated great portions of the continent, especially in the southern regions, which were entered by the Dutch, because wild game can never last in an agricultural country. First for food, and then for the protection of their crops, one species after another of the animals of southern Africa was destroyed, and some, like the quagga,

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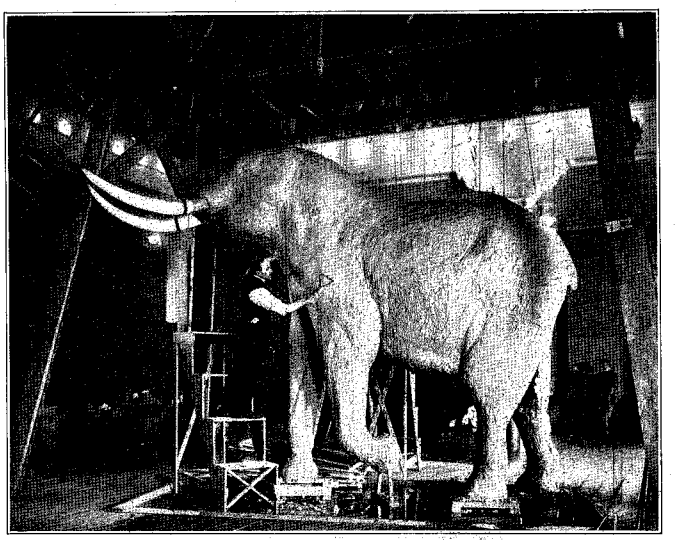
Sketch model of charging herd of elephants.

Based on Mr. Akeley's experiences in Africa, where a herd of eleven cow elephants charged him.

a member of the zebra family, are now entirely extinct. . . .

"Realizing that the life of equatorial Africa is rapidly vanishing, like that of southern Africa, the American Museum of



Carl E. Akeley working on the model of the big bull elephant, central figure of the dominant group.

Natural History some years ago began a series of important collecting expeditions, and a number of ardent collectors and explorers have been continually at work ever since, including Messrs. Tjader, Lang and Chapin, Rainsford, and Akeley.

"The Akeley expedition had for its specific object the collection of a typical group of the African elephant. The leader, Mr. Carl E. Akeley, has had more African experience than any living American. During his two years' quest for the great bull elephant for the group, he entered the most impenetrable and dangerous forest retreats of these animals, and on no less than three occasions was on the point of death. . . .

"To collect and prepare the series for the African Hall is a vast undertaking which will extend over a number of years. When complete, it will form an enduring monument to the life of the ancient world—a monument which twenty-five years hence, and even a less period, it will be impossible to erect."

"This new hall will be devoted entirely to Africa," writes Mr. Akeley, "to African scenes and African animals and African natives in their relation to the animals. The hall proper will have a floor measurement of sixty by a hundred and fifty-two feet, and a height of seventeen feet to the gallery at the sides, and thirty feet to the

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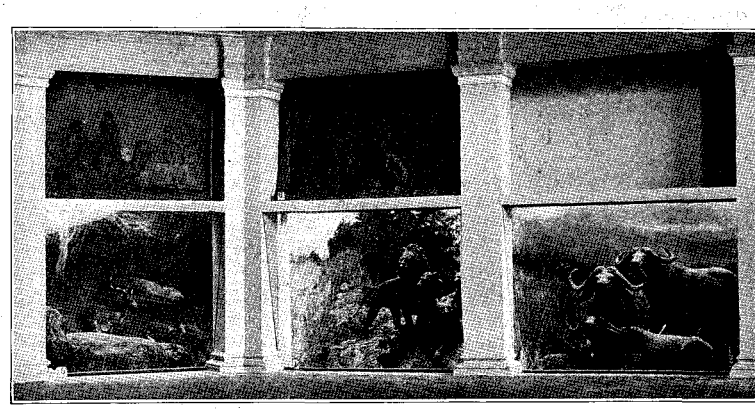
ceiling over the centre. The open space of this hall will be encroached upon only at the corners by the elevators, that is, the actual open floor without columns or any obstruction whatever will be sixty by a hundred and sixteen feet." On either side, down the entire length, will be seen ten great cases, showing in each a typical landscape, with its animals, birds, reptiles, and possibly insects, and on the galleries above ten more on each side, forty in all. These, carefully selected from the length and breadth of the continent, "will give a comprehensive idea of the topography of Africa, from the Mediterranean on the north to the Tableland Mountain at Cape Town, and from the east coast to the west coast." And they will not only satisfy the naturalist by the exactness of their reproduction ("no guesses allowed," says the director), but in each instance also æsthetic results will be sought, the endeavor will be made to compose each group after the fashion of an artist composing a picture.

The human inhabitants are by no means to be forgotten in this great exposition. On a series of twenty-four bronze panels in high relief, six by eleven feet each, to be placed in a frieze just above the floor groups and along the balcony, becoming a part of the architectural decoration of the hall, will be represented by selected sculptors typical scenes and incidents in the life of the natives, domestic, hunting, travelling, fighting, in repose.

"The sculpture of each panel will tell the story of some native tribe and its relation to the animal life shown in the groups. For instance, one will show a Dorobo family, the man skinning a dead antelope that he has brought in from the forest to his hut, where are his wife and babies, and two hunting dogs which represent their only domestic animals. . . . Another panel may show a group in Somaliland, with camels, sheep, goats, cattle, and ponies, at a water-hole, the interest in animal life being practically only in domestic animals. Still another panel, completing the Somali story, will represent a group of Midgans in some characteristic hunting-scene. While each of these panels is to be a careful and scientifically accurate study of the people and their customs, accurate in detail as to clothing, ornaments, and weapons, the theme running through the whole series will be the relationship of the people to the animal life." The great wall panels flanking the entrance from the outer hall at each end, some twelve feet square, will afford space for larger panels, probably set in a wainscoting.

On the whole, the influence of this monumental demonstration, it is thought by the museum authorities, will be "a stimulated enthusiasm for work in museum exhibition, and results continually approaching more and more nearly the ideal—that is, absolute, scientific truth, giving an illusion of the life itself, combined with great beauty and with permanence."

WILLIAM WALTON.



Finished corner of the African Hall model.

Showing three of the twenty large panoramic groups. Above are two of the twenty-four bronze panels.

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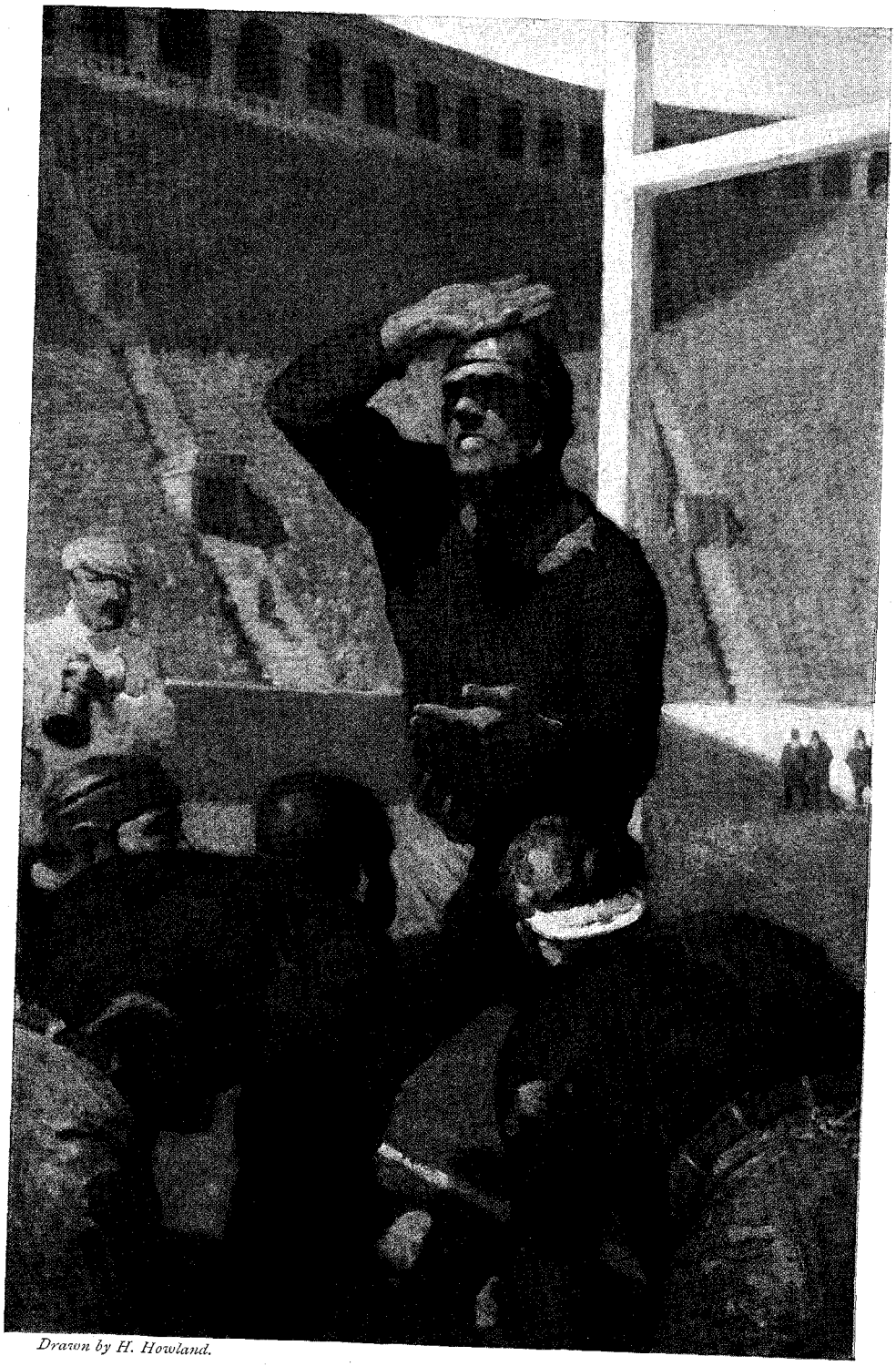

Drawn by H. Howland.

A CRITICAL MOMENT IN THE GAME.

—"The Stadium and College Athletics," page 571.

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